

THE "CHANDOS CLASSIC"



THE

GERMAN NOVELISTS.

Translated from the Originals

WITH

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

BY .

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INTRODUCTION



THE object of the following publication is to present to the English novel-reader a succinct view of some of the more favourite prose fictions current in Germany, such as they have been preserved from age to age, even previous to the invention of printing, down to the present period. It is well known, indeed, that no nation is more attached to this class of popular compositions, both in a poetical and a prosaic form, while no country can boast of writers who have more abundantly produced or more zealously treasured them up. Some of the least national of these, whose origin it is difficult to decide, have already become familiar to us through the medium of more modern versions, and seem to have naturalized themselves in almost every country whithersoever they have migrated; of this character, perhaps, are the "Adventures of the Travelling Jew," of "Fortunatus," "Reynard the Fox," "The Horned Siegfried;" opposed to others of a more national cast like "Faustus," "Howleglass," "Henry the Lion," &c. In respect to their generic qualities, so distinguished from those of other countries, we cannot convey an idea of them more clearly than in the words of Mr. Weber, in his "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," when treating on the subject of Teutonic poetry and romance.

"When we compare these Teutonic romances with those of France, England, and Spain, we are immediately struck with the want of chivalrous courtesy in the knights, and with the praises bestowed upon the most savage and ferocious among them. We have not here that constant obedience and attention to the ladies, who are indeed frequently more savage than their lovers. The peculiar *diablerie* of their romances is, perhaps, their most striking feature. The dwarfs who, by the French minstrels, were represented as

mere naturals, and humble attendants upon the knights, are here exalted into creatures of great cunning, having dominion over the interior of the earth, consequently possessing incalculable riches in gold and gems, and having the stronger but less sagacious race of giants entirely under their control. The history of the creation of those three great classes, the dwarfs, giants, and heroes, is given by the author of the preface to the "Book of Heroes" in the following manner :

"It should be known for what reason God created the great giants and the little dwarfs, and subsequently the heroes. First, He produced the dwarfs, because the mountains lay waste and useless, and valuable stores of silver and gold, with gems and pearls, were concealed in them. Therefore God made the dwarfs right wise and crafty, that they could distinguish good and bad, and to what use all things should be applied. They knew the use of gems,—that some of them gave strength to the wearer, others made him invisible, which were called *Fog-caps*.* Therefore God gave art and wisdom to them, that they built them hollow hills; He gave them nobility, so that they, as well as the heroes, were kings and lords; and He gave them great riches. And the reason why God created the giants was that they should slay the wild beasts and worms (dragons and serpents), and thus enable the dwarfs to cultivate the mountains in safety. But after some time it happened that the giants became wicked and unfaithful, and did much harm to the dwarfs. Then God created the heroes, who were of a middle rank between the dwarfs and giants. And it should be known that the heroes were worthy and faithful for many years, and that they were created to come to the assistance of the dwarfs, against the unfaithful giants, the beasts, and the worms. The land was then waste, therefore God made strong heroes, and gave them such a nature that their mind was ever bent on manhood and on battles and fights. Among the dwarfs were many kings, who had giants for their servants; for they possessed rough countries, waste forests, and mountains near their dwellings.

* *Nebel Kapfen*. In the romances themselves they are not represented as gems, but as a kind of veil, which rendered everything covered by them invisible.

The heroes paid all observance and honour to the ladies, protected widows and orphans, did no harm to women, except when their life was in danger, were always ready to assist them, and often showed their manhood before them, both in spirit and in earnest. It should also be known that the heroes were always emperors, kings, dukes, earls, and served under lords or as knights and squires, and that they were all noblemen, and no one was a peasant. And from them are descended all our lords and noblemen.”*

We here close our extract, as it is not intended to make trial of the reader's literary patience or taste for black letter research, at the expense of more agreeable requisites. To combine the two, as far as was conceived quite agreeable to the primary and more popular purposes of all fiction, amusing narrative and novelty of incident, has been the aim of the following pages, however inadequately accomplished. It would have opened too wide and unbeaten a field of inquiry, and would have been too little in unison with the light and popular materials of the text, to have attempted any detailed analysis and illustration of the individual origin and ramifications of the specimens here selected from a rich storehouse of traditionary reliques. Far, therefore, from presuming to encroach upon the ancient domain of learned commentators, either of this or a preceding age, all that the Editor has, at most, ventured upon, has been to hover a little round the outskirts. To have attempted to introduce his readers into all the learned labyrinths of those ancient and secluded regions of romance, “from time immemorial set apart for the old wizards and heroes of the north,” would have been on his part far too ambitious an effort.

It is due, in fairness to himself, that the Editor should disclaim any pretensions to the more recondite learning and patient research which characterize the pursuits of the genuine antiquary. Nor would he feel himself justified in calling for that painful attention so requisite on the part of the reader, for a proper appreciation of such labours. He would not, however, be understood to insinuate the slightest depreciation of such works, works which throw light and splendour upon bygone days, and conjure up forms of living

* “Illustrations of Northern Antiquities; Ancient Teutonic Poetry and Romance,” pp. 41-2.

beauty, or of glory, which were fast disappearing in the mists of antiquity. He would rather avow that he hangs with delight over the pages of the gifted illustrators of our old poetry and drama, or of the living successors of our Ritsons and our Wartons, authors who have gone far to complete those great outlines of antiquarian learning and research chalked out by their predecessors. To the united efforts of Scott, of Weber, of Jamieson; of Herbert, of Douce, of Ellis, and of Dunlop; of Percy, of Johnstone, of Heber, and of Lockhart,—all of whom conjointly or severally have so ardently engaged in unfolding to us the concealed treasures of the past,—we are indebted for that proud distinction to which England may still lay claim, in the highest walks of learning as well as of art; a distinction which need not shrink from a comparison with that of the most famed academicians of France, or the still more recondite and laborious efforts of the Germans.

It is scarcely necessary further to observe, on the part of the present Editor, that he has not indulged the ambition of aspiring to any share of those honours which have been so amply reaped by names like the preceding; though he may perhaps be held excused for attempting to glean a few scattered flowers growing in the same field, stretching so widely around the northern side of the "Temple of Fame."

"Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornament of labour mild;
There huge colosses rose with triple crown'd,
And round characters were carved around
There sat Zimolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies,
There on rude iron columns smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood
Druids and bards—their own loud harp unstring,
And youths that died to be by poets sung

—1010 F

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THE
GERMAN NOVELISTS.

EDITED BY T. ROSCOE.

*NUMEROUS AUTHORS AND EDITIONS OF
REINEKE FUCHS
(REYNARD THE FOX).*

THE real origin of this very curious comic and satirical production is involved, like most fables of the kind, in considerable doubt and perplexity. The earliest printed German copy would appear to have been that of the year 1498, written in the dialect of Lower Saxony; though there was a Dutch romance, in prose, bearing the same title, "*Historie van Reynaert de Vos*," published at Delft, in 1485. The former one, of 1498, was afterwards translated into High German, and also into Latin. It has been referred to various individuals as the author; most commonly to Henry Von Alkmar; but that his was not the first story of the kind would appear from his preface, in which he merely assumes the merit of its translation. Nicholas Baumann, who is stated to have written it as a satire upon the chancellor of the Duke of Juliers, is another author to whom it has, with less authority, however, been attributed, his edition bearing no earlier a date than 1522. In the translation it is stated to have been borrowed from the Italian and French tongues, but its individual origin is not pointed out. It is so far left in doubt, whether the German author copied from the Dutch publication at Delft, where the sole remaining copy is still preserved, or whether both were translated or imitated from the French and Italian, or some more hidden materials, of which the MSS. have now perished.

At all events, the Lubeck edition of 1498 is a work so superior in point of power and skill, as well as in its comic incidents and delineations, as to confer upon it the style and character of an original composition. Its allegorical scenes are well supported, exhibiting, under a picture of the court of beasts, the various intrigues and interests of a human court,

where everything is thrown into confusion, and the most dangerous plans are adopted, at the instigation of a wily favourite. By such means the lion risks the loss of his dominions, while Reynard (who is supposed by some to represent the Duke of Lorraine), and some other personages, doubtless imitated from real life, carry their obnoxious measures. There is an old English translation, published by Caxton, which was executed, it is said, from the Flemish version or original.

Gothé's version is an imitation of the work of Alkmar, from the Lower Saxon, composed in hexameter verse and in modern phraseology.

From the number of editions enumerated by the learned Flogel, in his "History of Comic Literature,"* the German Fox would appear to have been a singular favourite with most nations. Upwards of forty editions are mentioned, among which three were published in England, besides others which do not appear to have come within the scope of the German writer. The English prose version of 1694, from which the following specimen of the work has been abridged, is one of them, consisting of a free translation, and occasional abridgment of the edition of 1498, upon which most of the subsequent editions, indeed, both in Germany and elsewhere, seem to be founded.

The German edition of 1498 appeared at Lubeck in small 4to., accompanied by woodcuts in a rude style of illustration, and with a preface of four pages from the pen of Henry Von Alkmar, the work itself consisting of two hundred and forty-one pages. It is composed in common heroic metre, the heroic metre of Low Dutch; a copy is still preserved in the Ducal Library at Wolfenbützel, with the following motto:

Ut vulpis adulation,
Nun in der Werlde blyket,
Sic hominis est ratio
Gelyk dem vorse geschluckt.

At the close is found the date, Anno Domini 1498, Lubeck. It was first made known by Professor Hackmann, in 1709, who printed an edition of it at Wolfenbützel, 1711. In the preface, Henry Von Alkmar announces himself a schoolmaster, who had borrowed his translation from the French tongue, but without throwing any light upon the real author, or noticing any Dutch writers or commentators among his contemporaries. His name has by some been conjectured to be a mere fabrication, and among others by Henry Lackman, and by Busching. Most probably, however, says Flogel, Alkmar was born in the city of that name in Holland; he represents himself as Hofmeister to the Duke of Lothringen (Lorraine), who died in 1508, at whose request the Flemish work was first composed. The Dutch writer expressly disclaims all title to its production, though no prior French and Italian materials, from which he professes to have taken it, have been discovered.

Gottsched, in his edition, is inclined to think Alkmar the real original author, and that he merely feigned its version from other tongues. Thus some dispute his word, and others his existence; learned opinions clash with still more learned opinions, and conjectures are heaped upon conjectures.

* Geschichte der Komischen Litteratur, vol. iii. p. 40, *Liegnitz and Leipsic*, 1786.

These unfortunately do not appear to have brought the learned speculators much nearer to the truth : the obscure fables of Reynard the Fox belong, in some form or other, to most nations ; their peculiar origin losing itself in the mists of antiquity.* Neither do they add anything to the value of the work under discussion, at all commensurate to the abundance and ingenuity of the researches it has elicited.† What degree of certainty, indeed, can be expected, when the only true guide, that of comparison of dates, and the local intrinsic evidence of the work, has been doubtless mystified by the wily Sir Reynard, who chose to leave us only vague hypothetical conjectures? Without presuming to enter into the mazes of antiquarian research, which, fortunately for the readers of a work of entertainment, lies as far beyond the editor's ambition as his skill, he may be allowed to deduce, from the arguments set before him, the probability of Sir Reynard having brought his learned pursuers to fault by his usual *ruse de guerre*, returning to his original seat, on finding himself hard pressed, so slyly and softly, as to render it impossible for the best trained scent to track him back to his native spot, whether in French Flanders, Holland, Italy, Germany, or in the East. He may probably have had his origin in the ancient *Kelila* and *Dimna* in these last regions,—the nurse of oral animals, more especially of a long race of eloquent and politic foxes, called Choes, celebrated for the wisdom of their maxims over all India. In justice to our own country, we must assign to it the priority of the printed editions of Sir Reynard's histories and exploits, inasmuch as M. Flögel himself places Caxton's edition the earliest in his long series.

In addition to the early Dutch editions, and some among the French and English, without any authors' names, the most esteemed are those of Hackmann, Gottsched, and Suhl, with the criticisms of other German scholars, all of whom have vied with each other in national zeal to illustrate the traditionary relics of their country.

Swedish and Danish translations are likewise enumerated by M. Flögel, some of which are founded upon the more modern German editions of the same work. Nor are Hebrew and Latin versions wanting to crown the reputation of its favourite hero, who appears to have been viewed, during successive generations, as a model of moral and political sagacity. To what prince or minister it was intended to apply, and whether as a compliment or a satire, must remain doubtful. The various suppositions on this head are rejected by the best German editors, who, however, have not attempted to substitute any others in their place.

* The names of several of the characters in Reynard the Fox occur in some of the verses or serventes of the Troubadours as early as the twelfth century. Thus the name of Isegrim the wolf, and Reinhart, are found in two serventes, attributed to King Richard I., who was also one of the Troubadours.

† See Flögel's History of Comic Literature, vol. iii. pp. 40—20.

THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF REYNARD THE FOX.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE LION PROCLAIMED A SOLEMN FEAST AT HIS COURT, AND HOW ISEGRIM THE WOLF, AND HIS WIFE, AND CURTISE THE HOUND, MADE COMPLAINTS AGAINST REYNARD THE FOX.



ABOUT the Feast of Pentecost, which is commonly called Whitsuntide, when the woods are full of lustihood and songs of gallantry, and every tree fresh clothed in its vernal garb of glorious leaves and sweet-smelling blossoms; when the earth is covered with her fairest mantle of flowers, and all the birds entertain her with the delights of their melodious songs; even at this joyous period of the lusty spring, the lion, that royal king of beasts, the monarch of the ancient woods, thought to celebrate this holy festival, and to keep open court at his great palace of Sanden, with all triumphant ceremony and magnificence. To this end he made solemn proclamation over all his kingdom to all manner of beasts whatsoever, that upon pain of being held in contempt, every one should resort to the approaching celebration of the grand festival. Within a few days, at the time prefixed, all beasts, both great and small, came in infinite numbers crowding to the court, with the exception of Reynard the fox, who did not appear. Conscious as he was of so many trespasses and transgressions against the lives and fortunes of other beasts, he knew that his presence might have put his life into great jeopardy, and he forbore.

Now, when the royal monarch had assembled his whole court, there were few beasts who had not some complaint to make against the fox; but especially Isegrim the wolf, who being the first and principal complainant, came with all his lineage and kindred. Standing uncovered before the king, he said, "Most dread and dearest sovereign lord the king! Humbly I beseech you, that from the height and strength of your great power, and the multitude of your mercies, you will graciously take compassion upon the insufferable trespasses and injuries which that unworthy creature, Reynard the fox, has lately committed against me and my wife and my whole family. To give your majesty some idea of these wrongs, know that this Reynard broke into my house in my absence, against the will of me and my wife, where, finding my children laid in their quiet couch, he maltreated them in so vile a manner, especially about the eyes, that with the sharpness of the crime they fell instantly blind.* Now, for this offence a day was set apart, wherein Reynard should appear to justify himself, and make solemn oath that

* The moral shows how a vicious man deceives himself by thinking to escape punishment by absenting himself from the magistrate's presence. By such contempt he only animates his enemies in their resolution to proceed, and makes them bolder in their complaints against him. This is more particularly applicable to accusations at court, as appears above, which if they be not speedily met, must endanger the life of the accused.—*Old English Comment.*

he was guiltless of that foul injury ; but as soon as the holy book was tendered to him, he, well knowing his own enormity, refused to swear, or rather evaded it, by instantly running into his hole, in contempt both of your majesty and your laws. This, perhaps, my dread lord, some of the noblest beasts resident at your court did not know ; yet this was not enough to satiate his malice, and he continued to trespass against me in many other things, which, however, neither your majesty's time nor patience would suffice to hear. Enough that my injuries are so great that nothing can exceed them, and the shame and villany that he has shown my wife is such that I can no longer suffer it to go unrevenge. From him I am come to demand reparation, and from your majesty compassion."

When the wolf had spoken these words, there stood by him a little hound, whose name was Curtise, who now stepping forth, also made a grievous complaint to the king, saying, that in the cold winter season, when the frost was most violent, and he was half starved by want of prey, having nothing further left him to sustain life than one poor piece of pudding, that vile Reynard ran upon him from ambush, and unjustly seized it.

Scarcely had these words escaped the hound's lips, before in sprang Tibert the cat, with a fierce and angry countenance, and falling down at his majesty's feet, exclaimed, "O my lord the king, though I must confess that the fox is here grievously accused, yet were other beasts' actions searched, each would find enough to do to clear himself. Touching the complaint of Curtise the hound, it was an offence committed many years ago ; and though I myself complain of no injury, yet was the pudding mine and not his, for I got it one night out of a mill, when the miller lay asleep. If Curtise could challenge any share thereof, it must be derived solely from me." When Panther heard Tibert's words, he stood forth, and said, "Do you imagine, O Tibert, that it would be just or good that Reynard should not be accused? Why, the whole world knows he is a murderer, a ravisher, and a thief ; that he loves not any creature, no, not his majesty himself ; and would suffer his highness to lose both honour and renown, if he thought he could thus obtain so much as the leg of a fat pullet. Let me tell you what I saw him do only yesterday to Kayward the hare, now standing in the king's presence. Under pretence of teaching poor Kayward his creed, and making a good chaplain of him, he persuaded him to come and sit between his legs, and sing aloud, 'Credo, credo !' I happened to pass that way, and heard the song ; and upon going nearer, I found that Mr. Reynard had left his first note, and began to play in his old key, for he had caught Kayward by the throat, and had I not at that moment come, he had certainly taken his life, as you may see by Kayward's fresh wound under his throat. If my lord the king should suffer such conduct to go unpunished, the peace broken, the royal dignity profaned, and the just laws violated, your princely children many years to come shall bear the slander of this evil." "Doubtless, Panther," cried Isegrim, "you say well and true : it is only fit that they should receive the benefit of justice who wish to live in peace."

CHAPTER II.

HOW GRIMBARD THE GOAT SPOKE IN FAVOUR OF REYNARD BEFORE THE KING.

WHEN spoke Grimbard, who was Reynard's sister's son, being much moved by anger : " Isegrim, you are malicious, and it is a common proverb that ' malice never yet spake well ; ' and what can you advance against my kinsman Reynard ? I wish you had only to encounter the risk, that whichever of you had most injured the other, was to be hanged and die a felon's death ; for I tell you, were he here in court, and as much in our favour as you are, it would be but small satisfaction for you to beg mercy. You have many times bitten and torn my kinsman with your venomous teeth, and much oftener than I can reckon ; though I will recall some instances to your shame.* Can you have forgotten how you cheated him in regard to the plaice which he threw down from the cart, while you followed aloof for fear ? Yet you devoured the good plaice alone, and left him nothing but the bones, which you could not eat yourself. You played the same trick with the fat flitch of bacon, which was so good, that you took care to devour the whole of it yourself. When my uncle entreated his share, you retorted with scorn, ' Fair young man, you shall surely have your share ; ' and yet you gave him nothing, although he won it at great hazard, inasmuch as the owner contrived to catch my kinsman in a sack, from which he with difficulty got away with life. Such injuries hath this Isegrim done to Reynard ; and I beseech your lordships to judge if they are sufferable. Again he complains that my kinsman hath wronged him in his wife ; and true it is that Reynard could boast her favour seven years before friend Isegrim did wed her. But if my uncle, out of courtesy, did pay her attentions, what is that to him ? he took her for better and worse ; nor ought he to complain of any foregoing transaction not belonging to him. Wisdom, indeed, would have concealed it ; for what credit can he get by the slander of his own wife, especially when she is not aggrieved ?

" Next comes Kayward the hare, with his complaint in his throat, which seems to me a mere trifle. If he will learn to read and sing, and read not his lesson aright, who will blame the schoolmaster for giving him a little wholesome correction ? for if the scholars are not sometimes beaten and chastised, depend upon it, they will never learn. Lastly, Curtise complains that he had stolen a pudding with infinite pains out of the window, at a season when victuals are scarce. Would not silence better have become such a transaction ? for he stole it : ' Male quassisti, et male perdidisti ; ' it was evil won, and evil lost ; and who shall dare to blame Reynard for the seizure of stolen goods from a thief ? It is reasonable, that he who understands law and can discern equity, being

* The moral says, vice is never without an advocate. Be a man ever so abandoned, he is sure to find one or other to plead for him, especially where there is wealth or greatness to boast on the side of the offender, or any alliance of blood to those in favour, as appears in the case of the goat pleading for the fox. First, because he was of kin ; next, he was rich, and able to assist him in his designs ; and lastly may be observed the insinuation of the advocate, who excuses the fox's faults with a new form of penitence, cloaking the evils, than which nothir sooner brings a good man to believe and to forgive.—*Old Eng. Com.*

also of high birth as my kinsman is, should do justice to the law. Nay, had he hanged up the hound when he took him in the fact, he could have offended none but the king in doing justice without leave. Yet, out of respect to his majesty, he did it not, though he reaps small thanks for his labour; thus subjected to the vilest calumnies, which greatly affect him. For my uncle is a true and loyal gentleman, nor can he endure falsehood: he does nothing without the counsel of the priest, and I asseit, that since our lord the king proclaimed peace, he never dreamed of injuring any man. He lives like a recluse; only eats one meal a day, and it is now a year since he tasted flesh, as I have been truly informed by some of his friends who saw him only yesterday. He has moreover left his castle Malepardus, and abandoned his princely establishment, confining all his wishes to a poor hermitage. He has forsworn hunting, and scattered abroad his wealth, living alone by alms and good men's charities; doing infinite penance for his sins, so that he is become pale and lean with praying and fasting, for he would fain be with God."*

Thus while Grimbard stood preaching, they perceived coming down the hill towards them, stout Chanticleer the cock, who brought upon a bier a dead hen, whose head Reynard had bitten clean off, and it was brought before the king to take cognizance thereof.



CHAPTER III.

HOW CHANTICLEER THE COCK COMPLAINED OF REYNARD THE FOX.

CHANTICLEER marching foremost, hung his wings and smote his feathers pitcously, whilst on the other side the bier went two of his fairest hens, the fairest between Holland and Arden. Each of them bore a straight bright burning taper, for they were sisters to Coppel that lay dead upon the bier; and as they marched, they cried, "Alack, alack! and well-a-day! for the death of Coppel, our sister dear." Two young pullets bore the bier, and cackled so heavily and wept so loud for the death of Coppel, their mother, that the very hills echoed to their clamour. On reaching the presence of the king, Chanticleer, kneeling down, spake as follows: "Most merciful, dread lord, the king! vouchsafe, I do beseech you, to hear and redress the injuries which the fox Reynard hath done me and my children, whom you here behold weeping, as well they may. For it was in the beginning of April, when the weather was fair, I being then in the height of my pride and plumage, sprung from great stock and lineage, with eight valiant sons and seven fair daughters by my side, all of whom my wife had brought me at a single hatch, all of whom were strong and fat,

* When wicked men cannot compass their designs by other means, they study deceits and shift to entangle their enemies. Among these they find none more powerful than the cloak of religion, with which they impose upon the easy faith of the simple, and lead them into dangers from which there is no escape but shipwreck. Thus the foolish cock lent ear again to the sly fox, and the silly sheep go to the shearing again and again. We may also gather, that though an evil man may be now and then excused for some of his faults, yet still he is not likely to escape discovery at last.—*Old Eng. Comm.*

strutting in a yard well fenced round about. Here they had several sheds, besides six stout mastiff dogs for their guard, which had torn the skins of many wild beasts; so that my children felt secure from any evil that might happen to those more exposed to the snares of the world; but Reynard, that false and dissembling traitor, envying their happy fortune, many times assailed the walls in such desperate manner, that the dogs were obliged to be loosed, and they hunted him away. Once, indeed, they overtook and bit him, making him pay the price of his theft, as his torn skin bore witness. Nevertheless he escaped, the more the pity; but we lived more quietly some time after; until at last he came in the likeness of a hermit, and brought me a letter to read. It was sealed with your majesty's royal seal; and in it I found written that you had proclaimed peace throughout all your realm, and that no manner of beasts or fowl were longer to injure one another. Reynard affirmed that, for his own part, he was become a monk, a cloistered recluse, and had vowed to perform daily penance for his sins. He next showed me and counted his beads; he had his books, and wore a hair shirt next to his skin, while in a very humble tone he said, "You see, Sir Chanticleer, you have never need to be afraid of me henceforward, for I have vowed never more to eat flesh. I am now waxed old, and would only remember my soul: I have yet my noon and my evening prayers to say; I must therefore take my leave." He departed, singing his credo as he went, and I saw him lie down under a hawthorn. These tidings made me exceedingly glad: I took no further heed, but chuckling my family together, I went to ramble outside the wall, a step I shall for ever rue. For that same devout Reynard, lying under the bush, came creeping between us and the gate; then suddenly surprised one of my children, which he thrust into his maw, and to my great sorrow bore away. For having tasted the sweetness of our flesh, neither hunter nor hound can protect us from him. Night and day he continues to watch us with such hungry assiduity, that out of fifteen children he hath now left me only four unslain. Yesterday, my daughter Coppel—here lying dead upon her bier, her body being rescued by the arrival of a pack of hounds, too late, alas!—hath fallen, after her mother, a victim to his arts. This is my just complaint, which I refer to your highness's mercy to have compassion upon, and upon my many slaughtered children."

Then spake the king: "Sir Grimbold, hear you this of your uncle, the recluse? He seems to have fasted and prayed with a vengeance; but if I live another year he shall dearly abide it. For you, Chanticleer, your complaint is heard, and shall be repaired. We will bestow handsome obsequies upon your daughter dead, laying her in the earth with solemn dirge and worship due. This done, we will consult with our lords how to do you right, and bring the murderer to justice."

Then began the *Placido Domine*, with all the verses belonging to it, too many to recite; the dirge being done, the body was interred, and over it was placed a fair marble stone, polished as bright as glass, upon which was inscribed the following epitaph in large letters: "Coppel, Chanticleer's daughter, whom Reynard the fox has slain, lieth here interred!—Mourn, reader, mourn! for her death was violent and lamentable."

The monarch next sent for his lords and wisest counsellors, to consult how best this foul murder committed by Reynard might be punished. In the end it was concluded that he should be sent for, and without any excuse be made to appear before the king, to answer these charges, and the message be delivered by Bruin the bear. The king gave consent, and calling him before him, said, "Sir Bruin, it is our pleasure that you deliver this message; yet in so doing, have a good eye to yourself; for Reynard is full of policy, and knows well how to dissemble, flatter, and betray. He has a world of snares to entangle you withal, and, without great exercise of judgment, will make a mock and scorn of the most consummate wisdom."

"My lord," answered Sir Bruin, "let me alone with Reynard; I am not such a truant to discretion as to become a mock for his knavery." And thus, full of jollity, the bear took his departure to fetch Reynard: if his return be as jovial, there is no fear of his well speeding.*

CHAPTER IV.

HOW BRUIN THE BEAR SPED WITH REYNARD THE FOX.

THE next morning away went Sir Bruin the bear in quest of the fox, armed against all kinds of plots and deceit whatsoever; and as he went along through a dark forest in which Reynard had a by-path which he used when he was out hunting or being hunted, he saw a high mountain, over which he must pass to reach Malepardus. For though Reynard had many houses, Malepardus is his chief and most ancient castle, and there he resorted both for defence and pleasure. When Bruin at length came to the place, he found the gates close shut; at which, after he had knocked, sitting upon his tail, he called aloud, "Sir Reynard, are you at home? I am Bruin, your kinsman, sent by the king to summon you to court, to answer the many foul accusations laid at your door. His majesty hath taken a great vow that if you fail to appear to the summons, your life shall answer for your contempt, and your whole goods and honours become confiscated to the crown. Therefore, fair kinsman, be advised by your friend, and come with me to court, in order to shun the fate that will otherwise overtake you:" so said the bear. Reynard, who was lying near the gate, as was his custom, basking in the sun, hearing these words, departed into one of his holes, Malepardus being full of many intricate and curious apartments, through which he could pass in case of danger or for objects of prey, where he determined to commune with himself awhile how best he might counterplot, and bring the bear into disgrace, while he added to his own credit, for he detested the bear; and at last coming forth, said, "Is it you, dear uncle Bruin? you are exceeding welcome, and

* The king's answer to Sir Brock shows the danger of excusing bad actions; for their being disclosed redound to the defender's shame. In the monarch we may see the effects of a good disposition, as expressed in the honours and rites of burial bestowed upon Coppel, which is some alleviation for the grief of her relations. The bear's eagerness to bring the fox shows the pleasure of a malicious man about to be employed against his enemy, and how frequently such ill hopes miscarry.—*Extract from Old English* Comm

excuse my delay in saying so : but the truth is, that when you began to speak I was saying my vespers, and devotion must not be neglected for any worldly concerns. Yet I believe he hath done you no good service, nor do I thank him who hath sent you hither, a long and weary journey, in which your sweat and toil far exceed the worth of the labour performed. It is certain, that had you not come, I had to-morrow attended the court of mine own accord. As it is, however, my regret is much diminished, because your counsel just at this time may turn to my double benefit. Alas ! uncle, could his majesty find no meaner a messenger than your noble self to employ in these trivial affairs ? Truly it appears strange to me, especially since, next his royal self, you are of greatest renown, both in point of blood and riches. For my part, I would that we were both at court, as I fear our journey will be exceedingly troublesome. To say truth, since my entire abstinence from flesh, I have lived upon strange new meats, which have very much disagreed with me, and swelled my body as if it was about to burst." "Alas ! dear cousin," said the bear, "what kind of meat can it be that makes you so ill ?" "Uncle," he replied, "what will it avail you to know ? The food was simple and mean : we poor gentry are no lords, you know, but are glad to eat from necessity what others taste for mere wantonness. Yet not to delay you, that which I eat was honeycombs, large, full, and very pleasant. But, impelled by hunger, I ate so very immoderately that I was afterwards infinitely distempered." "Ay !" quoth Bruin ; "honeycombs, do you say ? Hold you them in such slight respect, nephew ? Why, sir, it is food for the greatest emperors in the world. Help me, fair nephew, to some of these honeycombs, and command me while I live : for only a small share I will be your servant everlastingly."* "You are jesting with me, surely, uncle ;" replied the fox. "Jest with you !" cried Bruin ; "beshrew my heart, then ; for I am in such serious good earnest, that for a single lick of the same you shall count me among the most faithful of your kindred." "Nay, if you be," returned Reynard, "I will bring you where ten of you would not be able to eat the whole at a meal. This I do out of friendship, for I wish to have yours in return, which above all things I desire." "Not ten of us !" cried the bear, "not ten of us ! it is impossible ; for had I all the honey between Hybla and Portugal, I could eat the whole of it very shortly myself." "Then know, uncle, that near at hand there dwells a husbandman named Lanfert, who is master of so much that you could not consume it in seven years, and this, for your love and friendship's sake, I will put into your possession." Bruin, now mad for the honey, swore that for one good meal he would stop the mouths of all Reynard's enemies. Smiling at his easy credulity, the latter said, "If you would

* In this encounter is expressed the dissimulation of two wicked persons plotting each other's ruin ; in which, though the most wily obtain the advantage at first, the just cause prevails in the end. In the bear's voracity for honey we see the ill effects of a loose appetite, omitting, for the sake of a moment's pleasure, more important business. In the bait held out by the fox is shown the triumph of policy, holding out such temptations as are adapted to the character and the occasion. Thus the poor bear is not only wounded and in danger of his life, but made a laughing-stock to his enemies, while the cruelty practised on him by the people displays the fate of a bad man caught in his own snares, when each and all of those he has injured are eager to step forward and have a blow at him, in order to revenge themselves for his old offences.—*Extract from English Comm.*

wish for seven ton, uncle, you shall have it ;" and these words pleased the bear so much, and made it so pleasant, that he could not actually stand for laughing. "Well," thought the fox, "this is good fortune ; though I will assuredly lead him where he shall laugh more in reason." He then said, "Uncle, we must lose no time, and I will spare no pains, such as I would not undertake for any of my kin." The bear gave him thanks, and away they went together, the fox promising as much honey as he could carry, but meaning as many stripes as he could undergo. At length they came to Lanfert's house, the sight of which made the bear caper for joy. This Lanfert was a stout brawny carpenter, who the other day had brought into his yard a large oak, which he had begun to cleave, and struck into it two wedges, so that the cleft lay a great way open, at which the fox rejoiced, as it was just what he wished. Then, with a smiling countenance, turning to the bear, "Behold now," he said, "dear uncle, and be careful of yourself ; for within this tree is contained so much honey, that if you can get to it you will find it immeasurable ; yet be cautious, good uncle, and eat moderately. The combs are sweet and good, but a surfeit is always dangerous, and may prove troublesome on your journey, which I would not for the world, as no harm can happen to you but must redound to my dishonour." "Concern not yourself for me, faith ! nephew Reynard ; I am not such a fool but I can temper my appetite if I can only get at the honey." "True, I was perhaps too bold to say what I did, my best uncle ; so I pray you enter in at the end, and you shall there find what you want." With all haste the bear entered the tree with his fore feet forward, and thrust his head into the hole quite over the ears. When the fox saw this, he instantly ran and pulled the wedges out of the tree, so that the bear remained locked fast. Neither flattery nor anger now availed the bear, for his nephew had got him in so fast a prison, that it was impossible to free himself by any manœuvre. What profited him his great strength and valour now ? They only served to irritate and annoy him ; and deprived of all relief, he began to howl and bray, to scratch and tumble, and make such a noise, that Lanfert came running hastily out of the house to see what was the matter. He held a sharp hook in his hand, and while the bear lay tearing and roaring in the tree, the fox cried out in scorn, "He is coming, uncle ! I fear you will not like the honey ; is it good ? Do not eat too much ; pleasant things are apt to surfeit, and you will delay your journey back to court. If your belly be too full, Lanfert will give you drink to digest it." Having said which, he set off towards his castle again. Lanfert, finding that the bear was taken fast, ran to his neighbours and desired them to come. The tidings spreading through the town, there was neither man, woman, nor child but ran to see ; some with one weapon and some with another, goads, rakes, and broom-staves, and whatever they could lay hands on. The priest bore the handle of a large cross, the clerk had holy water, and the priest's wife, Dame Jullock, brought her distaff, as she happened to be spinning : nay, the old beldames came that had never a tooth in their heads. Hearing the approach of this army, Bruin fell into great fear, there being none but himself to withstand them ; and as they came thundering down upon him, he struggled so fiercely that

he contrived to get his head out of jeopardy by leaving behind the best part of the skin, along with his ears, insomuch that never age beheld a mere foul ugly beast; for the blood covered his face and hands, leaving his claws and skin behind him, so that he could hardly move or see. It was an ill market he came to, for in spite of this torment Lanfert and his crew came upon him, and so belaboured him with staves, and hooks, and rakes, that it might well be a warning to every one taken in misery, showing how the weakest must evermore go to the wall. This Bruin cruelly experienced, every one venting their fury upon his hide, even Houghlin with his crooked leg, and Ludolf with the long broad nose; the one armed with a leaden mallet, and the other with an iron scourge. None lashed so hard as Sir Bertolf with the long fingers, and none annoyed him more than Lanfert and Ortam, one being armed with a sharp Welsh hook, and the second with a crooked staff heavily leaded at the end, with which he used to play at stab-ball. There was Burkin and Armes Ablequack, Bane the priest with his cross-handle, and Jullock his wife. All these so belaboured the poor bear that his life was in extreme jeopardy; he sat and sighed sadly during the massacre, but the thundering weight of Lanfert's fierce blows was the most cruel to bear; for Dame Podge, at Casport, was his mother, and his father was Marob, the staple-maker, a passing stout man when he was alone. From him Bruin received such a shower of stones, at the same time that Lanfert's brother wielded him a savage blow upon the pate, that he could no longer see nor hear, but made a desperate plunge into the adjoining river, through a cluster of old wives standing by, many of whom he threw into the water, which was broad and deep, among whom was the parson's wife. Seeing her floating there like a sea-mew, the holy man left off striking the bear, crying out, "Help, oh, help! Dame Jullock is in the water! I absolve the man, woman, or child that saves her, from all their sins and transgressions, past and to come, and I remit all penance." Hearing this, all left the pursuit of the bear to succour Dame Jullock, upon which Bruin cut the stream with fresh strength, and swam away. The priest only pursued him, crying in great rage, "Turn, villain, turn, that I may be revenged upon thee!" But the bear, having the advantage of the stream, heeded not his calling, for he was proud of the triumph of having escaped from them. He bitterly cursed the honey tree, and more bitterly the fox, who had not only betrayed him, but made him lose his hood from his face and his leather gloves from his fingers. In this condition he swam about three miles down the stream, when he grew so very weary that he was obliged to seek a landing. The blood trickled down his face; he sighed, and drew his breath so short that it seemed as if his last hour was come.

Meanwhile the fox, on his way home, had stolen a fat pullet, and running through a by-path to elude pursuit, he now came towards the river with infinite joy. For he never doubted but the bear was slain, and he therefore said, "My fortune is made, for my greatest enemy at the court is dead, and no one can suspect me." But as he spoke, looking towards the river-side, he espied the bear lying down to ease his grievous wounds. At this sight Reynard's heart misgave him, and he

railed bitterly against Lanfert the carpenter, cursing him for a silly fool, that did not know how to kill a bear in a trap. "What madman," he cried, "would have lost such good venison? so fat and wholesome, and which lay taken to his hand. A wise man would have been proud of the fortune which thou, like a fool, hast neglected." Thus fretting and chiding, he came to the river, where he found the bear covered with wounds, which Reynard alone had caused. Yet he said in scorn as he passed, "Monsieur, Dieu vous garde!" "O thou foul red villain!" said the bear to himself, "what impudence can equal thine?" But the fox continued his speech. "What, uncle, have you forgotten everything at Lanfert, or have you paid for the honeycombs you stole? I would rather pay for them myself than that you should incur any disgrace. If the honey was good, you may have plenty more at the same price. Good uncle, tell me before I go, into what order you mean to enter, that you wear this new-fashioned hood? Will you be a monk, an abbot, or a friar? He that shaved your crown seems also to have cropt your ears, your forelock is lost, and your leather gloves are gone. He, sloven! go not bare-headed! They say you can sing *pecavi* rarely." These taunts made Bruin mad with rage, but because he could not take revenge, he was obliged to let him talk on. At last, to avoid him, he plunged again into the river and landed on the other side, where he began to meditate how best he might reach the court, for he had lost both his ears and his talons, and could scarcely walk. Yet of necessity he must move forward, which he could only do by setting his buttocks upon the ground, and tumbling his body over and over. In this manner he first rolled about half a mile, then rested, and rolled another half-mile, until by dint of perseverance he tumbled his way to court. Witnessing his strange method of approach, a number of courtiers gazed upon him as a sort of prodigy, little deeming that it was the famous Su Bruin the bear.

The king himself was the first who recognized him, and he said, "It is Su Bruin my servant. What villains have wounded him thus? Where can he have been, that he could contrive it—to bring his death as it were back with him? let us hear what tidings he has got." "O my dread sovereign lord the king" cried out the bear, "I have to complain grievously. Behold how I am massacred, a massacre I humbly beseech you to revenge on that false malignant Reynard, who hath wrought me this foul disgrace and slaughter, merely because I have done your royal pleasure in conveying him a summons to court." His majesty then said, "How durst he do this thing? Now, by my crown I swear, I will take such revenge as shall make the traitor tremble, and remember the foul deed." So forthwith the king summoned his whole council, and consulted how and in what way to proceed most efficaciously against the wily fox. At length, after much discussion, it was unanimously concluded that he should be again summoned to appear and answer his transgressions in person. The party now appointed to execute the summons was Tibert the cat, being equally recommended for his gravity and his wisdom, an appointment likewise well pleasing to the king.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE KING SENT TIBERT THE CAT FOR REYNARD THE FOX.

THEN the king called for Sir Tibert the cat, and said, "Sir Tibert, you shall go to Reynard and summon him the second time, and command him to appear and answer his offences; for though he be cruel to other beasts, to you he is courteous. Assure him if he fail at the first summons, that I will take so severe a course against him and his posterity, that his example shall terrify all offenders." Then said Tibert the cat, "My dread lord, they were my foes which thus advised you, for there is nothing I can do that can force him to come or to tarry. I do beseech your majesty send some one of greater power: I am small and feeble; for if noble Sir Bruin, who was so strong and mighty, could not compel him, what will my weakness avail?" The king replied, "It is your wisdom, Sir Tibert, that I employ, and not your strength: many prevail with art, when violence returns home with labour lost." "Well," said Tibert, "since it is your pleasure, it must be accomplished, and Heaven make my fortune better than my heart presages!"

Tibert then made things in readiness and went to Malpaisus.* In his journey he saw come flying towards him one of St. Martin's birds, to whom the cat cried aloud, "Hail! gentle bird! I beseech thee turn thy wings, and fly on my right hand." But the bird, alas! flew on the left side, at which sight the cat grew very heavy, for he was well skilled in augury, and knew the sign to be ominous. Nevertheless, as many do, he armed himself with better hopes, and went to Malpaisus, where he found the fox standing before the castle gates, to whom Tibert said, "Health to my fair cousin Reynard. The king by me summons you to the court, in which if you fail or delay, there is nothing that can prevent your sudden and cruel death." The fox answered, "Welcome, dear cousin Tibert. I obey your command, and wish the king my lord infinite days of happiness. Only let me entreat you to rest with me to-night, and accept such cheer as my simple house affords. To-morrow as early as you will we will proceed towards the court, for I have no kinsman whom I trust so nearly as yourself. There came hither the other day that treacherous knight Sir Bruin, who looked upon me with that tyrannous cruelty, that I would not for the wealth of an empire hazard my person with him; but with you, dear cousin, I will go, were a thousand diseases eating up my vitals." Tibert replied, "You speak like a noble gentleman, and it will now perhaps be best to move forward, for the moon shines as bright as day." "Nay, dear cousin," said the fox, "let us take day before us, so that we may know our friends when we meet; the night is full of dangers and sus-

* By sending the cat to bring the fox, is expressed the care of ministers, who when they have been deceived by the pride and ostentation of such as they did employ and thought discreet, they become more careful in selecting truly wise men, capable of circumventing the wisdom of their enemies by still superior skill. In the cat's unwillingness to go, is shown how averse a wise man is to meddle in dangerous matters, especially when they have sense to see that the party with whom they are about to deal is more than their match. Yet, when authority will employ them, it becomes their duty to obey, and to effect what they are able.—*Extract from Old Eng. Comm.*

picious." "Well," said the other, "if it be your pleasure, I am content. What shall we eat?" Reynard said, "Truly, my store is small: the best I have is a honeycomb too pleasant and sweet: what think you of it yourself?" Tibert replied, "It is meat I little care for, and seldom eat: I had rather have a single mouse than all the honey in Europe." "A mouse, dear cousin?" said Reynard; "why, here dwells hard by a priest, who has a barn so full of mice, that I believe half the wains in the parish would not carry them away." "Then, dear Reynard," cried the cat, "do but you lead me thither, and make me your servant for ever." "But," said the fox, "do you love mice so much as that comes to?" "Beyond expression I do," quoth the other: "a mouse is better than any venison, or the best cates on a prince's table. Conduct me therefore thither, and command me afterwards in any of your affairs. Had you slain my father, my mother, and all my kin, I would freely forgive you now."

CHAPTER VI.

HOW TIBERT THE CAT WAS DECEIVED BY REYNARD THE FOX

"SURELY," said Reynard, "you do but jest!" "No, by my life," replied the cat. "Well, then, if you be in earnest, I will so contrive this very night, that you shall have your fill." "Is it possible?" said the cat. "Only follow me," said Reynard, "I will bring you to the place presently." So away they went with all speed towards the priest's barn, well fenced about with a mud wall, where, but the night before, the fox had broken in, and stolen an exceeding fat pullet from the jolly priest. Now the priest was so angry, that he had set a trap before the hole to catch the thief at his next coming, which the fox well knew, and therefore he said to the cat, "Sir Tibert, here is the hole: creep in. It will not take a minute before you find more mice than you are able to devour: hear you how they squeak? But come back when you are full, and I will wait here for you, that we may then proceed together towards court. Stay not long, for I know my wife is expecting us." "But think you I may safely enter in at this hole?" inquired the cat: "these priests are very wily and subtle, and often conceal their snares very close, making the rash fool sorely repent." "Why, cousin Tibert," said Reynard, "are you turning coward? What, man, fear you a shadow?" Quite ashamed, the cat sprang quickly in, and was caught fast by the neck in the gin. He tried to leap back, which only brought the snare closer, so that he was half strangled, and struggled and cried out piteously. Reynard stood before the hole and heard all, at which he greatly rejoiced, and cried in scorn, "Cousin Tibert, love you mice? I hope they are fat for your sake. Did the priest or Martinet know of your feasting, I know them so well. they would bring you sauce to your meat very quickly. What! you sing at your meat: is that the court fashion now? If so, I only wish that Isegrim the wolf bore you company, that all my friends might feast together."

Meanwhile the poor cat was fast, and mewed so sadly, that Martinet leaped out of his bed and cried to his people, "Up, up! for the thief

is taken that caught our hens." At these words the priest unluckily rose, awaking his whole household, and crying, "The fox is taken! the fox is taken!" Not half dressed, he handed his wife the sacred taper, and running first, he smote Tibert a blow with a huge staff, while many others followed his example. The cat received many deadly blows; for the anger of Martinet was so great, that he struck out one of the cat's eyes, which he did to please the priest, intending to dash out the poor Tibert's brains at a blow. Beholding death so near, Sir Tibert made a desperate effort, and jumping between the priest's legs, fastened there in a style which caused him the most excruciating pain. When Dame Jullock his wife saw this, she cried out, and swore at the bitterness of her heart, and withal cursed the gin, which she wished, along with its inventor, at the devil.

All this while Reynard stood before the hole, and seeing what passed, laughed so excessively that he was ready to burst; but the poor priest fell down in a swoon, and every one left the cat in order to revive the priest. During this last scene, the fox set off back again to Malepau-dus, for he believed that it was now all over with Sir Tibert. But he, seeing his foes so busy about the priest, began to gnaw his cord, until he bit it quite asunder. He then leaped out of the hole, and went roaring and tumbling like his predecessor, the bear, back to the court. Before he reached it, it was wide day, and the sun being risen, he entered the king's court in a most pitiful plight. For his body was beaten and bruised to a jelly, owing to the fox's craft; his bones were shivered and broken, one of his eyes lost, and his skin rent and mangled. This when the king beheld, he grew a thousand times more angry than before. He summoned his council, and debated on the surest means of revenging such injuries upon the head of the fox. After long consultation, Grimbard the goat, Reynard's sister's son, said to the rest of the king's council, "Good, my lords, though my uncle were twice as bad as he is represented, yet there is remedy enough against his mischiefs, and it is fit you do him the justice due to a man of his rank, by summoning him a third time, and then it will be time to pronounce him guilty of all that is laid to his charge." "But," said his majesty, "who will now be found so desperate as to hazard his hands, his ears, nay, his very life, with one so tyrannical and irreligious?" "Truly," answered the goat, "if it please your majesty, I am that desperate person, who will venture to carry the message to my most subtle kinsman, if your highness but command me."

CHAPTER VII.

HOW GRIMBARD THE GOAT WAS SENT TO BID THE FOX A THIRD TIME TO THE KING'S COURT.*

WHEN said the king, "Go, Grimbard, for I command you; yet take good heed of Reynard, for he is subtle and malicious." Grimbard thanked his majesty; and so taking his humble

* In the mission of the goat is shown the policy of employing the vicious man's weapons against himself. When he can be prevailed upon by no other means, it is most politic to send one of his own kindred, as cunning as himself, who, by the display of affection and argument, may win him over; as affection is known to be a prevailing orator.—*Extract from Old Eng. Comm.*

leave, he went to Malepardus, where he found Reynard, and Ermelin his wife, amusing themselves with their children. Having first saluted his aunt and uncle, he said, "Take heed, fair uncle, lest your absence from court cause more mischief than the offence deserves: Indeed, it is high time to appear, for delay brings only greater danger and punishment. The complaints against you are infinite, and this is your third summons. Your wisdom may therefore tell you, that no hope of mercy can longer remain for you and yours: within three days your castle will be beleaguered and demolished, your kindred made slaves, and you yourself reserved for a public example. Do, my dear uncle, then, I beseech you, recall your better wisdom, and return with me forthwith to the court. I doubt not but your discretion will find words to excuse you; for you have surmounted many wonderful perils, and brought your foes to shame, whilst the innocence of your cause hath often borne you spotless from the tribunal." Reynard answered and said, "Nephew, you say true. I will be advised, and go with you; not to answer for offences, but because I know that the court stands in need of my counsel. Nor do I doubt the king's mercy if I can once gain his ear, though mine offences were double, and my sins as red as scarlet; for I know the court cannot stand without me, and that his majesty shall truly understand. Though I know I have many enemies, yet it troubles me not, for my innocence shall confound their inquiries, and they shall learn to their cost that, in high matters of state and policy, Reynard cannot be dispensed with. They may harp upon injuries as long as they please, but the pith of the affau must rest upon my relation. Their envy made me leave the court; for though their shallow wits cannot disgrace me, their multitudes may at last oppress me. Still, nephew, I will go with you to the court, and heard my enemies to their face, for I will not hazard the welfare of my wife and children by opposing the king, he is too powerful; and though he do me great injury, I will ever bear it patiently." Having thus spoken, he turned to his wife, and said, "Dame Ermelin, take care of my children, especially Reynikin, my youngest boy, for he has much of my love, and I hope he will follow in my steps. Rossel too promises well, and I love them both truly. Therefore have an eye upon them, and if I should escape, doubt not but my love shall requite you." At these words Ermelin wept, and could not say farewell, and her children howled to see their mother's sorrow; for their lord and provider was gone, and Malepardus left unvictualled.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW REYNARD WAS SHAKEN BY GRIMBARD THE GOAT.*

WHEN Reynard and Grimbard had proceeded some way on their journey, the former stopped and said, "Fair nephew, blame me not if I say my heart is very heavy, for my life is in great jeopardy. Would that to blot out my manifold sins and cast off so

* When evil men fall into dangers they are always most religious. By aping a show of penitence, they try to move pity in all who cannot penetrate the folds of their knavery and deceit.

great a burden, I might here repent and be shriven by you. I know you are holy ; and having received penance for my sin, my soul will be more quiet within me." Grimbard bid him proceed. "Then," said the fox, "*Confitebor tibi, pater.*" "Nay," interrupted the Brock, "if you will shrive to me, do it in English, that I may understand you." "Then," resumed Reynard, "I have grievously offended against all the beasts that live, and especially against mine uncle Bruin the bear, whom I lately almost massacred, and Tibert the cat, whom I no less cruelly ensnared in a gin. I have trespassed against Chanticleer and his children, and have devoured many of them. Nay, the king has not been safe from my malice, for I have slandered him, and not respected the name of the queen. I have betrayed Isegrim the wolf, while I called him uncle, though no part of his blood ran in my veins. I made him a monk of Esinane, where I became also one of the order, only to do him open mischief. I made him bind his foot to the bell-rope to teach him to ring ; but the peal had like to have cost him his life, the parishioners beat and wounded him so very sorely. After this I taught him to catch fish ; but he got soundly beaten for it, and beareth the stripes to this moment. I led him into a rich priest's house to steal bacon, where he ate so much, that, unable to get out where he came in, I raised all the town upon him ; and while the priest ran from table, I seized upon a fat fowl, while the priest and his people were busy cudgelling the sides of Isegrim. At last the wolf fell down as if he had been dead, and they dragged his body over rocks and stones until they came to an old ditch, where they threw him in. There he lay groaning all night, and how he ever got thence I know not. Another time I led him to a place where I told him there were seven cocks and hens perched together all in excellent condition, and hard by stood a false door, upon which we climbed. I said that if he could contrive to creep in, he should have the fowls. Isegrim with much joy went laughing to the door, and pushing forward, he said, 'Reynard, you deceive me, for here is nothing.' 'Then,' replied I, 'uncle, they must be farther in ; and if you will have them, you must venture for them.' At this the wolf going a little farther, I gave him a push forward, so that he fell down into the house with such an infernal noise and clatter, that all who were asleep in the house awoke, and cried out, 'What dreadful noise was that ? what has fallen from the trap-door ?' So they rose, one and all, lighted a candle, and espying him, took such measures that they wounded him almost to death. Thus I brought the wolf into many hazards of his life, more than I can well remember ; but I will repeat them to you hereafter, as they occur to me. I have also most grievously offended against Dame Ersewinde his wife, of which I much repent me, as it was highly to her discredit." "Uncle," said Grimbard, "you make your shift imperfect ; I hardly understand you." "Pardon me, sweet nephew ; but you know I dis-

Thus, however bad, they contrive to keep a good name, and impose upon the good opinion of the public. By the absolution given to the fox is seen how soon an honest simple man may be brought to believe a knave's penitence, and how ready he is to forgive upon any signs of contrition. The fox taking the goat round by the monastery, and seizing upon the capon, shows that where vice has become habitual, it will still continue to break out, in spite of all the hypocrisy employed to conceal it. A knave will be a knave notwithstanding all persuasion and good counsel to the contrary.—*Extract from Old Eng. Comm.*

like casting aspersions on women ; it is simply that she liked me, and preferred my company to that of Isegrim. Thus I have told you all my wickedness ; and now order my penance as shall seem best." Now Grimbard, being both learned and wise, broke a switch from a tree, and said, " Uncle, you shall three times strike your body with this rod ; then lay it down upon the ground, and spring three times over it without stumbling or bending your legs. This done, you shall take it up and kiss it gently, in sign of your meekness and obedience to your penance, when you will be absolved of your sins committed to this day ; for I pronounce you a clear remission." At this the fox was exceedingly glad, and then Grimbard said, " See that henceforth, uncle, you do good works ; read your psalter, go to church, fast, and keep vigils all holydays ; give alms, and abandon your sinful life ; avoid theft and treason ; so that by doing these things, no doubt you shall obtain mercy from the king." All these the fox promised, and so they went journeying together towards the court.

Not far from the roadside there stood a dwelling of holy nuns, where many geese and capons were seen wandering without the walls. As they were conversing, the fox gradually drew Grimbard out of the right path, and finding the pullets picking near the barn, among which was a fine fat capon that had strayed a little way from the rest, he made a sudden spring and caught him by the feathers, which flew about his ears ; yet the capon escaped. At this sight Grimbard cried out, " Accursed wretch ! what would you do ? will you for a silly pullet again fall into all your sins ?" To which Reynard answered, " Pardon me, dear nephew ; but I had forgotten myself : I do entreat your forgiveness, and my eye shall not wander." They then went over a little bridge ; the fox still glancing his eye towards the pullets as if it were impossible for him to refrain : for the evil was bred in his bones, and it stuck fast to his flesh ; his heart carried his eyes that way as long as he could see them. The goat, aware of this, again said, " For shame, dissembler ! why wander your eyes after the fowls ?" The fox replied, " Nay, nephew, you do me wrong ; you mistake my looks, for I was merely saying a paternoster for the souls of all the pullets and geese which I have slain before my piety interfered." " Well," said Grimbard, " it may be so, but your glances are very suspicious." Now, by this time they had regained the highway, and pushed on more speedily to the court, which the fox no sooner saw than his heart began to quake for fear. He knew too well the crimes he had to answer for ; they were indeed infinite and heinous.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE FOX CAME TO THE COURT AND HOW HE FARED.

AS soon as the tidings spread, that Reynard the fox and his kinsman Grimbard were arrived at court, all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, prepared accusations against the fox. His heart quaked within him, but his countenance was, as usual, calm and confident, and he bore himself as proudly as before. His nephew attended

him through the streets, and he walked as gallantly into the court as if he had been the king's son, and free from every imputation whatsoever. When he came opposite the chair of state in which the king sat, he stopped, and said, "Heaven long give your majesty glory and renown, above all princes of the earth. I assure your majesty that no monarch had ever a more faithful servant than I have been—than I now am, and so, in spite of my enemies, will die. For, my dread liege lord, I know that many are plotting my destruction in this court, if they could prevail with your majesty; but you scorn the slanders of malice; and though in these days flatterers succeed in princes' courts, it is not so with you, nor will they reap anything but shame for their reward." But the king cut him short at these words,* and cried, "Peace, treacherous Reynard! I know your dissimulation, and can expound your flattery, yet both shall now fail you at your need. Think you I will be taken with the music of smooth words? No, it has but too often deceived me. The peace which I have proclaimed and sworn to, that have you broken!" And as the king was proceeding, Chanticleer cried out, "Oh, how I have lost the benefit of that noble peace!" "Be still, Chanticleer," cried the king, "let me proceed. Thou devil among the innocent, with what face canst thou say thou lovest me, and seest all these wretched creatures ready to disprove thy words? yea, whose wounds yet spit bloody defiance at thee, and for which thy dearest life shall soon answer." "*In nomine Patris*," cried the fox; "what, my dread lord, if Bruin's crown be bloody, what is that to me? If your majesty employed him in a message, which he neglected, to steal honey at the carpenter's house, where he got his wounds, am I to blame? If revenge he sought, why did he not take it himself? he is strong and puissant; it was not to be considered as my weakness. As for Tibert the cat, whom I received with all friendship, if he would steal into the priest's barn against my advice, and there lose his eyes, nay, his life, in what have I offended? Was I Tibert's keeper? or the guardian of the great bear? O my dread lord, you may do your royal pleasure: notwithstanding my perfect innocence, you may adjudge me to die; for I am your poor vassal, and look only for your mercy. I know your strength and my own weakness; my death would yield you small satisfaction, yet whatever your good will and pleasure be, that to me shall prove most acceptable."

While he thus spoke, Bellin the ram stepped forth, along with his ewe-dam Oleway, and besought the king to hear their complaint; and next Bruin the bear with all his lineage, followed by Tibert the cat, Isegrim the wolf, Kayward the hare, Paulter the boar, and nearly all the other beasts of the court, who rose with one accord, crying for vengeance upon the fox, with such clamour that the king was induced to order the fox to be there secured and arrested.

* In the lion is here expressed the lawfulness of justice, and how terrible it is to every offender; in particular, such as have the consciousness of secret guilt within them. The fox's bold upstart shows the impudence of old malefactors, who try to rail against others; but truth and justice cannot be hoodwinked.—*Ex. from Old English Comm.*

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE FOX WAS ARRESTED AND ADJUDGED TO DEATH.

UPON this arrest a cabinet council was summoned, and every voice was in favour of Reynard's execution; though he answered every accusation *seriatim*, with a wonderful degree of art, to the admiration of all the court. Witnesses, however, were examined, the proofs established; the fox was condemned and judgment recorded. He was to be hanged up by the neck till he was dead; at which sentence the fox cast down his head, all his jollity was fled, and no flattery or smooth words any longer availed.

This being resolved, Grimbard his nephew, and several others nearest him in blood, unable to endure the sight of his death, took leave of the king and left the court. When the monarch saw so many gallant gentlemen depart, all sad and weeping, being near in blood and alliance to the prisoner, he said to himself, "It behoves me to take good counsel what I am about, for though Reynard has faults, he has many friends and more virtues." As the king was thus pondering, Tibert said to Sir Bruin, "Why are you so slow in the execution of your sentence, and you, Sir Isegrim? See you not there are many bushes and hedges? it is near evening, and if the prisoner escape, his subtlety is so great, that all the art in the world will never again entangle him. If you mean to execute him, proceed quickly. It will be night before the gallows can be made." At these words Isegrim exclaimed, suddenly recollecting himself, "There is a pair of gallows hard by;" at the same time he fetched a deep sigh. "What, are you afraid, Sir Isegrim? or is this execution against your mind?" said Tibert: "remember, the hanging of both your kinsmen was his work. Had you now a proper sense of justice, you would hang him for the same, and not stand trifling thus." Isegrim, half angry, answered, "Your anger puts out the eye of your better reason; though if we had a halter that would fit his neck, we would soon dispatch him." Reynard, who had long remained silent, said, "Yes, I beseech you to shorten my pain. Sir Tibert has a cord strong enough, in which he himself was hanged at the priest's house, when he got between the holy man's legs and bit him so dreadfully. Besides, he can climb well: let him mount and be my executioner; for it would be a discredit both to Sir Bruin and Sir Isegrim thus to treat their own nephew.* I am sorry I live to see it; but since you are resolved to be my hangmen, play your parts and delay not. Go before, uncle Bruin, and lead the way: follow me, Isegrim my cousin, and beware I escape not." "You say well," said Bruin, "it is the best counsel I ever heard you give."

So forth they went, and Isegrim and all his friends guarded Reynard, leading him by the neck and other parts of his body, at which usage the fox felt quite dismayed. Yet he said, meekly, "Why put yourself

* The violence of the bear, the wolf, and the cat, pursuing Reynard even to execution, shows the malice of great persons against their enemies. The fox's patience and mild temper also shows that when men are in extremity, they must make use of all their virtues, especially meekness, which most insinuates itself into men's good opinion, and excites compassion; while rudeness and violence only increase the mischief.—*Extract from Old Eng. Comment.*

to all this trouble, my best kinsman? Believe me, I could well entreat your forgiveness, though you rejoice in my sufferings. Still I know, that did my aunt, your wife, see what was passing, she would not see me thus cruelly tormented, were it only for old affection's sake. But do with me as you will; I must endure the worst; as for Bruin and Tibert, I leave my revenge to justice, and to you the reward of traitors. I know my worst, fortune and death can come but once. I wish it were already past, for to me it is no terror. I saw my brave father die, and how quickly he vanished! The worst of death is therefore familiar to me." "Then," said Sir Isegrim, "let us make haste, for his curse shall not light upon me by delaying." So he on one side, and Sir Bruin on the other, they led the fox to the gallows; Tibert skipping before them with the halter.

On reaching the place of execution, the king, the queen, and all the nobility took their place, to behold the fox die. Reynard, though full of sorrow and dismay, was still busy thinking how he might escape, and again triumph over his proud enemies, by drawing the king over to his party. "Though the king," he said to himself, "be offended with me, as he has reason enough, Heaven knows, yet I may perhaps live to become his bosom friend." While thus cogitating, the wolf said, "Now, Sir Bruin, remember your injuries; revenge yourself well, for the day is come we have so long looked for. Go, Tibert, and mount the gallows tree with the rope, and make a running noose, for you shall have your will of your enemy. Take heed, good Sir Bruin, that he eludes us not, and I will now place the ladder, when everything will be complete." This being done, the fox spoke: "Now well may my heart be heavy, for death stands in all its naked horrors before my eyes, and I cannot escape. O my dread lord the king, and you my sovereign lady the queen, and all you, my lords and gentlemen, here assembled to see me die, I beseech you grant me this one charitable boon. Let me unburden my heart before you, and cleanse my soul of its manifold sins, so that hereafter no man may be unjustly accused or executed for my secret misdeeds. This done, death will come more easy to me, and the assistance of your prayers will lift my soul, I doubt not, to the skies."

CHAPTER XI.

HOW REYNARD MADE HIS CONFESSION BEFORE THE KING.

ALL now took compassion on the fox, and beseeched the king to grant his request; which was done. And then the fox spake: "Help me, Heaven! for I see no man here whom I have not offended. Yet this was not from evil inclination; for in my youth I was accounted as virtuous as any breathing. I played with the lambs all day long, and took delight in their pretty bleating. But once in my play I bit one, and the taste of its blood was so sweet, that ever since I could not forbear. This evil humour drew me into the woods among the goats; where, hearing the bleating of the young kids, I slew one, and after two more, which made me so hardy, that I began to murder

geese and pullets. Thus my crime growing by habit, the fancy so possessed me, that all was fish that was caught in my net. In the winter season I met with Isegrim, as he lay under a hollow tree, and he unfolded unto me how he was my uncle, and laid the pedigree down so plain, that from that day forth we became companions. A friendship I have reason to curse; for then, indeed, began the history of our thefts and slaughters. He stole the great prizes and I the small; he murdered nobles and I the meanest subjects; and in all these actions his share was ever the greatest. When he caught a calf, a ram, or a wether, his voracity would hardly afford me the bones to pick. When he mustered an ox or a cow, he first served himself, his wife, and all his family, nothing remaining, I say, for me but the bare bones. I state not this as having been in want, it being well known that I have more plate, jewels, and coin than twenty carts would carry; but only to show his vile ingratitude." When the king heard him speak of this infinite wealth, his heart grew inflamed with avarice; and, interrupting the prisoner, he said, "Reynard, where is that treasure you speak of?" The fox answered, "My lord, I will gladly inform you; though it be true the wealth was stolen, and had it not been so stolen it would have cost your majesty his life, which Heaven long preserve." The queen here started, and said in great dismay, "What are these dangers you speak of, Reynard? I do command you to unfold these doubtful speeches, and to keep nothing concealed that affects the life of my dicad lord; go on."

The fox, with a sorrowful countenance replied, "O my dread sovereign lady, I would that I might now die, did not your commands and the health of my own soul so prevail with me, that I must discharge my conscience, and yet speak nothing but what I will make good at the hazard of damnation. True it is, that the king was to have been cruelly dispatched by his own people: yea, I must confess, by some of my nearest kindred, whom I would not accuse, did not the health of my soul and my fealty to the king command me to do so." The king, much perplexed at this discovery, said, "Can it be true, Reynard, what you say?" The fox answered, "Alas! my dread lord, you see the case in which I stand—how small a sand is left in my poor glass to run. I will dissemble not: what dissembling can avail me, if my soul perish?" and saying thus he trembled and looked so pitifully, that the queen took pity upon him. She humbly besought the king for the safety of his royal person to take compassion on the fox, and to command all his subjects to hold their peace till he had revealed all he knew. This was done, and the fox proceeded as follows: "Since it is the pleasure of my dread lord the king, and that his royal life lies in the balance with my present breath, I will freely unfold this foul and capital treason, sparing no guilty person for any respect whatsoever, however high in greatness, blood, or authority. Know, then, my dread lord, that my father, by accident turning up the earth, found King Ermetick's treasure, an infinite and incalculable mass of riches, with which he became so vain and haughty, that he looked down upon all the beasts of the forest with contempt, even upon his kinsmen and companions. At length he caused Tibert the cat to go into the forest

of Arden to Bruin the bear, and to render him his homage and fealty ; saying, that if it would please him to be king, he must come into Flanders, where my father received him nobly. Next he sent for his wife, Grimbard my nephew, and for Isegrim the wolf, with Tibert the cat. These five coming between Gaunt and the village called Elfe, they held solemn counsel for the space of one night, in which, instigated by the devil, and confident in my father's riches, it was concluded that your majesty should be murdered. They took a solemn oath to this effect in the following way : Sir Bruin, my father, Grimbard, and Tibert, laid their hands on Isegrim's crown, and swore to make Bruin their king ; to place him in the chair of state at Acon, and set the imperial diadem on his head. That should any oppose the scheme, my father was to hire assassins that should utterly chase and root them out of the forests. After this it happened that my nephew Grimbard, being one day heated with wine, made a discovery of this damnable plot to Dame Slopard his wife, commanding her also to keep it secret. But she too, as women will, only kept it until she met with me, charging me to reveal it to no one ! She moreover gave me such proofs of its truth as to cause the very hairs of my head to start upright, while my heart sank cold and heavy within me, like a piece of lead. Indeed, it led me to call to mind the story of the frogs, who complained to Jupiter that they had no king to govern them, and he presently sent them a stork, which ate and devoured them up, and by whose tyranny they became the most miserable of all creatures. Then they cried unto Jupiter for redress, but it was too late ; for those that will not be content with their freedom, must consequently be subjected to thralldom.* Even so I feared it might happen to us ; and I grieved for the fate of your majesty, though you respect not my sorrows. The ambition of the bear is such that should the government come into his hands, the commonwealth would fall a sacrifice to his tyranny. Besides, I know your majesty is of that royal and lofty lineage, so mighty, gracious, and merciful withal, that it would have been a damnable exchange, to have seen a ravenous bear sit in the throne of the royal lion ; for in Sir Bruin and his whole generation there is more prodigal looseness and inconstancy than in any beast whatsoever. I therefore began to meditate how I might foil my father's false and treacherous designs, who sought to elevate a traitor and a slave to the height of your imperial throne. I was aware that as long as he held the treasure, your majesty was in danger, and I grew exceedingly troubled and perplexed. So I resolved, if possible, to find where the treasure was concealed ; and I watched him night and day, in the woods, in the hedges, and in the open fields. To whatever spot my father turned his eyes, there was I, sure of detecting him one time or other in the fact.

* The fox's confession displays a threefold subtlety : first, his pitiful narrative awakens the queen's compassion ; secondly, by accusing his nearest friends and relatives, he obtained credit for what he advanced ; thirdly, by implicating the monarch's life in the conspiracy, he alarmed the fears of the queen, and brought his enemies into disgrace. The whole contrivance shows that he who would obtain credit for his story must first appeal to pity, and having obtained belief, begin to perpetrate his mischief, which a wise man, like the lion, will not give ear to. But the queen's persuasions and his own avarice blinded his better judgment, and he gave in to the snare which the fox laid for him.—*Extract from old Eng. Comm.*

"One day, as I was lying flat down upon the ground, I spied him coming out of a hole, with a very thievish look; he gazed round about him to see if he was observed, and thinking the coast clear, he stopped up the hole with sand so even and smoothly that the most curious eye could discern no difference between it and the other earth. Then, where the print of his foot remained, he stroked it over with his tail, and smoothed it with his mouth so that no person could perceive it. Indeed, that and many other subtleties I learned from him at that time. When he had thus finished, he ^{and} way towards the village about his private affairs, while I proceeded ^{to} ^{find} the hole, and in spite of all his cunning I quickly found the entrance. Then I entered the cavern, where I found an innumerable quantity of treasure; and taking Ermelin, my wife, along with me, we both laboured day and night in conveying it to another place, where we deposited it safe from every human eye. During the time we were thus employed, my father was in deep consultation with the rest of the traitors to compass his majesty's death. It was concluded that Isegrim the wolf should traverse all the kingdom, and promise to all the beasts that would take wages, and acknowledge Bruin for their sovereign and defend his title, a full year's pay beforehand. In this journey my father accompanied him, bearing letters patent signed to that purport, little suspecting that he was deprived of all the wealth with which to promote his scheme. When this negotiation was concluded between Elge and Soam, and a vast body of soldiers raised for action against the next spring, they returned to Bruin and his party, to whom they declared the many perils they had escaped in the dukedom of Saxony, where they were pursued by hounds and huntsmen. They next showed Bruin the muster-rolls, which pleased him exceedingly; for here he found about twelve hundred of Isegrim's lineage, all sworn for action, besides the bear's kindred, the cats and the dassens, all which would be in readiness at an hour's notice. All this I discovered from good authority; and the plot becoming ripe for execution, my father went to the cave for his treasure. What was his infinite agony and trouble to find the place open and ransacked! He became desperate, and soon afterwards went to the next tree, and hanged himself.

"Thus, by my skill, Bruin's treason was defeated, and for this I now suffer, while those two false traitors, Bruin and Isegrim, sit in the king's privy council, with great authority, procure my disgrace, and trample me underfoot. I have lost my father in your majesty's cause, and what stronger proof can be tendered of my loyalty? I have lost my life in defending yours."

The king and queen, indulging a hope of possessing these inestimable treasures, ordered Reynard down from the gibbet, and entreated him further to unfold its place of concealment. "What!" replied the fox, "shall I make my worst enemies my heirs? Shall these traitors, who take away my life and attempt your majesty's, become possessed of the fortune I enjoy?" "Then," said the queen, "fear not, Reynard, the king shall save your life, and you shall henceforth swear faith and true allegiance to his majesty." The fox answered, "Sovereign lady, if the king, out of his royal nature, will give credit to my truth, and forgive

my offences, there was never king so rich as he will be." Then the king, interrupting the queen, said, "Fair consort, will you believe the fox? Know that it is his chief excellence to lie, to steal, and to impose upon others." But the queen said, "Yet now, my dear lord, you may freely believe him; for however full of deceit he may have been in his prosperity, you see he is now changed. Why, he accuses his own father, and Grimbard, his dearest nephew and kinsman! Were he dissembling, he might have laid his imputation upon other beasts, and not on those he loves best." "Well, madam," replied the king, "you shall, for this time, rule me. I will give free town, and the fox, yet under this condition, that if he be ever found trifling again, though in the smallest offence, both he and his shall be utterly rooted out of my dominions." The fox looked sadly when the king spake thus; withal he rejoiced within himself, and he said, "Most dread lord, it were a huge shame in me, should I dare to speak any untruths in this august presence." Then the king, taking a straw from the ground, pardoned the fox for all the transgressions which either he or his father before him had committed. No wonder the fox now began to smile, for life was most sweet to him; and he fell down before the king and queen, humbly thanking them for all their mercies, and protesting that he would make them the richest princes in the world. At these words the fox took up a straw, and proffering it the king, said to him, "My dread lord, I beseech your majesty to receive this pledge of entire surrender unto your majesty of the great King Ermetick's treasure, with which I freely present you out of my free will and pleasure." The king received the straw, and smiling, gave the fox great thanks, at which the latter chuckled heartily to think of the grossness of the imposture. From that day forward no one's counsel so much prevailed with the king as that of the fox; and confiding in this he said, "My gracious lord, you must understand that on the west side of Flanders there stands a wood called Ilusterloe, near which runs a river named Crekenpit: this is a wilderness so vast and impassable, that hardly throughout the year there crosses a man or woman over the place. In it I have hid this treasure, and thither I should wish your majesty and the queen to go; for I know of none besides your highnesses whom I dare trust in so great a design. When your majesty reaches it, you will see two birchen trees growing by the pit, and there you shall find the treasure, consisting of coin, precious jewels, and the crown which King Ermetick wore. With this crown Bruin the bear was to have been crowned, if his treason had succeeded according to expectation. There too you will find many costly stones, of which when you are possessed, then remember the love of your poor servant Reynard." The king answered, "Sir Reynard, you must yourself help to dig up this treasure, for else I see I shall never find it. I have heard of such places as Paris, London, Acon, and Cullen, but Crekenpit I never heard of; therefore I fear you dissemble." The fox blushed at these words; yet with a bold countenance he said, "Is your majesty still so doubtful of my faith? nay, then, I will approve my words by public testimony." And with that he called forth Kayward the hare, commanding him to come before the king and queen, to answer truly to such questions as he should ask him. The hare answered, "I

will answer truly in all things, though I die for the same." Then Reynard said, "Know you not where Crekenpit stands?" "Yes," replied Kayward, "I have known it these dozen years: it stands in a wood called Husterloe, to be sure, amidst a vast and wild wilderness, where I have endured much torment both of hunger and cold. Besides, it was there where Father Simony, the friar, made false coin for the benefit of himself and his brethren; yet that was before I and Ring the hound became companions." "Well," said the fox, "you have spoken sufficiently; go to your place again." So away went the hare. Then said the fox, "My sovereign lord the king, what is your opinion? am I worthy of your confidence or no?" The king said, "Yes, Reynard, and pray excuse my suspicion; it was my ignorance which did thee wrong. Therefore make speedy preparation to accompany us to the pit where this treasure lies." The fox answered, "Alas! my lord, do you imagine that I would not fain go with you, if I could venture without your dishonour, which I cannot do? For you must understand, though it be to my disgrace, that when Isegrim the wolf, in the devil's name, would needs grow religious and play the monk, the portion of meat which was for six monks was too little for him alone. He complained so piteously, that, being my kinsman, I compassionated his case, and advised him to run away, which he did. For this reason I at present stand accursed and excommunicated under the pope's sentence, and am determined to-morrow at sunrise to journey towards Rome, and from Rome I intend to cross the seas for Holy Land, and will never return again into my native country till I have done so much good, and so far expiated my sins, that I may attend on your majesty's person with honour and reputation." The king hearing this pious design, said, "Since you stand accursed by the censures of the Church, I must not have you about me; and therefore I will take Kayward the hare and some others with me to Crekenpit; only I command you, Reynard, as you value our favour, to clear yourself of his holiness's curse." "That is the reason, my lord, of my going to Rome; neither will I rest, night or day, till I have obtained absolution." "The course you take is good," said the king; "go on and prosper in your fair intent, and return home better than you went."

CHAPTER XII.

HOW REYNARD THE FOX WAS HONOURED ABOVE ALL BEASTS BY THE KING'S EXPRESS COMMANDS.



AS soon as the conference was ended, the royal king mounted upon his high throne, raised in the form of a scaffold, made of fair square stone, and commanded thence a general silence among all his subjects. Every one was to take his place according to his birth or dignity in office, except the fox, who sat between the king and the queen. The king then spoke: "Hear all you noblemen, knights, gentlemen, and others of inferior quality! Sir Reynard, one of the supreme officers of my household, whose misdeeds had brought him to his final account, standing between those two quarrelsome mistresses.

law and justice, hath this day recovered our best grace and favour. He hath done that noble and worthy service to the state, that both myself and my queen are bound to him for ever. Henceforth I do command all of you, upon pain and hazard of your dearest lives, that you henceforward fail not, from this day, to show all reverence and honour, not only to Reynard himself, but to his whole family, wherever you may happen by night or day to meet with them. Nor let any one hereafter be so audacious as to trouble my ears with complaints against him, for he will no more be guilty of doing wrong.* To-morrow, very early, he sets out on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he means to purchase a free pardon and indulgence from the pope, and afterwards to proceed to the Holy Land." Now, when Tisellen the raven heard this speech, he flew to Sir Bruin, Isegrim, and Tibert, and said, "Wretched creatures! how are your fortunes changed! how can you endure to hear these tidings? Why, Reynard is now a courtier, a chancellor, nay prime minister and favourite: his offences are forgiven; and you are all betrayed and sold unto bondage." Isegrim answered, "Nay, it is impossible, Tisellen, nor can such an abuse be suffered." "I tell you it can! Do not deceive yourselves, it is as true as that I now speak it." Then went the wolf and the bear to the king, but the cat refused, and was so sore afraid at what she heard, that to have purchased the fox's favour once more, she would have forgiven not only the injuries she had received, but have run a second hazard. But Isegrim, with much confidence and pride, appeared before the king and queen, and with the most bitter words inveighed against the fox; and in so passionate and impudent a manner withal, that the king was roused to anger, and ordered both the wolf and the bear to be arrested for high treason. This was forthwith done with every mark of violence and indignity; the prisoners were bound hand and foot, that they could not stir a limb, nor a step from the place where they were couched. For the fox having thus entangled them, he so far prevailed with the queen as to obtain as much of the bear's skin as would make him a large scrip for his journey. This being put in force, he wanted nothing but a strong pair of shoes to defend his feet from the stones while he travelled. Again, therefore, he said to the queen, "Madame, I am your poor pilgrim; and if it would please your majesty but to take it into your consideration, you will perceive that Sir Isegrim wears a pair of excellent long lasting ones, which would you vouchsafe to bestow upon me, I would pray for your majesty's soul during my travels upon my charitable mission. Also mine aunt, Dame Ersewind, hath other two shoes, which would your majesty bestow upon me, you would be doing her little injury, as she seldom ventures abroad." The queen replied, "Yes, Reynard, I believe you will want such shoes for your journey; it is full of labour and difficulty, both respecting the stony hills and the gravelly highways. Therefore, be sure you shall have, though it touch their life

* It thus appears, that when policy and wisdom triumph over their enemies, they never rest until they convince us of the greatness of their ambition, extenuating their crimes, and keeping their foes in awe by a show of grace and favour. By the raven's complaint is shown the jealousy and fear of the weaker sort—how they fly in time of trouble to the heads of factions; and by the wolf and the bear's arrest we learn, that when men complain of their wrongs unreasonably, they only aggravate instead of mending the mischief.—*Es. Old Eng. Comm.*

never so nearly, a pair of shoes from each of them, the better to speed and accomplish your journey." So Isegrim was taken, and his shoes pulled off in the most cruel manner. After being thus tormented, Dame Eisswind, his wife, was treated in the same manner as her husband; and had the cat been there, he would doubtless have experienced the same fate, in addition to the cruel mockery of the fox. The next morning early Reynard crused his shoes to be well oiled, so as to make them fit well, and then he went before the king and queen, and said, "My dread lord and lady, your poor subject bows himself down before you, humbly beseeching your majesties to permit me to take my scrip and staff according to the custom of pilgrims.* The king then sent for Bellin the ram, and commanded him to say solemn mass before the fox, and to deliver him his staff and mule, but Bellin refused, saying, "My lord, I dare not, for he is under the pope's curse." But the king said, "What of that? have not our doctors told us that if a man commit all the sins in the world, yet if he repent, be shaven, do penance, and walk as the priests shall instruct him, that all is clearly forgiven him? and hath not Reynard done all this?" Bellin answered, "Sire, I am loth to meddle with such points, yet if your majesty will protect me against the Bishop of Preudelor and against the Archdeacon of Loofwind,† I will execute your commandment." At this the king grew wroth, and said, "Sir, I scorn to be beholden to you." And when Bellin saw his majesty so offended, he shook with fear, and ran quickly to the altar, and sang mass, using many ceremonies over the fox, who had little respect for them beyond his wish to enjoy the honour. When Bellin the ram had finished, he hung his mail round Reynard's peck, made of the bear's skin, and presented him with the staff. Thus equipped, Sir Reynard looked sadly towards the king, as if he had been loth to go, he feigned to weep, though all his sorrow was that the whole court were not in as bad a predicament as the wolf and the bear. He took leave, with requesting that each and every one would pray for his soul, as he would for theirs, for in fact he was so sensible of his own knavery that he was eager to be gone. The king said, "In truth, Sir Reynard, I am sorry we must part thus suddenly," but the fox replied, "There is no remedy, my lord. We ought not to be slow in fulfilling holy vows."

Then the king commanded all the lords present, except the bear and the wolf, to attend Reynard some part of his journey. Though he cut a very gallant figure, he was inwardly smiling at his own villany, while he affected the utmost demureness. For his enemies were now become his attendants,† and the king, whom he had most grossly deceived with wicked lies, now also accompanied him like his familiar friend.

After proceeding some way, the fox said, "I beseech your majesty, trouble yourself no further. Consult your ease and the safety of your royal person; for you have arrested two capital traitors, who, should they recover their liberty, the danger would be great." This said, he

* In the cruel treatment of the wolf and bear is shown the malice of a wicked and triumphant enemy, who pursues his advantage to utter ruin and destruction.—*Old Eng. Comm.*

† By the fox's hypocrisy is seen the dissimulation of worldly men, who assume the cloak of religion while perpetrating the worst deeds. His grand escort shows the flattery and baseness of people laying their services at the feet of a new favourite whom they had before opposed and despised.—*Ex from Old Eng. Comm.*

stood upon his hinder feet, and entreated the lordly beasts who were in his company once more to pray for him; after which he took leave of the king with an exceeding sad and heavy countenance. Then turning towards Kayward the hare and Bellin the ram, with a smiling countenance, he said, "My best friends, must we part thus soon? Surely you will not leave me yet. With you I was never offended: your conversation is agreeable to me; for you are mild, loving, and courteous, religious withal, and full of wise counsel, just as I myself was when I led the life of a recluse. If you have a few green leaves and herbs, you are as well contented as with all the bread and fish in the world, for you are temperate and modest." Thus with a profusion of the same flattering words he enticed these two to accompany him.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOW KAYWARD THE HARE WAS SLAIN BY THE FOX, WHO SENT HIM BY THE RAM AS A PRESENT TO THE KING.

THE three friends journeyed on together until they came to the gates of Reynard's own house. Then he said to the ram, "Pray, cousin, keep watch here without, while I and Kayward go in: I wish him to witness my pleasure at meeting my family." Bellin said he would; and the fox and the hare went into Malcpardus, where they found Lady Ermelin sorrowing exceedingly for the absence of her husband. But when she saw him, her joy knew no bounds; and she expressed her astonishment on beholding his mail, his staff, and his shoes. "Dearest husband," she cried, "how have you fared?" Reynard then related his adventures at court, adding that he was going a pilgrimage, having left Bruin and Isegrim in pledge for him till his return. As for Kayward, he added, turning towards him, the king had bestowed him upon him to do with as he pleased, as Kayward had been the first to complain of him, for which he vowed deadly revenge. Hearing these words, Kayward was quite appalled, and tried to fly; but the fox had placed himself between him and the door, and soon seized him by the neck. Kayward cried to Bellin for help, but the fox had cut his throat with his sharp teeth before he could be heard. This done, the traitor and his family began to feast upon him merrily, and drank his blood to the king's health. Ermelin then said, "I fear, Reynard, you mock me; as you love me, tell me how you sped at the king's court." When he told her the pleasant story, how he had imposed upon the king and queen with a false promise of treasures that did not exist, "But when the king finds out the truth, he will take every means of destroying us; therefore, dear wife," said he, "there is no remedy: we must steal from hence into some other forest, where we may live in safety, and find more delicate fare, clear springs, fresh rivers, cool shades, and wholesome air. Here there is no abiding; and now I have got my thumb out of the king's mouth, I will no more come within reach of his talons." "Yet here," said his wife, "we have all we desire, and you are lord over all you survey; and it is dangerous to exchange a certain good for

better hopes. Should the king besiege us here ever so closely, we have a thousand passages and side-holes, so that he can neither catch nor deprive us of our liberty. Why, then, fly beyond seas? but you have sworn it, and that vexes me." "Nay, madam," cried Reynard, "grieve not at that: the more forsworn, the less forlorn, you know; therefore I will be forsworn, and remain, in spite of his majesty, where I am. Against his power I will array my policy. I will guard myself well, in-somuch, that being compelled to open my stock, let him not blame me, if he hurt himself with his own fury."

Meanwhile Bellin stood waiting at the gate, exceedingly wroth and impatient; and swearing both at the fox and the hare, he called loudly for Sir Reynard to come. So at last he went and said softly, "Good Bellin, be not offended! Kayward is conversing with his aunt; and he bids me say, that if you will walk forward, he will overtake you; for he is light of foot, and speedier than you." "True; but I thought," said Bellin, "that I heard Kayward cry for help." "What! cry for help, forsooth? do you imagine he can meet with any injury in my house?" "No." "But I will tell you how you were deceived. Happening to inform my wife of my intended pilgrimage, she swooned away, and Kayward, in great alarm, cried out, 'Bellin, come help my aunt; she dies! she dies!'" "Then I mistook the cry," said Bellin. "You did," said Reynard; "and now let us talk of business, good Bellin. You may recollect that the king and council entreated me to write, before I set out for the pilgrimage, upon some matters important to the state." "In what shall I carry these papers most safely?" inquired Bellin. "That is already provided for you," replied Reynard, "for you shall have my scrip, which you may hang round your neck; and take care of it, they are matters of great importance." Then Reynard returned into the house, and taking Kayward's head, he thrust it into the scrip, and enjoined the ram not to look into it, as he valued the king's favour, until he reached the court; adding, that he might rest assured that his presentation of the letters to the king would pave the way to his great preferment.

Bellin thanked the fox, and being informed that he had other affairs to impart to Kayward, set out on his journey alone. When he arrived at court, he found the king in his palace, seated amidst his nobility. The king wondered when he saw Bellin come in with the scrip made of Bruin's skin, and he said, "How now, Bellin! where is Sir Reynard, that you have got his scrip with you?" "My dread lord," said Bellin, "I have escorted the noble fox to his castle, when after short repose, he desired me to bear certain letters to your majesty, of vast importance, which he enclosed in his own scrip." The king commanded the letters to be delivered to his secretary, Bocart, an excellent linguist, who understood all languages, that he might read them publicly. So he and Sir Tibert the cat took the scrip from Bellin's neck, and opening the same, instead of letters, drew out the bloody head of Kayward! at which sight they cried out in huge dismay, "Woe, and alas! what letters call you these? O dread lord, behold! here is nothing but the head of poor murdered Kayward!" Seeing this, the monarch cried, "Unhappy king that I am, ever to have given credit to the traitor fox!"

And overwhelmed with anger, grief, and shame, he held down his head a good space, as well as the queen likewise. At last shaking his royal locks, he made such a tremendous noise, that all the lords of the forest trembled with fear. Then spake Sir Firapel the leopard, the king's nearest kinsman, and said, "Why is your majesty thus troubled? such sorrow might become the queen's funeral. I do beseech you assuage your anguish. Are not you king and master? are not all subject to your power?" The king replied, "Yes, cousin, but such mischief is beyond endurance. I am betrayed by a false villain, who has made me oppress my best friends and subjects, even those of my council and my blood: the stout Sir Bruin, and Sir Isegrim the wolf. Yet had I not heaped upon myself this foul dishonour, but for the queen's tenderness, which wrought upon me, and for which I shall evermore grieve." "What of all this?" replied the leopard; "you are seated above all injuries, and one smile can save the greatest wound upon your honour. You have power to recompense and to punish, and you can destroy or restore reputation as you please. What if the bear lost his skin, the wolf and Dame Ersewind their shoes? you may in recompense, since Bellin has confessed himself a party to this foul murder, bestow him and his substance upon the party aggrieved. As for Reynard, we can go and besiege his castle, and having arrested his person, hang him up by law of arms without further trial, and there is an end."

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW BELLIN THE RAM, AND HIS LINEAGE, WERE GIVEN UP TO THE BEAR AND THE WOLF.

THE king consented to this motion, and dispatched Firapel to the prison where the bear and the wolf were in durance. "My lords," he said, "I bring a free and general pardon from his majesty, as well as his good wishes and recognition of your injuries. As some recompense he is pleased to bestow upon you out of his princely bounty both Bellin the ram and his whole generation, with all they possess. These you are to hold with full commission to slay, kill, and devour them wherever you meet them, in woods, fields, or mountains, until doomsday. The same power is granted you over Reynard and the whole of his lineage. Letters patent will shortly be forwarded to you, and Bellin now awaits your pleasure." Peace being thus restored between the king and his nobles, Bellin was forthwith slain (the wolf following up his enmity to him and his race in perpetuity); and afterwards the king proclaimed a grand feast, which was held with all due solemnity during twelve days.

When these princely festivities, attended by the lords both of earth and air, had reached the eighth day, about high noon came Laprel the coney before the king and queen as they sat at feast, and with a lamentable voice he said, "Great king, have pity on my misery, and attend my complaint of the force and murder which Reynard the fox had nearly committed as I passed by the castle of Malepardus. He stood outside his gates attired like a pilgrim, and thinking I might pass

quietly, he crossed my way, saying his beads so devoutly, that I saluted him. He, returning no answer, stretched out his right foot, and gave me such a blow upon my neck, that I felt as if my head had been smitten from my body; but yet I retained my senses sufficiently to start out of his claws, though very grievously hurt and wounded. One of my ears was left in his grasp; and I trust you will no longer permit this bloody murderer to afflict your poor subjects."

While the coney was yet speaking, in came flying Corbant the rook, who, coming before the king, said, "Great king, I beseech you vouchsafe to hear me. I went this morning with Sharpbeak my wife, to recreate on the heath, and there we found Reynard the fox laid on the ground like a dead carcase, his eyes staring, his tongue lolling out of his mouth like a dead hound. Wondering at his strange plight, we began to touch him, and he seemed quite dead. Then went my wife (poor careful soul!) and laid her head to his mouth to see whether he drew any breath; but the foul villain, seeing the time, snatched her head into his mouth, and bit it clean off. At that I shrieked out 'Woe is me!' when the foul murderer made a sudden rush at me with the most deadly intent, so that I was glad to escape by mounting into the air, whence I saw him devour my wife in so terrible a style, that the very thought is death to me as I repeat it."

CHAPTER XV.

HOW THE KING TOOK COUNSEL FOR REVENGE, AND HOW REYNARD WAS FOREWARNED
BY GRIMBARD THE BROCK.

WHEN he heard these complaints of the coney and the rook, the king's eyes darted fire amidst the beams of his majesty, so that his countenance was dreadful and cruel to behold. At length he spoke: "By my crown and the truth I evermore owe to the queen my wife, I will revenge these outrages committed against my dignity, until virtue shall again adore me, and the wicked shall die with the remembrance: his falsehood and flattery shall no more deceive me.

"Is this his journey to Rome and to the Holy Land? Are these the fruits of his scrip, and staff, and other ornaments becoming a devout pilgrim? Well, he shall find the reward of his treasons; though it was all owing to the queen's persuasion; nor am I the first that has been deceived by that soft gender, since many great spirits have fallen through their enticements." This said, he commanded all the nobles and worthies of his court to assist him with their counsel, how best to avenge the insults offered to the royal dignity, that every offender might know and feel the heavy price of his unjust actions.

Isegrim and Bruin, hearing the king's words, were greatly delighted, and hoped to satiate their full revenge upon Reynard; yet still they kept silence. The king observing them mute, as if all were afraid of giving their opinions, he began to hang his head. But the queen, after solemn reverence, said, "Sir, it is not the part of any excellent wisdom to believe or protest anything until the matter be made apparent; neither should the wise turn both their ears to any complaint, but re-

ceive one to entertain the defence of any one accused. For many times the accuser exceeds the accused in injury ; and therefore *audi alteram partem* ; for it is only an act of justice. However I have erred, I had good ground for my persuasion, for whether good or bad, you have no right to proceed against Reynard, except according to the laws." When the queen had thus spoken, Firapel the leopard said, "The queen hath spoken well, and therefore let Reynard take the benefit of the laws, and first let him be summoned. If he appear not before the end of the festival to submit to your mercy, then your majesty may proceed against him as it shall appear best."

Isegrim the wolf replied, "Sir Firapel, for my own part, I think none of this assembly, so that it only be approved by my lord the king, can presume to oppose your counsel. Yet this I dare maintain, that however Sir Reynard may feign to clear himself from these and a thousand other charges, yet I have that lodged in my bosom which shall approve that he hath forfeited his life. But in his absence I will refrain from speech except in regard to the treasure which he has informed his majesty lies at Crekenpit in Husterloe ; than which there never came falser words from the mouth of any creature, as the whole was a malicious lie to injure me and the bear, and obtain licence to ravage and destroy all that approach near his castle. Nevertheless, let everything be done in God's name, most pleasing to his majesty, and to you, Sir Firapel ; only I will say that if he had meant to have appeared he would have been here long before, upon the summons of the king's last messenger."

The king made answer, "I will have no other summons but that of my people's allegiance. Let all who respect mine honour equip themselves for the war, and at the end of six days appear before me with their bows, guns, bombs, pikes, and halberds, some on horseback, some on foot, for I will besiege Malepardus instantly, and destroy Reynard and all his generation for ever. This if any dislike, let him turn his back, that I may know him for my enemy." And they all cried with one voice, "We are ready to attend your majesty."

Grimbard the brock, hearing this determination, grew exceedingly sorry, and stealing out of the assembly, he ran with all possible speed to Malepardus, neither sparing bush nor bricr, pale or rail ; and as he went, he said to himself, "Alas ! my dear uncle Reynard, into what dangers hast thou fallen ! only one step between thee and perdition ! Well may I grieve for thee, since thou art the top and honour of our house, art wise and politic, and a friend to thy friends when they stand in need of counsel ; for thy sweet language can enchant all creatures, though it will no more avail thee."

With such lamentations Grimbard reached Malepardus, and found his uncle Reynard standing at the castle gate, eating two young pigeons which he had caught as they were first trying to fly. Beholding his nephew, he said, "Welcome, my beloved Grimbard, the most esteemed of all my kindred ; surely you must have run very hard, for you sweat exceedingly. What tidings, man ? how run the squares at court ?" "How ?" replied Grimbard, "exceeding bad for you : you have forfeited your life, your honour, and estate. The king is up in arms, with horse

and foot innumerable, and Isegrim and Bruin are in greater favour with his majesty than I am with you. It is high time you look to your safety; their envy rages against you; you are posted up as a thief and a murderer; besides, Laprel the coney and Corbant the rook have made heinous complaints against you; there is no escape from death. "Tush!" said the fox, "my dear nephew, if this be the worst, let it not alarm you. Come, let us be cheery and pleasant together. What if the king and all the court swear my death? you shall live to see me exalted above them all. Let them prate and jangle together in counsel till they are tired: what boots it? Without the aid of my wit and policy, neither the court nor the kingdom can long hold together. Fear nothing, nephew, but come along with me; I have a pair of fat pigeons, which are meat of pure and light digestion. There can be nothing better, when young and tender; for they may almost be swallowed whole, their bones are little other than blood come along, I say, and my wife will receive you kindly. When we have feasted, I will go with you to court, for if I can only get to speak before his majesty, I will gail some of my enemies yet. I have only to beg that you will stand by me as one kinsman ought by another." "Doubt it not," replied Grimbard, "both my life and property shall be at your service." "I thank you, nephew, and you shall not find me ungrateful." "Sir," said the brock, "trust boldly to this, when you appear to answer before the lords, not a hand shall dare to arrest you; for true it is, that you enjoy the favour of the queen." "Then I care not a hair for their worst malice," said the fox; "come, let us go to supper!" And they entered the castle, where they found Dame Ermelin and the family. "Nephew," said the fox, "what think you of my children, Reynardine and Rossel? I hope they will do credit to our family. They promise well, I assure you, for one lately caught a chicken, and the other actually killed a pullet: they are both good duckers, and can deceive the lapwing and the mallard. I can now trust them at a distance from me, and I shall soon finish my instructions how to escape gins, and to foil all their enemies so as to leave both hounds and huntsmen at fault. In fact, they are of the right stamp, nephew, and resemble me both in countenance and quality: they play grinning, entangle soothing, and kill smiling. This is the true nature of our blood, and in this they are perfect, which is a great pride and consolation to me."

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW THE FOX, REPENTING HIS SINS, MAKES HIS CONFESSION, AND IS ABSOLVED BY THE GOAT.

"**N**UNCLE," said the goat, "you may be proud you have such toward children, and I rejoice because they are of my blood." After supper was concluded, the fox, willing to have time to reflect upon his new schemes, said, "I know your journey must have made you weary, nephew; you had better retire to rest." And they all slept soundly except the wily cogitating fox.

At the first dawn of day he arose, and proceeded with Grimbard

towards the court, after having taken an affectionate leave of his wife and family. As they journeyed over the heath, Reynard said, "Nephew, the accidents of this world are various and unavoidable : we are always subject, spite of the best concerted schemes, to the strokes of fortune. Since I was last shriven, I have committed many sins ; therefore I beseech you, let me make my confession before you, in order that I may pass with less trouble through my worst dangers. Then I confess, it is too true that I gave the bear a grievous wound in causing him to lose part of his hide. I stripped the wolf and his wife of their shoes. I appeased the king only with lies ; for I feigned a conspiracy against his majesty's life by Sir Isegrim and Sir Bruin, when no such idea existed ; while the great treasure I reported at Husterloe was as fabulous as the rest. I slew Kayward, and betrayed Bellin to death ; I wounded and killed dame Sharpbeak, the rook's wife.

"Finally, I forgot to mention at my last shrift, a great piece of deceit which I committed ; but I will reveal it now. Once, as I went talking with Sir Isegrim the wolf, between Houthlust and Elverding, we beheld a goodly grey mare, grazing with a black foal by her side, which was quite fat and playful. Sir Isegrim, being almost dead for hunger, intreated me to inquire whether the mare would sell her foal ; to which the mare replied, that she would willingly for money. When I asked her the price, she said it was written on her hinder foot, and if I pleased, I might come and read it. But I saw into her design, and said, 'Of a truth I cannot read, neither do I desire to buy your foal ; I am only a messenger.' 'Then let the purchaser come,' said the mare, 'and I will give him satisfaction.' So I went to the wolf and told him what the mare said, assuring him he might have a bargain, provided he could read ; for the price was written on the mare's foot. 'Cousin,' quoth the wolf, 'I can read both Latin and Greek, English, French, and Dutch. I have studied at Oxford, and argued with many doctors. I have heard many stately plays recited, and sat in the place of judgment. I have taken degrees in both the laws, and can decipher any kind of writing.' Thus saying, the boasting blockhead proceeded to the spot, and entreated the mare to let him read the price. She held up her hind foot very politely, newly shod with strong iron, and as the wolf was inspecting, smote him so exactly upon the forehead, that she threw him head over heels, and he lay in a dead swoon as long as a man might have ridden a mile and better. This done, away trotted the mare with her colt, and left the poor wolf all bloody and wounded. When he came to himself, he howled like a dog : then I went to him, and said, 'Sir Isegrim, dear uncle, how do you ? have you eaten too much of the colt ? Pray give me a small share, for I went on your message honestly. Surely you have outslept your dinner, good uncle ! was it prose or rhyme you found written on the mare's foot ? I think it must have been a song, for I heard you sing : nay, you show your scholarship in all the arts.'

"'Alas !' cried the wolf, 'I am extremely ill hurt. Forbear to disdain me, Reynard, for the damned mare has an iron hoof upon her long leg, and I mistook the nails for letters ; verily, I think my skull is cloven, she has hit me such a cursed kick just as I was reading.' 'Ay, ay, uncle,' cried I, 'the most learned clerks are not the wisest men, you

know. Poor men sometimes outstrip them in judgment, and the reason is, you great scholars study so much, that you grow dull with over-much labour."

"And now, fair nephew, I have unloaded my conscience, and delivered myself of as many of my sins as I can call to remembrance. I beseech you therefore, let me receive absolution and penance, and then come what may, I am thrice armed against all dangers and mischances at court." Grimbard replied, "Your trespasses, Reynard, are great and heinous; yet what is done is done; the dead must remain dead, so I freely absolve you, upon assurance of repentance; only the contempt you showed the king, in sending him Kayward's head, will, I fear, lie heavy on your soul." "Why!" said the fox, "he that will live in the world, seeing one thing, hearing another, and learning a third, is sure to meet with affliction. No man can touch honey, but will have to lick his fingers after. I often feel touches of repentance, but reason and our will are ever at variance; so that I often stop as if at my wits' end, and cry out against my sins, feeling that I detest them. Yet soon the world and its vanities catch me again; and when I find so many rubs and stumbling-blocks in my way, together with the example of rich and crafty prelates, I am taken fast, as it were in a trap. The world first enchants me, and then fills me with covetousness; so that what with my natural disposition, with the flesh and the devil, I have enough to do. If I gain ground one day, I lose my good resolution the next; thus I assure you, nephew, I am sometimes a saint, and at others I am only for hell and wickedness. For I hear priests singing, piping, laughing, playing, and making all kinds of mirth; and I find their words and actions totally at variance. From them I learn my lying, and from lords at courts my flattery; for of a truth, lords, ladies, priests, and clerks, among all creatures use most dissimulation. It is an offence to tell great men the truth; and he that cannot dissemble, cannot live. I have often heard men speak truth; yet they always adorn it with falsehoods of their own. For lies will push themselves in a way, as it were, into our discourse, whether we will or no; indeed, they come quite natural to us. Falsehood hath a pretty dress, which keeps always in the fashion, a fashion to flatter, to soothe, to threaten, to pray and to curse; in fact, to do anything that may keep the weak in subjection; and those who do otherwise are thought simple. He that has learnt to lie and impose upon us without stammering, may do wonders: he may wear scarlet, grey, or purple, as he pleases: he shall gain both by the laws spiritual and temporal, and come off victorious in every scheme. There are many who imagine they can do it neatly, but their cunning fails them; so that when they think they have secured the fat morsels, they slip to the next trenchers. Others are blunt and foolish, and for want of method mar all their discourses; but he who can give his lie a fit and apt conclusion, can pronounce it without rattling, and make it like truth, fair and amiable, that is the man worthy of our admiration. But there is no art in speaking the truth; it never makes the devil laugh: to lie well and with a grace, to raise up wrong above right, to make mountains out of mice, and build castles in the air; to make them juggle and look through their fingers; this, nephew, is an art valuable

beyond expression. Yet evermore at the close is sure to come misery and affliction ; though he who speaks always truth shall find most rubs in his way. There are so many, that it is well, nephew, that every trespass hath its mercy, just as there is no wisdom but what at times grows dull."

"Uncle," said the goat, "of a truth, you are so wise, that you cannot fail in any purpose. I am delighted with your precepts, though they surpass my understanding. There is no longer need that you be shriven, for yourself may play both the priest and the confessor ; such is your experience of the world, that it is impossible for any man to stand up against you."

With these and similar conversations, they held on their journey towards the court. Yet the fox's heart, in spite of all his fair show, was sad and heavy, while the smiles of hope and confidence were in his face. He passed without any apparent agitation through the press of the court, even till he came into the king's presence, while his nephew whispered him at his side, "Bear yourself bravely, dear uncle, for fortune is ever enamoured of the brave." "You say true," cried the fox, as he went on, casting disdainful looks on those whom he did not like, as much as to say, "Here I am : what dare the proudest of you object against me?" He beheld many of his kindred whom he loved not, and many, too, who loved him. As soon as he was come in full view of the king, he fell down on his knees, and spoke as follows.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW REYNARD THE FOX MADE HIS DEFENCE BEFORE THE KING, AND THE KING'S ANSWER.

"**M**AY that divine power from which nothing can be hidden save the lord my king, and my sovereign lady the queen, and give them grace to know who has right and who has wrong, for there are many false shows in the world, and the countenance betrays not the heart. Yet I wish it were openly revealed, and that every creature's trespass stood written on his forehead, although it cost me the uttermost of my substance ; or that your majesty knew me as well as I do myself, and how I devote myself early and late to your majesty's service. To this I owe the malice of my enemies, who envy me your majesty's grace and favour. I have indeed cause to cry shame upon those who have so deadly belied me, yet I know that my sovereign lord and lady will not be imposed upon by their malicious falsehoods. Your majesties will consider all things according to the right of your laws : it is only justice I look for, and desire that the guilty may feel the full weight of his punishment. Believe me, dear lord, it shall be seen before I leave your court, who I am ; one who, though he cannot flatter, will show his face with unshrinking eye and an unblemished forehead."

All that stood in the royal presence were amazed, and looked at each other, when the fox spoke so boldly. But the king, with a stately countenance, replied, "Sir Reynard, I know you are expert in fallacies, but words will no longer avail you. I believe this day will be the last

of your glory and your disgrace; therefore I will not chide you much, because I intend you shall live so short a time. The love you bear me has been shown to the coney and the rook; your reward shall be a short life on earth. There is an ancient saying: 'A pot may go long to the water, but will come home broken in the end;' and your crimes, though so long successful, shall now pay the penalty with death."

At these words Reynard was stricken with fear, and wished himself far away; yet he found he must put the best face upon it, whatever fortune might betide. He therefore said, "My sovereign lord, it is but justice that you hear me, in answer to my accusers, for were my faults more heinous than any can make them, equity calls for a hearing from the accused. I have done the state some service with my counsels, and may do so still. I have never deserted your majesty in emergencies, when others shrank from your side. If my enemies then utter slanders, have I not a right to complain? It was once otherwise, and time may bring round the old course, for the actions of good servants ought not to be forgotten. I see here many of my kindred and friends, who now make no account of me, but can venture to deprive you of the best servant you possess. Had I been guilty, should I have dared to have made my appearance thus voluntarily, in the very throng and press of my enemies? That would have been madness indeed, more especially when I was at full liberty; but, Heaven be thanked, I know my enemies, and dare encounter them, innocent as I am. Had I not laboured under the censure of the Church, I would have sooner appeared; but when my uncle brought me the tidings, I was wandering sorrowfully on the heath, where I met my uncle Martin the ape, who far exceeded any other priest in his pastoral duties, having been chaplain to the Bishop of Cambrick these nine years. Seeing me in such agony of heart, he said, 'Why so heavy in spirit, dear cousin, and why is your countenance so sad? Think grief is easy to carry when the burden is divided among many friends.'

"I answered, 'You say true, dear uncle: such is indeed my fortune; not that I am guilty, yet sorrow is heaped upon me without cause. Those whom I ranked among my best friends accuse me, as you will hear. Lately, at the feast of Whitsuntide, when I was keeping fast: a time we must prepare our hearts, *Et vos estote parati*, you know, in came Laprel the coney, and refreshed himself along with the children. My youngest son Rossel came to take away what he left, for the nature of children is ever eating and craving, when the coney smote him on the mouth till his teeth bled. The little fool fell down in a swoon, on seeing which Reynardine, my eldest son, ran at the coney, caught him by the ears, and would questionless have slain him had I not come to his rescue. I then gave my son correction for his fault; but Laprel hastened to the king, and accused me of having sought to destroy him. Thus am I unjustly accused and brought into danger—I, who have most occasion to accuse others. Not long after came Corbant the rook, flying to my house with a sad noise, and on demanding what ailed him, he said, 'Alas! my wife is dead. There was a dead hare full of moths and vermin, lying on the heath, of which she has eaten so much that the worms have gnawed her throat asunder,' and having said this, away

he flew, and reported, forsooth, that I had slain his wife, though she flies in the air and I walk on foot. Thus, dear uncle, you see how I am slandered; but it is perhaps for my old sins, and therefore I bear it with more patience.' Then my nephew the ape said, 'You shall go to court, and disprove their falsehoods.' 'Alas! uncle,' I replied, 'the archdeacon has laid me under the pope's curse, because I advised the wolf to forsake his holy orders, when he complained that he was unable to endure that strict life and so much fasting. Of this advice I now repent me, since he has repaid my love with nothing but malice, and stirring his majesty against me with all the worst slanders he can invent. In fact, dear uncle, I am brought to my wits' end; for as I must hasten to Rome for absolution, what injuries may happen to my wife and children in my absence, through the malice of such bloody-minded wretches as the wolf? Were I but quit of the pope's curse I could go to court, and pleading my own cause, might turn their malice against themselves.'

"Then pray, cousin," replied the ape, 'cast off your sorrow, for I am experienced in these matters, and know the way to Rome well, for I am called the bishop's clerk; and I will hasten thither and enter a plea against the archdeacon, trusting, in spite of him, to bring you a well sealed absolution from the pope. Why, man, I have many great friends, as my uncle Simon and others, Pen-stout, Wait-catch, and the rest, all of whom will stand by me. Nor will I go unfurnished with money, for the law has no feet to walk on without money. A true friend is known in need, and you shall find me one without difficulty; so cast aside your grief, I say, and proceed to court, as I will now do on your behalf to Rome. Meanwhile I absolve you of all your sins and offences; and on reaching court you shall meet there Dame Rukenard, my wife, her two sisters and our three children, besides others of the family. Salute them from me, and explain what has passed: My wife is prudent; I know her to be faithful, and, like me, she will never leave her friends in danger. Yet should your affairs require it, fail not to dispatch me tidings, and there is not an enemy, from the king and queen to the lowest of their subjects, not an enemy of yours but shall instantly be placed under the pope's curse. Such an interdiction shall be issued against the whole kingdom, that no holy or royal duty shall be performed till you be restored to right and justice.

"This," he continued, 'rest assured I can easily perform, for his holiness is very old and little esteemed, while Cardinal Pare-gold bears all the sway in the country, being young, and rich in many friends. Besides, he has a mistress of whom he is so greatly enamoured that he denies her nothing which she demands. This lady is my niece, and will do whatever I request her; so you may go boldly to the king, and charge him to do you justice, cousin, which I know he will, as he understands that the laws are made for the use of all men.'

"When I heard him speak thus, please your majesty, I smiled, and with great joy came hither to relate the truth. Therefore, if your majesty, or any lord within this court, can charge me with any trespass whatsoever, and prove the same by testimony, as the law requires, or will otherwise oppose himself to me person to person; grant me but a

day and equal lists, when I will maintain my innocence in combat, provided he be my equal in birth and degree. This is a law that has never been put aside, and I trust that in me, for me, or by me, it shall not now be broken."

The whole of the assembly stood dumb and amazed at hearing these words, not expecting so much boldness. As for the coney and the rook, they stood so scared that they durst not speak, but stole away privately out of court. When they had gone a little way, they said, "This devilish murderer hath such art in his falsehood that no truth has any chance of contending with it; it is far better for us to save ourselves while there is yet time."

Sir Isegrim the wolf and Bruin the bear were very sad when they saw these two desert the court; while the king said, "If there be any who would impeach the fox, let him step forth, and he shall be heard. Yesterday we were laden with complaints; where are they to-day? behold, here is the fox ready to answer for himself." "My sovereign lord," said the fox, "absence makes impudent accusers bold, when the accused's presence daunts them, as your majesty sees. Oh, what is it to trust to the malice of these cowards! and how soon they may confound good men! As for me it matters not, only had they asked me forgiveness, I had quickly cast all their offences behind me, for I will never more complain of my enemies: my revenge I will safely confide to Heaven, and justice to your majesties." Then said the king, "Reynard, you speak well, if the inward heart resembles the outward show; but I fear your grief is not so great as you express it." "It far surpasses it, sire," replied the fox sorrowfully. "No!" quoth the king, "for I must charge you with one false treason. When I had pardoned all your sins and offences, and you promised to go a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; when I had furnished you with scrip and staff, and all things requisite to the holy order, you showed your utter contempt of them by sending back with Bellin the ram the head of Kayward, a thing so wholly reflecting upon my honour, that no treason could be fouler. This you cannot affect to deny, for Bellin, my chaplain, at his death made known the whole transaction, and the same penalty which he then paid shall now fall to your share."

On hearing this sentence Reynard grew sore afraid, and scarcely knew what to say. He looked with a woeful countenance upon all his kindred who stood round him; his colour went and came, but none lent either hand or foot to help him. The king then said, "O thou false dissembling traitor, why art thou thus struck dumb?" The fox, being full of anguish, heaved a deep sigh, as if his heart was breaking; so that all the beasts present except the wolf and bear truly pitied him. Dame Rukenard in particular shed tears, and being a great favourite of the queen, she took up the fox's defence in so eloquent and pathetic a strain as to melt the hearts of all present, not excepting the king. The queen then followed her favourite friend, the ape's wife, until, observing the relenting mood of his sovereign, the fox, who had flattered himself with this result, proceeded to clench the nail and strike the iron while it was hot.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NOW REYNARD APOLOGIZED FOR KAYWARD'S DEATH, AND ANSWERED ALL OTHER IMPUTATIONS, BESIDES RECOVERING THE KING'S FAVOUR BY AN ACCOUNT OF CERTAIN JEWELS.

WHEN Reynard again held up his head, and said, "Alas! my sovereign lord, what is that you said? Is good Kayward the hare then dead? Where, then, is Bellin the ram? These are strange tidings I hear. What did Bellin bring to your majesty at his return? For my part, I delivered him three rich inestimable jewels, which I would not have detained from your majesty for all the wealth of India. One of them was directed for my lord the king, the other two for my sovereign lady the queen." "Yet I received nothing," said the king, "but the head of poor murdered Kayward, for which I executed my chaplain the ram instantly, as he confessed the crime to have been done by his advice and counsel." "Can this be true?" cried the fox; "then woe is me, that ever I was born! the finest jewels that ever were possessed by any earthly prince are lost and gone. I had rather have died before your majesty should be thus defrauded, and I know that it will be the death of my wife; she will nevermore put trust in me." "Dear nephew," cried the ape's wife, "let them go; why sorrow thus after transitory wealth? If you will give us a description of them it will be just as good, and from that we may perhaps be able to find them. If not, we can order the magician Alkarin to consult his books, and search all the corners of the earth. Besides, whosoever detains them shall be cursed in all parishes until he shall restore them to the king's majesty."

"But whom," said the fox, "shall we trust in this corrupt age, when even sanctity itself walks masked and in disguise?" Then heaving another deep sigh to gild his dissimulation, he proceeded: "Now listen, all of you belonging to my stock and lineage, for I will describe what these jewels were, of which both the king and myself have been defrauded. The first of them, intended for his majesty, was a ring of fine and pure gold, and within it, next the finger, were engraven letters enamelled with azure, and labels containing three Hebrew names. For my own part, I could neither read nor spell them; but Abron of Trete, the excellent linguist, who knows the nature of all manner of herbs, animals, and minerals, assured me that they were those three names which Seth brought out of Paradise when he presented his father Adam with the oil of mercy. Whoever shall wear these three names about him shall never be hurt by thunder or lightning, neither shall any kind of witchcraft have power to charm him; he shall not be tempted to any sin (would each of my enemies had one to wear!), neither will heat or cold ever annoy him. Upon it was enchased a most precious stone of three divers colours. The first, like red crystal glittering with fire, and that with such brightness, that if one had occasion to journey by night the light thereof was as great as that at noonday. Their colour was a clear burnished white, the virtue of which would cure any blemish or soreness in the eyes; also by stroking the grieved part, all manner of swellings, headaches, or any sickness whatever, whether of venom,

weakness of stomach, colic, stone, strangury, fistula or cancer, either outwardly applied, as before shown, or inwardly by steeping the stone in water and swallowing it. Again, as far as one bore it fasting, into whatever company the wearer went it would make him infinitely beloved, and if he should be exposed naked in a vast wide field, against a hundred armed enemies, yet should he stand firm and come off with honour and victory. Yet he must be nobly bred and of no churlish disposition, as the ring confers no virtue upon any who is not a true gentleman. Now, all these virtues considered, I thought myself quite unworthy to keep it; therefore I sent it to you, my lord the king, knowing you to be the most excellent of all living beings, and one on whom all his subjects' lives depend, most fit to be guarded then by so rich a jewel.

"This ring I found in my father's treasure, and also a comb and a glass mirror, which my wife begged to have. They were both jewels of great worth, and these were intended for the queen, because of the grace and mercy she extended towards me. The comb was made of the bone of a noble beast called Panthera, which lives between the greater India and earthly Paradise: he is so beautiful that he partakes of all the loveliest hues under heaven, and the smell of him is so sweet and wholesome that the very savour cures all infirmities. He is the physician of all animals that follow him. He has one fair bone, broad and thin, in which, when slain, are contained the whole virtues of the animal: it can never be broken nor consumed by any of the elements, yet it is so light that a feather will poise it, and it will receive a fine polish. The comb then resembles fine silver, the teeth are small and straight, and between the great teeth and the small there is engraven many an image, very cunningly wrought and enamelled about with fine gold. The field is chequered with saffron and silver, and therein is contained the story how Venus, Juno, and Pallas contended for the golden ball upon Mount Ida, and how Paris was to present it to the fairest of them.

"Paris, at that time, was a shepherd, and fed his flocks along with *Cenone* on that hill; and first Juno promised that if he would bestow it upon her, she would make him the richest man in the world. Pallas said that if she might have it, he should become the wisest among all mortals, and the most fortunate against his enemies. But Venus said, 'What boots wealth, wisdom, or valour? art thou not Priam's son and Hector's brother, who sway all Asia—art thou not one of the heirs of mighty Troy? Give me the ball, and I will give thee the sweetest creature the world can boast, the fairest lady of all breathing; she whose like no sun shall ever more behold. Thus thou shalt be richer than with riches, and tower above all in pride. Thine will be wealth none can praise too much, since such beauty is that heavenly elixir which turns all things into delight.'

"Then presently Paris gave her the ball, confirming her the fairest among the goddesses; and another place was figured, showing how he won Helen, and brought her to Troy, with the solemnity of the marriage, the honour of the triumphs, and all else appertaining to that grand story.

*Now for the mirror: it was not inferior to either of the preceding, for the glass was of such rare virtue that men might see and know whatever was done within a mile; whether the actions of animals or anything he should desire to know. Whoever gazed therein was cured of every malady; and indeed so manifold were its virtues, that wonder not if I shed tears over its loss. The value of the wood far exceeded that of gold, greatly resembling the wood Hebenus, of which King Crampart made a horse, for love of the most beautiful daughter of King Morcadiges. This horse was so artfully constructed, that whoever rode on it might speed above a hundred miles in less than an hour; which Clamades the king's son proved to his cost. Not believing in it, and being strong and lusty, he leaped upon the horse, when Crampart turning a pin that was fixed in the breast of the engine, it went through the palace windows like a shot, and carried him ten miles at least the first minute. At this miracle Clamades was much affrighted, and imagined, as the story goes, that he should never return again; but what was at length his infinite joy, when he had learned to guide and manage the wonderful beast!

"Strange histories in gold and silver were deciphered on the wood with sables, yellow, azure, and cynope, all which colours were very curiously interlaid with each other, and the words under each history were so finely engraven and enamelled, that any man might read the whole story. In truth the world never produced a thing of greater worth, lustre, or pleasure. In the upper part stood a horse in his natural glory, fat, fair, and fiery, which vied with a stately hart that run before him. Finding he could not overtake the hart, at which he was filled with disdain, he went to a herdsman near at hand, and told him that if he would help him to take a hart, he should have the profit of it,—horns, skin, and flesh. Then the herdsman asked him what means he should use to get him. The horse said, 'Mount upon my back, and I will bear you after him till we have tired him down.' The herdsman accepted the offer, and, bestriding the horse, pursued the deer. But he fled so fast, and gained so much ground, that the horse grew weary and bade the herdsman alight, for he would rest him awhile. 'No,' the herdsman said, 'I have a bridle on thy head and spurs on my heels; so thou art now my servant, neither will I part with thee, but govern thee as seems best to my pleasure.' Thus the horse brought himself into thralldom and was taken in his own net; for no creature has a greater adversary than its own envy, and many while aiming at the downfall of others fall upon their own ruin.

"In another part was represented the story of my father and Tibert the cat, how they travelled together, and had sworn by their troth that neither for love nor hate would they desert each other. It happened as they were journeying along, they encountered hunters coming over the fields with a pack of hounds at their heels, from which they both fled apace. Then said the fox, seeing their lives in danger, 'Tibert, whither shall we turn, for the hunters have espied us? for my part, I have a thousand wiles in readiness, and as long as we keep together we shall have no need to fear them.' But the cat began to sigh, and was sore afraid. 'Alas!' he said, 'I have only one, and that must help

me at my need;' and with that he clambered up a tree, leaving my noble father in the lurch; who then fled with a whole kennel at his heels, and hunters crying, 'Kill the fox! kill the fox!'

"Tibert also mocked my father, saying, 'Now, cousin, it is high time to try your hundred wiles; for if your wit fail you, I fear your whole body will perish.' My father was much hurt at these reproaches from a friend in whom he trusted, only he had not time to listen to them. For the dogs were so close upon him, that had he not luckily met with a hole at hand, it must have gone hard with him. You may thus see the false faith of the cat, like whom there are many living at this time; and though this might well excuse me from loving the cat, my soul's health and charity bind me to the contrary, and I wish him no harm, though I confess his misfortunes would not grieve me.

"On the same mirror was written the history of the wolf; how he found a dead horse upon the heath, whose flesh being eaten away, he was fain to gnaw the bones. Swallowing them too hastily, one stuck across his throat, and almost choked him. In this extremity, running and crying everywhere for a surgeon to ease his torments, in the end he met with the crane, and besought him with his long neck and bill to help him, and he would give him great rewards. Believing him, the crane put in his long neck quite down his throat, and brought up the long bone. At this pull, the wolf started and howled out, 'How you hurt! but I forgive you, if you will not do it again.' Then the crane said, 'Sir Iscgrim, be joyous and frolic, you are whole. I only look for the promised reward.' 'How!' cried the wolf, 'what impudence is this? I suffer, and have cause to complain, yet you want to be rewarded. Do you forget that your head was in my mouth, and yet that I spared your life? Yes, though you put me to great pain, I allowed you to take your head out again. You are ungrateful; it is I who ought to call for some reward.'

"These three rarities I vowed to send to your majesties, and could think of no better messengers than Kayward the hare and Bellin the ram. Little did I then imagine that good Kayward was so near his end. Yet I will search the whole world, but I will find the murderer; for murder cannot be hid. It may be, he is in this presence who knows what is become of Kayward, although he conceal it, for many devils walk like saints. Yet the greatest wonder of all is, and which troubles me most, that my lord the king should say that my father, and not I myself, ever did good. But weighty affairs may well produce forgetfulness in kings, or your majesty might call to mind how when the king your father lived, and you were a prince not above two years old, my father came from the school at Montpelier, where he had studied the art of physicks five years, and became so expert in all its principles, and so famous in those days, that he wore clothes of silk and a golden girdle. Now when he arrived at court, he found the king in great extremity, which grieved him, for he loved the old king your father; and the king rejoiced at his presence, and would not suffer him to quit his side. He said, 'Reynard, I am exceeding sick, and feel my sickness increasing.' My father answered, 'My lord, here is an unguent; as soon as I behold the colour of your kidneys, I will give you my opinion of

the state you are in.' The king did as he was advised, for he trusted not any equal to him. Then said my father, 'My best lord, if you will be eased of your disorder, you must needs take the liquor of a wolf of seven years old, or else your disease is incurable.'

"The wolf at this time happened to stand by your father, but said nothing: whereupon the king observed, 'Sir Isegrim, you hear there is nothing which can cure me besides your liquor.' The wolf replied, 'Not so, my lord, for I am not yet full five years old.' 'It is no matter,' answered my father; 'let him be opened, and when I see the liquor I will tell you if it be medicinable.' The wolf was then carried howling to the kitchen, and his liquor extracted, which the king took, and was soon cured of his disorder. Then the king thanked my father, and commanded all his subjects, upon pain of death, from that hour to give him the title of Sir Reynard, presenting him with the castle of Malepardus and the neighbouring warrens, besides a number of orders and titles to boot. Yet he still abode with the king, and was consulted in all things; he was presented with a garland of roses to wear like a crown upon his head. But the remembrance of his services is all past and gone, and his enemies are advanced—virtue is trampled, and innocence lies in sorrow. For when baseness and avarice are made masters, they neither know themselves, nor consider the lowliness whence they sprang. They have no hearts for pity, nor ears for the poor man's cause. Gold is the goal they run to, and gifts the god which they worship. What great man's gate does not look towards covetousness?—where is not rank flattery entertained?—and what prince takes hate at his own praises?

"This was, my lord, an accident which befell in your youth, and you may easily forget it; yet, without boasting, I think I may say, I as well as my father have consulted your honour and service. Far be it from me to repeat these things; I would not upbraid your majesty, who are always worthy of more than I can render—my uttermost is but the rent of a loyal subject, which I am ever bound by the laws of God and nature to pay. But I must say that so it was, when the wolf and I together had gotten a swine under us, and on account of his extreme loud crying were compelled to bite him to death; at that time your royal self came out of a grove, and saluted us, saying that you and the queen your consort were both exceedingly hungry, and entreated of us to give you part. Isegrim murmured something, but I spake out aloud: 'With all my heart, my lord, and were it better than it is, it were too mean for your deserts.' But Isegrim, taking half of the swine, went grumbling away.

"This, and many such actions as this, I have done for your majesty's sake,—too painful to repeat. They are all expunged from memory; but time and my loyalty will one day, I trust, recall them. I have seen the day when no affair of moment was transacted at court without my concurrence; and though the same policy and judgment are not now so highly prized, circumstances may bring them into action with the same reputation as heretofore; as long as I aim only at justice. For if any one can assert or prove the contrary, here I stand to endure the worst the law can inflict. But if malice only slander me, without wit-

ness, I crave the combat according to law and usage of the court." "Then," said the king, "Reynard, you say well; and nothing know I of Kayward's death save the bringing of his head hither by Bellin the ram; and so I acquit you of that savage deed." "My dear lord," said the fox, "I humbly thank you, yet I cannot so easily pass over his death. I remember how heavy my heart felt at his departure, which I take to be a certain presage of the loss which subsequently happened."

These words and the sad looks of the fox amazed all the beholders, insomuch that they could hardly refuse to believe what he had said, and in fact every one lamented his loss and pitied his sorrow.

The king and queen were the most affected of any, and they entreated him that he would make diligent search for the discovery of those precious jewels, his praises having excited the royal curiosity and avarice beyond measure. And because he affirmed that he had intended those rare articles for them, though they never so much as saw them, yet they gave him as great thanks as if they had been in their safe possession (so gratified was their vanity), and they desired that he would use all means to recover them.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW REYNARD MADE HIS PEACE WITH THE KING, AND HOW ISEGRIM THE WOLF
ACCUSED HIM AGAIN.

SIR Reynard understood their meaning exceeding well, and, though he little meant to perform what they entreated, he thanked the king and queen, vowing not to rest either night or day until he had found what had become of those precious jewels. He beseeched his majesty that if they should be concealed in places where entrance was forbidden by force, his majesty would assist him, as their discovery so nearly concerned him. The king replied, "that as soon as it should be known where they were, no help or assistance should be wanting." Having thus obtained all the success he aimed at by his false tales and flattery, he thought he might go whither he pleased, and that none would dare to oppose him. But Sir Isegrim had stood by the whole of this time infinitely displeased, and, no longer able to restrain his anger, he cried, "O my dread lord, is it possible your majesty should be so weak and credulous as to credit the falsehoods of this arch impostor? They are only shadows and chimeras which he holds out to mislead you; but be not deceived by him: he is a wretch covered with blood and treason, and he mocks and scoffs your majesty to your face. But I am glad we are here together in your royal presence, and I intend to ring such a peal of justice over his head, that all the lies he can invent shall not bear him away with safety."

"Not long since, this smiling but bitter-hearted traitor persuaded my wife that he would teach her how to catch fish, as many as she pleased. It was one cold winter's morning, and having first made a hole in the ice, he told her that if she would let her tail hang in the water a good while, numbers of fish would come and seize hold of it, when she might easily pull them upon land. This the simple fool did, and stood there so long that her tail was frozen hard to the ice, so that all the force she

had was not able to pull it out. Well might she shriek, cry, and feed upon the brine of her own tears, but all to no purpose, had I not providentially been passing near. So I went unto her with much sorrow and heaviness, having a world of labour ere I could break the ice about her, and in despite of all my cunning, yet she was compelled to leave a piece of her tail behind her; and, indeed, we both escaped hardly with our lives, for by reason of her great anguish she barked so loud that the people of the next village rose up, and so fiercely assaulted us, that I never was in so desperate a taking. Thus, my gracious lord, you have heard how this traitor hath used us, and against the same we crave the right of your law and justice."

At this serious charge Sir Reynard answered and said, "If this were true, I confess it would touch me near in honour and reputation, but God forbid that such a slander should be proved against me. I confess I did teach her to catch fish, but her greediness so transported her when she heard me name it, that she ran along the pieces of ice without any direction, and stopping too long she was frozen, though she had eaten as much as would have satisfied twenty reasonable beings. But it is a general saying 'that have all will miss all;' and so the lady got fastened in the ice. I was employed in charitably lending her my assistance, when up came the furious Isegrim, and most basely slandered me. At the same time he cursed bitterly, instead of thanking me for my goodness, and more to avoid his blasphemy than his threats I went my way. Truth is my badge, and hath ever been the device of all my ancestors, and if any scruple my assertion, I require but eight days' liberty, that I may confer with my learned counsel, when I will with oath and testimony make good my words. As for Sir Isegrim, what have I to do with him? It is already known that he is an abandoned notorious villain, false both to Heaven and your majesty, and now his own words witness that he is a base slanderer. Let the matter be referred to his wife, if she accuse me let me be held guilty, provided she be not overawed by the tyranny of her husband."

"Villain!" cried Sir Isegrim, "recollect when you fell to the bottom of the well, and lay in peril, my wife hearing thee moan ran to assist thee. Then thou didst persuade her to lower herself down by the bucket into the well, leaping at the same time into that hanging by the other pulley at the bottom, when thou, being lighter than she, didst reach the top and she fell heavily to the bottom. When she complained you only said, 'Nay, it is but the fashion of the world: as one comes up, another must get down;' and so saying, you leaped out of the bucket and ran away." To this the fox replied, "I had rather you should have been there than myself, for you are stronger and better able to endure hunger. At that hour of necessity both of us could not escape; and I taught your wife wisdom and experience, that she should neither trust friend or foe, when our own peril is in question; for nature teaches us to love our own welfare, and he who does not is crowned with nothing but the title of folly."

CHAPTER XX.

HOW ISEGRIM PROFFERED HIS GLOVE TO REYNARD TO FIGHT WITH HIM, WHICH REYNARD ACCEPTED; AND HOW RUKENARD ADVISED THE FOX TO BEAR HIMSELF IN THE FIGHT.

SIR ISEGRIM waxing very wroth, answered the fox, "Villain as thou art, thy mocks and scorns I despise, but thy injuries I will not bear. You say you have helped me in my need, when I was almost dead with hunger, but thou liest in thy throat. You never gave me better than a bare bone, after you had gnawed it well yourself. This you say to injure my reputation; and again, you accuse me of treason against the king, for the sake of thy false treasures at Husterloe, besides having injured and slandered my wife, which will continue to stain our name until we are avenged. Therefore look no longer for escape; here, before my lord the king, and you my noble friends and kinsmen, I affirm and will approve to the last drop of my blood, that thou, Reynard the fox, art a false traitor and murderer, as I will make good upon thy body within the lists of the field, until our strife shall have a fatal end, body to body and life to life. Witness for me here, I cast down my glove, which I dare thee to take up, that I may have right for my injuries, or die like a recreant and coward."

Reynard was somewhat perplexed when it came to this; he knew himself much too weak for the wolf, and feared to come off with the worst. But suddenly recollecting the advantage he had in the wolf's fore claws being pulled off, and which were not yet healed, he mustered courage to reply, "Whoever says that I am a false traitor and murderer, lies in his throat, especially Isegrim above all others. Poor fool! thou art ending the affair as I would have it; in proof of which I take up thy gage and throw down mine, to prove thou art a liar and traitor, as of old."

This said, the king received their pledges, and admitted the battle, commanding each to put in his surety that the combat should be tried on the morrow. Then stepped forth the bear and the cat, and became sureties for the wolf; and for the fox appeared Grimbarde the brock and Betelas. When all ceremonies were finished, the ape's wife, taking Reynard aside, said, "Nephew, I beseech you, look to yourself in this battle, be hold and wise. Your uncle taught me once a prayer of singular virtue for any combatant, which he learnt from that excellent scholar and clerk, the Abbot of Budelo. If you utter that prayer with great devotion, fasting, you shall never be utterly vanquished, however hard pressed in the field. Therefore, good nephew, be not afraid, for to-morrow I will read it to you fasting, and the wolf shall never prevail." Reynard, grateful, as he said, for her favours, swore that his quarrel was good and honest, and that he had no doubt of his success. The whole of that night he tarried with his kinsmen, who sought to amuse him with pleasant discourse. Dame Rukenard was still suggesting something for advantage in the approaching battle; and she persuaded him to have the whole of his hair shaved off, from head to tail, and afterwards anointed his body over with olive oil. This made him so smooth and slippery, that the wolf could scarcely hope to keep his hold

besides, he was round and plump, which was also much to his advantage. She next advised him that night to drink exceeding much, that he might be more able to blind his enemy in the morning, but by no means to waste his ammunition till he came to close quarters in the field. "Then, when you see the moment, take your bush tail and strike it well in the villain's eyes, until you have quite perplexed and blinded him. But in the intervals keep your bush between your legs as close as you can, lest he catch you by it, and level you with the ground. Take sharp heed at first to shun his blows; elude them, nephew, and make him toil and sweat after you in vain. Lead him where there is plenty of dust, and having first besprinkled him, kick up the dust in his eyes with your heels. Then take your advantage when he can no longer see, and smite and bite him most mischievously, still continuing to mystify both his sight and understanding by brushing him in the face from time to time. Thus put him to the torture till you have quite wearied him out; and fear not, for though he be strong and stout, his heart is little and weak. This, nephew, is my advice; art prevails as much as courage, therefore look to it, and think how much wealth, honour, and reputation you may reap, both for yourself and family, by accomplishing this great feat. Now for the charm which I learnt from your uncle Martin, and which will help to make you invincible. It is as follows:" then, laying her hand upon his head, she cried, "Blaerd, Ihay, Alphenio, Rasbue, Gorsons, Arsbuntro! There, nephew, now you are free from all powers of mischief and danger whatsoever. Go, then, to rest, for it is near day, and some sleep will make your body the better disposed for action on the great and eventful morrow."

The fox gave her infinite thanks, saying she had bound him to her a servant for ever, and that he felt entire confidence in the excellent rules she had laid down. He then laid himself down to rest under a green tree on the grass till it was sunrise, when the otter came to awake him, saying he had brought him a fat young duck to eat. "I have toiled all this blessed night," he said, "to get this present for you, dear cousin, which I took from a feeder. Here, take and eat it, for it will give you vigour and courage." The fox thanked him kindly, and said it was lucky hansom, assuring his friend that if he survived that day, he would requite it. Reynard then ate the duck without bread or sauce, except his hunger, and to it he drank four great draughts of water. He then hastened to the appointed place of action, where the lists stood, with all his kindred attending on him.

When the king beheld Reynard thus shorn and oiled, he said to him, "Well, Sir Reynard, I see you are very careful of your own safety: you have little respect for booty, so you escape danger." The fox answered not a word, but bowed himself humbly to the ground before their majesties, the king and queen, and proceeded into the field. At the same time the wolf was also ready, and stood boasting with many proud and vainglorious speeches. The marshals and rulers of the lists were the Libbard and the Less. These last brought forth a book on which the wolf swore and maintained his assertion, that the fox was a traitor and a murderer, which he would prove on his body, or be accounted a recreant.

When these ceremonies were over, the marshals of the field held them to their devoir; and then every one abandoned the lists save Dame Rukenard, who stood by the fox, reminding him of the rules of battle she had given him. She bade him recollect how, when he was scarcely seven years old, he had wisdom enough to find his way to his father's castle on the darkest night without any lanthorn, or even the light of the moon. That his experience was much greater, and his reputation for wisdom more frequent with his companions than any other; and that he ought therefore to make double exertions to win the day, which would be an eternal monument to him and his family for evermore. To this the fox answered, "My best aunt, be assured I will do my best, and not forget a tittle of your counsel. I doubt not but my friends shall reap honour and my foes shame, by my actions." To this the ape said amen, and so departed.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FIERCE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE FOX AND THE WOLF, THE EVENT, PASSAGES, AND VICTORY.

WHEN none but the combatants were left in the lists, and the signal was given, the wolf advanced towards Sir Reynard with infinite rage and fury, thinking to catch his enemy in his fore feet; but the fox leaped nimbly aside. The wolf then pursued him, and there began a tedious chase, on which the friends on both sides gazed with earnestness. Taking huge leaps and strides, Sir Isegrim soon overtook him, and lifting up his feet to strike, Reynard avoided the blow, and smote his adversary on the face with his tail. It told so well, that Sir Isegrim was almost stricken blind; in fact, it was a complete damper, and smarted excessively. He was compelled to rest while he cleared his eyes, an advantage which Reynard did not lose; for he scratched up the dust with his feet, and threw it boldly in the eyes of his enemy, close under his nose, as he was thus employed, a feat which called forth loud applause. This dust tormented Sir Isegrim worse than the brush, and he ventured to follow him no longer. His eyes smarted so sorely, that he sought to wash the dust away, at which Reynard ran in upon him, and gave him three severe wounds upon his head with his teeth, saying, "Have I bit you, Sir Isegrim? I will soon bite you better. You have killed many a lamb and many an innocent beast, and would give me the credit of it, but you shall find the price of your knavery. I am now sent to punish thy sins, and I will give thee thy absolution bravely. It is good thou use patience. I will make a hell of thy purgatory, for thy life will be at my mercy. Yet if thou wilt kneel down and crave forgiveness, confessing thyself vanquished, though thou art the vilest creature living, I will spare thy life, for such is my pity that I am loth to kill thee." These words made Sir Isegrim mad and desperate, so that he could find no vent to his fury; for his wounds bled, his eyes smarted, and his whole frame was oppressed.

In the height of his fury he raised up his foot, and hit the fox so severe a blow that he felled him to the ground; but Sir Reynard, being nimble, quickly rose, and fiercely encountering the wolf, a dreadful and

doubtful combat began. Ten times the wolf leaped upon Sir Reynard, in the hope of catching or killing him, but his skin was so slippery and oily that he could not hold him. Nay, so extremely active was he in the fight, that when the wolf thought he had him in the surest, he would shift himself between his legs and under his belly, each time dealing the wolf a bite, or a brush on the face with his tail, that poor Sir Isegrim was almost reduced to despair.

Various wounds and bitings passed on either side, the one achieved by cunning, the other by violence; the one expressing fury, the other temperance. At length Sir Isegrim, enraged that the combat had continued so long, for had his feet been sound it would have been much shorter, he said to himself, "I will make an end of this fight; it is too long, and I know my very weight is enough to crush him to pieces. I am now losing my reputation in fighting with him at all." This said, he struck Reynard another severe blow upon his head, and again felled him to the ground. Ere he could recover himself and arise, he caught the fox in his feet, and thrusting him under him, he lay upon him with his whole weight, thinking to stifle him.

Now Reynard began to be seriously alarmed, while Sir Isegrim's friends shouted for joy; but the fox, though he ceased to joke, defended himself manfully with his claws, stretched as he was upon the ground. When the wolf thus pressing and biting him sought to put an end to his existence, the fox bit him again in the belly, and repelled his attempts at worrying him with his fore claws, so that he actually tore the skin between the wolf's eyebrows. His ears bled, and one of his eyes was hanging out of his head; he howled out in great extremity, and as he was wiping his face Reynard took an opportunity of regaining his legs; but the wolf striking furiously after him, again caught him in his arms and held him fast. Never was Reynard in such straits before, and fierce was now the struggle between them. Passion made the wolf forget his smart, and gripping the fox under him, he got his hand into his mouth and nearly bit it off. Then spoke Sir Isegrim to Reynard: "Yield thyself vanquished, or else I will certainly slay thee; neither thy dust, thy brush, thy mocks, or any more subtle inventions shall now save thee—thou art utterly desperate." When the fox heard this he thought there was little choice left, as either would be his ruin; but there being no time to lose, he said, "Dear uncle, since fortune will so have it, I yield to your commands. I will travel for you to the Holy Land, or any other sort of pilgrimage, yea, or perform any service most beneficial to your soul and the souls of your forefathers; I will obey you as I would obey the king, or our holy father the pope; I will hold my lands and tenements from you, as well as the rest of my kindred; you shall be a lord of many lords, and none shall dare to move against you. Whatever I catch, whether pullets, geese, partridges, or plover, flesh or fish, you, your wife and children, shall ever have the first choice. Again, we are so near in blood that nature forbids there should be any long enmity between us, and I would not have fought against you had I been sure of victory. You first appealed, and then of necessity I must do my utmost; yet even in this battle I have been courteous to you, and not acted as I should to a stranger, for well I know it is the

duty of a nephew to spare his uncle, which you might easily perceive from my running from you. I might have often hurt you when I refused; nor are you any worse except for the blemish in your eye, for which I am sorry, and wish it had not happened. I therefore humbly beseech you that you will permit poor Reynard to live: I know you might kill me, but what will that avail you, when you can never live in safety for fear of the revenge of my kindred? Temperance in wrath is an excellent thing, while rashness is still the mother of repentance. You, uncle, I know to be valiant, wise, and discreet; you rather seek honour, peace, and good fame than blood and revenge." To this Sir Isegrim replied, "Thou infinite dissembler, thou wouldst fain be free from the badge of thy servitude. It is well I understand thee, and know that if thou wert safe on thy feet thou wouldst soon forswear this submission; but all the wealth in the world shall not purchase thy ransom. For thee and thy friends, I esteem them not, nor believe a word of what thou hast uttered; I am no bird for thy lime-bush, chaff cannot deceive me. Thou wouldst triumph bravely were I to credit thee; but know that I have wit to look both on this side and beyond thee. Thy innumerable deceits have armed me against thee, and look upon me and my wounds, and then say if thou hast spared me. Thou didst not give me time to breathe, nor will I now give thee time to repent in, for thou hast dishonoured me in every mode thy villany could devise."

Now while Sir Isegrim was thus prating, Reynard was thinking how he might best get free; so thrusting his other hand which was at liberty down under his belly, he caught Sir Isegrim fast between the legs, and wrung him so extremely, that he made him shriek and howl out with anguish. Then the fox drew his other hand out of his mouth, for Sir Isegrim was in such wondrous torment that he was only a few degrees from swooning, and completed the torture he was inflicting. Human nature could endure no more: Sir Isegrim fell over in a deadly fit, and Reynard dragged him by the legs about the lists. He then struck, wounded, and bit him in divers places, so that the whole field might behold the punishment he inflicted. Sir Isegrim's friends meanwhile were transfixed with sorrow and despair, so they went weeping and lamenting to the king, praying him to appease the combat, and take it into his own hands. Their suit was granted, and the marshals Libbard and Loss entered the lists, and told the fox that the king would speak with him, that the fight should cease, and that he would take it into his royal hands to determine, adding that his majesty did not wish to lose either of them, though the whole field had given the fox the victory.

"I humbly thank his majesty," said the fox, "and I will obey his commands, my ambition extending no further than to be proclaimed victor. I beseech you, then, let my friends come and attend me; I will do according as they advise." They answered it was reasonable, and then came forth Lady Slopard and Sir Grimbard her lord; Lady Ruke-nard, with her two sisters; next Bitelas and Fullrump, her two sons, and Malicia her daughter. Hundreds more who would not have ventured, had the fox lost the battle, to condole with him, now advanced to greet him, seeking to become his attendants, for to him who has

earned honour fresh honour and graces will flock in, while losers meet only with contempt. Alas, poor Isegrim ! There now followed in the train of Reynard the beaver, the otter, and both their wives, Pauntecrote and Ordigale, along with the ostrole, the martin and the fitchews, the ferret, the squirrel, and numbers more than we can name, all because he was the victor. Many who had most bitterly complained of him swore they were nearest of kin, and proffered their services to him with all humility. For such is the fashion of the world : he who is rich and in favour will never want abundance of friends ; every one will pretend to like him, and imitate his folly and retail his falsehoods.

Accordingly there was a solemn feast proclaimed on the part of Reynard's friends, at which all kind of honours were to be heaped upon him ; trumpets sounded, cornets winded their horns, and the music was followed by thanksgivings for his glorious victory. Sir Reynard received all his friends with courtesy, and returned thanks with evident gratification and delight : he concluded by requesting their opinion whether or not he should yield his victory into the king's hands, instead of taking Sir Isegrim's life, to which his faithful relation, Lady Slopard, made answer, " Yes, by all means, cousin ; it is a point of honour, and I do not see how you can refuse." The rest agreed, and the marshals then led the way into the king's presence, escorting Reynard on each side, with trumpets, fifes, and timbrels playing as the procession went along.

When Sir Reynard came before the king, he fell on his knees ; but his majesty bade him rise, and said, " Sir Reynard, you may well rejoice, for you have this day won signal honour. On this account I discharge you and set you free, to go whither your own pleasure leads ; all former quarrels I take upon myself, and will have them well discussed by the wisest heads in the kingdom, as soon as Isegrim's wound, if ever, shall be cured. At that time I will take care to acquaint you, and then proceed to judgment in these matters."

" Most excellent and dreaded lord the king," replied the fox, " I am well satisfied with everything that shall please you ; yet when I first came to your majesty's court, there were many malicious persons whom I never injured, who sought my life. They believed they should overpower me by uniting with my worst enemies, for they imagined that the wolf was more in favour with your majesty than I myself. This was the ground of their indignation, wherein they only showed their simplicity, which was unable to avert the catastrophe that followed.

" Such men, my lord, are like a great kennel of hounds, which I once saw standing upon a dunghill near a great lord's house, where they were waiting for what they could catch, expecting their feeders were not far off. Shortly they saw a hound run out of the lord's kitchen with a good fat rib of beef in his mouth. But the cook was in pursuit, and got so close as to throw a pail of hot scalding water upon his hind quarters, though like a stout dog he still kept hold of his prey. His companions beholding him, said, ' Oh, how much art thou indebted to the good cook, who has doubtless given thee that fine bone so well lined with flesh.' But the dog replied, ' You speak, friends, according to what you see ; not according as I feel. You see me with this good bone in my mouth, but you do not feel the smarting upon my buttocks.

Please only to look upon me behind, and you will find the price I have paid for it.' His friends then perceived how badly he was scalded; both hair and hide were flayed clean away; and they looked agast and sorrowful at the torment he suffered in his loins. Finding, too, he was such an unlucky dog, they renounced all further acquaintance with him, and ran away. So likewise, my lord, do these false and unworthy beasts, when they are made lords, and gaining their desire, think they become mighty and renowned. Then they begin to grind the faces of the poor and needy, eating them up like hungry and savage hounds; for these are the dogs with bones in their mouths, though they deserve to get their buttocks well scalded. Yet no man must dare to meddle with them, or offend them; but rather praise all their actions, while many assist them in their unlawful actions in order that they may be allowed to lick their fingers for some share of their extortions. Oh, my dear lord! how can such men walk safely while thus blindfold?—how can they expect anything but a shameful fall, when taking such uncertain steps? Neither can we pity them when their works come to light; perpetual curses and reproaches must follow them to their graves after their ruin is accomplished. Many of these have lost their jackets—namely, their friends, like the thievish hound, and have none left to cover their misdeeds; while their former companions desert them as the whole-skinned hounds did the scalded dog.

"My gracious lord, I beseech you remember this moral example; and it will no way impair the greatness of your virtues, for doubtless many of these ravenous extorting creatures are under your subjection, both in towns, cities, and great lords' houses. These are they who outface the poor; barter their freedom and privileges, and accuse them of actions of which they never dreamed,—all to make up the sum of their own private projects. But Heaven has still judgment in reserve for them, when they reach their ignominious end; for they are guilty of errors of which none can justly accuse me or any of my kindred; we can always acquit ourselves nobly of the same. I fear no creature's accusations—not I; for the fox will still be the fox, though a host of foes try to outswear me. For you, my dread lord, you I adore above all mortal beings, nor shall any art or devices divert me from you; I will abide by you to the last gasp. Malice, I am aware, has belied me, and told your majesty the contrary; yet I have always disproved its accusations, and so will do to the last moment of my existence."*

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW THE KING PARDONED SIR REYNARD ALL THINGS; MADE HIM THE GREATEST LORD IN THE LAND; AND HOW HE RETURNED IN TRIUMPH HOME, ATTENDED BY ALL HIS KINDRED.

HIS majesty then made answer as follows: "Sir Reynard, you are one, I think, who owes me homage and fealty, if ever subject did, and long I trust I shall live to enjoy it. Here, for your past services, I elect you one of my privy council. Take heed you do not show any backsliding, or any unworthy hankering after old tricks,

* In like manner we are informed by Sir Reynard that his father, who enjoyed the high office of lord chancellor under the late lion king's reign, had equally well succeeded, and even extracted Sir Isegrim's liver for its medicinal property. Doubtless the chancellorship was

for I am about to place you in full power and authority as you formerly were. I hope you will administer justice equitably and truly.* For as long as you apply your policy to right views and actions, so long the court will cherish you, for you are a star whose lustre exceeds all others, especially in prying into mischief and preventing it. Remember, therefore, the moral you yourself related to me, and attach yourself to truth and equity.

"Henceforward I will be governed by your wisdom, and not any subject breathing throughout my kingdom shall offer you the least insult or injury, but I will highly resent it. This you shall proclaim through all the nation, of which you shall become chief minister; the office of lord high chancellor I here freely confer upon you, and I know that you may reap great honour as well as profit thereby."

All Reynard's friends and kindred humbly thanked the king, when he informed them that it was much short of what he intended to do for them, at the same time advising them all to admonish Reynard to be careful of his faith and loyalty. Lady Rukenard then observed, "Believe me, my lord, we will not fail in that point; for should he fail there, of which there is do danger, we should all renounce him." The fox too thanked the king with fair and courteous words, saying, "Nay, my gracious lord and master, I am not worthy—far from worthy—of these high honours, yet I will ever study with my best service to deserve them, nor shall my best advice ever be wanting." And this said, he took his humble leave of the king, and then departed with the rest of his friends and kindred.

Meanwhile Bruin the bear, Tibert the cat, and Sir Isegrim's wife, with her children, had been busily employed in conveying their vanquished relation from the field. They laid him upon soft litter and hay, covered him very warm, and dressed his wounds, to the number of twenty-three, assisted by some of the most skilful surgeons. He was exceeding sick, and his weakness was such that all sense of feeling was lost. So they rubbed and chafed him on the temples and under the eyes, till he recovered from his swoon, and howled so loud, that all stood equally shocked and amazed to hear him. His physicians instantly gave him cordials, with a sleeping draught to allay the sense of his torments; at the same time they consoled his wife, assuring her there was no kind of danger from his wounds, though they might long prove troublesome. So the court broke up and every beast returned to his own home.

But chief among the departures, Sir Reynard the fox took his leave of the king and queen, both their majesties requesting that he would not long be absent from them. To this he answered, that he should make a point of being ready at their service as was his bounden duty; and not only he himself, but the whole of his friends and kindred. Then craving leave of his majesty, with all due solemnity and smooth speech, he departed from the court.†

hereditary in Sir Reynard's family, and possessed by the hero of the story, as he himself declared that his father's treasury was concealed at Crekenpit near Husterloe.—*Ed.*

* From this it would indeed appear that Sir Reynard had before presided over the court of equity, an office from which he must have been *pro tempore* suspended, owing to the heavy accusations brought against him, over which he finally triumphed.—*Ed.*

† And was there ever courtier flattered more bravely and successfully? He that could boast

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALONG with Reynard, all his friends and kindred, to the amount of forty, took their leave of the king, and accompanied him; being proud that he had so well sped, and stood so fair in the king's favour. For now he had power enough to advance whom he best pleased, and pull down any who envied his fortune.

After a pleasant tour, Sir Reynard and his friends approached the castle of Malepardus, where each in noble and courteous guise took leave of the other, while Sir Reynard himself showed especial politeness to each and all. He thanked them for the singular love and honour he had received from them, and protested that they might always count upon him as their faithful and humble servant, bound to serve them in all things, as far as his life and property might be serviceable.

With these words, he shook hands, and hastened to rejoin Lady Ermelin, who welcomed him home with great tenderness. To her and his children he related at large all the wonders he had gone through at court, not omitting the minutest circumstance. They all felt proud of his high fortune, and that they were so nearly related to him. Henceforward the fox spent his days with his wife and children as much as possible, with infinite joy and content. Now, whoever shall aver more or less of the fox than you have here heard, I would not have you place much reliance on his report; only this, which you have already heard or read, you may believe as much as you please. Nevertheless, if any refuse, he shall not be accounted heretical or contumacious, since only he who said it can give full credit to it, though it is certain that many in this world believe the things they have not seen.*

as much, might well be master of the eight liberal sciences; and no lord, whether spiritual or temporal, but would have an ear open for his pleasant language. Nor did Sir Reynard die without issue, inasmuch as he has left his successors in almost all parts of the world. Indeed, he who is not in some degree allied to him in the art of simulation and dissimulation will hardly prosper as the world goes; for though he may want the fox's hair, if he have his heart he will be pretty generally accepted.

Plain dealing is now in exile, while avarice and fraud occupy his vacant tenements; neither the pope's palace nor the prince's court being exempted from their visits.

Money is now become the great favourite of the age, the idol of the Church, and the country's worship; for it can purchase all things, defend all things, and confound all things. Thus madmen travel all over the world in pursuit of this folly and this fashion; and he who is not a true fox, is but a beast of low estimation, go whither he will.

This is the world's custom; and what it will at length end in the wise man can neither judge nor imagine; only he knows that such heinous sins as falsehood, theft, murder, and ambition can never walk but hand in hand with judgment. From which I heartily pray that the hand of the Most High will defend us, and lead us to walk in those paths which are agreeable to piety and virtue. With this I conclude, as these are not fit themes for me to treat of, since at the last day every one is sure to give an account upon his own responsibility.—*Old Eng. Comm.*

* Thus there are many plays both of a comic and moral kind representing matters that never were, merely for the benefit of the example, showing how men may best shun vice and pursue virtue. In the same manner this book, containing matters of jest, may yet, if seriously considered, supply much moral instruction and wisdom, well worth your consideration. Neither goodness nor good men will be found discredited; all things are spoken of generally, and every one may take his own share as his conscience shall best instruct him. If any here find himself too like himself, let him mend his ways and remove the resemblance; and if any other be clear, let him hold on his path, and avoid stumbling. So if any take offence or distaste, let him likewise not blame me, but the fox, inasmuch as both the language and the morals are his own.—*Old Eng. Comm.*

HOWLEGLASS, THE MERRY JESTER.*

IT would be difficult to assign bounds to the popularity of this ancient representative of the practical jokes and accomplishments of his countrymen; more especially at a period when the people were all serfs, and their hamlets laid waste by the robber knights, while they languished under the oppression of their own feudal lords. That the adventures of the "Boor's Son" became thus early familiar, would appear no less from its general currency than from its repeated reprints and versions into other tongues or dialects. We are informed by M. Görres,† that *Eulenspiegel* first appeared in 1483, in the Lower Saxon dialect, although this first edition is no longer to be met with. The earliest one now extant is that published at Augsburg, in 4to., 1540, mentioned by Koch, and preserved in the Wolfenbüttel library. It was first translated into High Dutch, by Thomas Murner, a Franciscan friar, who flourished about the period of the Reformation. From the large old edition, complete in 4to., published at Strasburg, 1543, it would seem that Howleglass took both sides of the question, and bestowed equal ribaldry and abuse upon both religious parties, turning his witticisms into an ecclesiastical channel; insomuch that, on the Lutheran side, he added ten more practical jests upon the adventures of pope and priestcraft, to the ninety and two, his usual number. After "beating the drum ecclesiastic" alternately to the annoyance of both parties, the fame of Howleglass spread to other nations, and he assumed a French dress as early as 1559, besides being twice converted into Latin iambics, and subsequently into other tongues. Among others, his adventures appeared in Low Dutch, 1613, at Rotterdam, under the title of "*Historie van Thyl Ulenspiegel, van sin Schalcke Boeverijen, die im bedreven heft see ghe noech lije, met schoone figuren*:" History of Tyell Howleglass, of his roguish tricks and adventures, &c. But above all he seems to have proved most acceptable to the peasantry in the interior of Switzerland, those stout genuine mountain dwellers, whose superior strength, cheerful industry, and whose whole spirit continue still so exactly congenial to the species of wit which prevails throughout the work; the same happy ribaldry, in the good sense of the word, which is conferred, and which can only be conferred, by nature.

"Bold, genuine, and characteristic humour," continues Görres, "is the stuff of which the work is composed—a national storehouse of amusement from which each successive generation has largely drawn; a true family expositor of merriment, well adapted to catch the popular ear, and keep up incessant laughter. It is quite clear, from its tone and form, however rhapsodical, that the whole work is the result of a concatenation of fables, throughout different times; the representation

* "*Der Wiedererstandene Eulenspiegel, &c.* The wonderful and rare History of Thyl Owl-glass, a peasant's son, who was born in the land of Brunswick, here rendered from the Saxon dialect into good High Dutch, and now newly augmented and improved, with several quaint figures, being altogether very pleasant to read, as well as adapted for pleasing instruction." Such is the title of the popular Book of this rustic hero, as it is found in the *Folksbücher* of Görres.

† Account of German popular works, such as they have been preserved by accident or by merit, from the earliest period to the present. *Heidelberg*, 1807.

of an entire class, of which it forms the monument, gradually raised by a combined national spirit and humour of the people, like an edifice which no single hand could possibly complete. Hence the entertainment it affords consists of the ornamental colouring and display of the people's characteristics, among whom it took its rise : we think we see, converse, and even jest with them, until we seem to join with their famous hero in his tricks and devices, and that peculiar satire and ribaldry which the German peasantry acknowledge for their own.

"Here too we have the rude untutored kind of wit, rather the result of sheer strength and flow of spirits than of reflection, and which is pronounced by higher authorities unseemly and low, although it really never falls into scurrility or obscenity in its jests.

"Should we even imagine we trace such a tendency, let us recollect that the comic scenes of Aristophanes are scarcely of a higher character, and that the whole Athenian public scrupled not to hasten from the statues and temples of their gods to enjoy the whimsical creations of the poet in all their naked power. And truly inasmuch as our contracted education has gradually brought us to an absurd degree of nicety and affectation, which, in opposition to nature, pretends to blush at her gifts, while it does not abstain from indulging in quite as inelegant pursuits as those it condemns, for such our hero Howleglass would form a good antidote, and make a good ironical apostrophe to the contempt of the proud and arrogant, in order to remind them that they likewise are formed of flesh and blood, and belong to the earth."

The humour of the work, however, is not invariably of a low and rustic kind ; it often rises to the rank of genuine facetiousness and wit, as in the merry adventure with the beehive, and with the twelve blind men to whom the hero pretends to give twelve florins.

"These are only a few among Howleglass's specimens of wit and worth. Indeed, he represents and personifies, as it were, with singular truth and felicity, the peculiarities of each rank and profession, in a rustic garb ; and while he indulges throughout an ironical seriousness of expression, there is always sure to follow some cross or contradictory action, calculated to entertain us afresh.

"In this way he runs the gauntlet through all ranks of society, not even sparing courts, though he soon withdraws again from these last ; he stops nowhere, he will engage himself to no single master, but piques himself upon being a rogue wholly upon his own account. He stands in proud opposition to the court fool of a somewhat earlier date, never forgetting that HE is the people's fool, whom it is his office to amuse. As such he has been handed down to our own times, and though great princes have long been of opinion that the office is now become superfluous, the people are of another opinion, and have not permitted their popular tribune with the cap and bells to lose his station. It would indeed be doing them the highest injustice in this respect, to cast the least aspersion, much more so to lay the hand of power, upon their favourite fool and champion, by ejecting him from the sanctuary he has so long enjoyed. Surely no one would be so cruel as to wish to destroy the only little edifice he has dedicated to popular merriment, amidst the innumerable temples and obelisks of pride by which it is everywhere surrounded."—*Görres Deutscher Volksbücher*, pp. 195—200.

In regard to Howleglass himself, it is supposed that he ceased to jest about the year 1380; and his tombstone may be seen to this day, at Möllen, near Lubeck, under a large lime-tree, with its appropriate device of an owl and a looking-glass carved upon the stone. This symbol, together with his allegorical name, plainly enough betoken his want of personality; while the owl, which he advanced as his emblem, furnishes us with a pretty correct index to his character, being remarkably sly and mischievous in its way, sportive and quick sighted as a good mouser ought to be, and as brisk and thievish as the patron of thieves himself.

To this national eulogy upon his merits may be added some further notice of them contained in a very able and amusing critique upon the antiquities of nursery literature,* from which it will be seen that the fame of our light-footed hero had early made the tour of Europe, and excited emulation wherever it went. "Howleglass stands as the leader of a merry troop,—Tom Tram the son-in-law of Mother Winter, Tom Stitch the tailor, and Tom Long the carrier of the men of Gotham, follow in his train, whose penny histories, all imitated from his 'Merrye Jeste,' are now *introuvables*. They all belong to the ancient, and noble, and widely-dispersed family of Tom Fool, which has obtained such pre-eminence and dignity in church and state throughout all Christendom. 'In the land of Sassen,' says old Copland, 'in the village of Keeling, there dwelled a man that was named Nicholas Howleglass, that had a wife named Wyneke, that laye a child bed in the same village, and that childe was born to christening, and named Tyell Howleglass. It were long to detail his fearful jokes, which sometimes brought him to the gallows, yet saved him from the halter. He was buried with his coffin standing on one end, as the visitants at the abbey believe of Ben Jonson.'

"Our English translation of the 'Merry Jeste' of a man that was called Howleglass, and of many marvelous thinges and jestes that he did in his lyfe in Eastland, was imprinted at London in Tames streete, at the Vintre, in Three Craned Warfe, by Wylliam Copland.

"According to the technical phrase, it was done into English from the High Dutch. There is also a Flemish translation, which, well purified from all aspersions on holy Church, is now a class book in Flanders. The Flemish faithful are earnestly warned not to purchase 'the shameful edition printed at Amsterdam, by Brother Jancz, in the Burgwal, at the sign of the "Silver Can," the same being calculated to vex and scandalize all good Catholics.'

The translation here mentioned by the reviewer is to be found at the British Museum, and is supposed to be an unique but imperfect copy. It likewise differs in its arrangements from other translations, as appears from a French copy, which professes to be a literal version from the old German, and which was communicated to the editor by the kindness of Mr. Douce. Along with the old translation of Howleglass, appear several other ancient traditions of a more chivalric cast, such as *Eglamour of Artoys*, *Sir Tryamour*, &c., with the still more ancient story of *Virgilius*, likewise imperfect. The editor is further informed by Mr. Douce, who, in his French Howleglass above mentioned, refers to all

* See No. XLI. of the "Quarterly Review."

the known authorities respecting him, that there exists a set of cuts intended for the work, in some copies of Lagniet's Proverbs.—*Brunet*, ii. 28.

The introduction to the work, inserted in the old English translation of Wylliam Coplande, with which we here conclude as our best apology, will be found to run as follows, affording a pretty accurate criterion of its general style :

"For the great desyring and praying of my good friends ; and I, the first writer of this boke might not deny them ; thus have I compiled and gathered much knavishness and falseness of one Howleglass, made and done within his life, which Howleglass died the year of our Lord, MCCCC. Nowe I desyre to be pardoned both before ghostly and worldly, as fore high and lowe, afore noble and unnoble. And right lowly I requyte all those who shall hear or reade this (my ignorance to excuse). For this fable is not only to renewe the mindes of men or women of all degrees, from the use of sadnesse, to passe the tyme with laughter or myrthe ; and for because the synple knowing personnes should beware, if folks can see. Methinke it be better to passe the tyme with such a mery jest, and laugh thereat, and doo no synne, than for to wepe and doo synne. So let us heare howe Howleglass, as he was borne, was chrystened thre tymes upon one daye."

HOW HOWLEGLASS WAS THREE TIMES BAPTIZED ON THE SAME DAY THAT HE WAS BORN.

IN the land of Saxony, at a place called Cavelling, near the river of the same name, Howleglass was, in the first place, born. His father's name was Nicholas, and that of his mother Anne Ulbeke. They carried their son to Amplevent to receive baptism, and gave him the name of Thyl Howleglass. After being baptized, he was carried into a tavern, where the whole party, as in many places is the custom, were very merry over the said child's baptism, gossips, godfather and godmother, and all.

The good cheer ended, nurse was carrying the young gentleman home again ; but whether from a drop too much, or some other cause, it is certain that she tripped in crossing the bridge, and dropped with the said infant into the water. Both would infallibly have been drowned had they not obtained speedy assistance. As it was, however, they reached the house in safety, prepared a cauldron of hot water in all haste, and by way of antidote, gave the child a warm bath, which he required no less for the very bespattered condition he was in (and indeed it was an awfully muddy place into which both had fallen).

By such means Howleglass was baptized three times upon the same day ; once at church, once in the river, and once in a warm bath.

THE ANSWERS MADE BY HOWLEGLASS TO A MAN WHO INQUIRED HIS WAY.

ONE day Howleglass's parents were gone out, leaving him, while still a very little fellow, by himself in the house. It happened that a certain knight was jogging along that way, or rather out

of his way, and seeing nobody, he went to the door, and thrusting himself half-way through, he inquired if there were no one there. "Yes," retorted Howleglass, "there is a man and a half, and the head of a horse; for you are half in and half out, with your horse's head, and here am I, a whole man." "And where the deuce are thy father and mother, my little churl?" cried the man. "Why, my father is just gone to make bad worse, and my mother is seeking either shame or loss." The man inquired, "How so?" "Sir, my father is making a bad road worse—he is delving ditches to keep folks off his field; and my mother is gone to get a loan of some bread. Now, if she return her kind lender less (as I think), it will be a great shame, and if she cheat folk it will be worse."

The person next asked whether he could go comfortably that way? "Ay, ay; go where the goose goes," returned the lad, pointing to a flock of geese. On turning his horse's head, the man saw the geese take to the water, and he exclaimed, "Why, you rogue, the geese are flown into the pool." "You should go where the goose was then going, I say, not where she flew." To this the traveller had no answer to make, but obeyed, wondering at the subtle answers of a mere child.

HOW LITTLE HOWLEGLASS, RIDING BEHIND HIS FATHER ON HORSEBACK, SHOWED MUCH CUNNING AND MALICE.

SOON there came bitter complaints, almost every day repeated, by the neighbours, to Master Howleglass's father, assuring him what a malicious rogue his son was; for he was wicked from the time he could walk, and even showed his malice in the cradle. He would hide his head under the bed-clothes, turn up his legs where his head should be, and make the most odd leaps and antics ever witnessed in a child; but when he had reached ten years old, his tricks grew so numerous and intolerable, and the complaints of the neighbours so loud, that his father took him roundly to task, saying, "How comes it that everybody calls you such a malicious little wretch?" Howleglass, in his defence, declared that he did nobody any harm. "But if you wish to be convinced, father, and believe your own eyes, let me ride behind you, on your old Dobbin, and I dare say they will still continue to find fault." So his father mounted him behind him on the horse, and as they jogged along, Howleglass, seeing some neighbours approach, pulled up his little coat behind, as a salutation to them as they passed. "There's a malicious little knave for you!" they cried aloud, as they went by, upon which the urchin said to his father, "You see I did them no harm, and yet they will call me nicknames."

His father next placed him before him, as they rode along, when Howleglass began to pull the most ugly faces ever seen, mocking and lolling his tongue at everybody as they went by, all which his father could not see. "Look at that wicked little wretch!" was the cry; and upon this his father, quite losing patience, said, "Ay, thou wert born in an unlucky hour; for though thou hold thy tongue, all revile thee, and though thou sit as quiet as a lamb, the children run out of thy way." Soon after, his father, quite vexed at such injustice, changed his abode,

going to a village near Magdeburg, to which his wife belonged, and no long time after this he died. Howleglass's mother continued to live with her son, eating and drinking what they could get, for his mother shortly grew very poor, and Howleglass would learn no trade; only at the age of sixteen he had learnt to dance upon a rope, along with some other mountebank tricks.

HOW HOWLEGLASS FELL FROM THE TIGHT ROPE INTO THE WATER, AND HOW HE TOOK VENGEANCE UPON THOSE WHO MADE HIM FALL.

IT happened one day, as Howleglass was amusing himself with dancing upon his tight rope, which he had made fast across a pool of water the better to show his dexterity, that a number of idle urchins had gathered round to see. One of them bethought him of a trick, and, taking out his knife, he cut the cord at one end, and Howleglass went souse into the water, to the great merriment of the rest, who left him to get out as he best could. This made him both very dirty and very angry; but he held his peace, declaring that it was a good joke, and that he would come again the next morning and show them something new. This he did, for the next morning, after having exhibited some time upon his rope, he said to the boys, "Now you shall see a wonderful thing, if you will only each of you hand me here his right shoe." Some of the parents of the children who were there, believing he said true, and curious to learn what it could be, gave them to him; when, after keeping them for some time, and the young urchins becoming clamorous, he threw them back all in a heap, telling each to take his own. A general struggle then took place, one falling over another, fighting, biting, and kicking; one laughed, another cried, one tore his hair, another pulled his companion's, all exclaiming, *this is mine* and *that is mine*, until the parents themselves mixed in the affray, and some good pitched battles were fought. It was now Howleglass's turn to laugh, and mocking them to his heart's content, he bade them try on their shoes, and being a capital swimmer, he eluded all pursuit and escaped. Still, he did not venture to show his face among them again for some weeks, remaining in a very quiet domestic way at home with his mother, who rejoiced to see such a change, and thought he was on the point of reforming, little knowing the malicious trick that he had played.

HOW THE MOTHER OF HOWLEGLASS ADMONISHED HIM, THAT SHE MIGHT ENGAGE HIM TO LEARN AN HONEST TRADE.

DA ME Ulbeke, Howleglass's mother, more and more delighted to observe her son's retired and peaceable demeanour, forthwith thought to take advantage of it, and besought him to abandon his former perverse ways, which brought her no money, as might have been the case by learning some honest trade. Howleglass then said, "My dear mother, what is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh, and what is that which a man should dispose himself to, that would abide by him all his life? what a man thinks he will stick by."

"That, indeed," answered his mother, quite despairing, "seems to be the case: there has been no bread in the house these four days past, and if this is to continue only half one's life, I know one had better be dead." "No, no," said Howleglass, "that bears no resemblance to my words, for a poor man when he has nothing to eat will fast the fast of St. Nicolas, and when he has enough to eat he enjoys a feast on St. Martin's evening; and thus it is with you, mother."

HOW HOWLEGLASS OBTAINED BREAD FOR HIS MOTHER.

BUT when he saw his mother really without any bread, Howleglass began to think it was time to think of providing her with some. For this purpose, he walked into the village of Sastard, where he entered a baker's shop, and inquired whether he had any objection to let his master have eighteen twopenny rolls of bread, half white, and the other half brown. He then mentioned a gentleman's name in the town, with whom he said he had just come to a certain hotel, adding that his master would of course pay him on delivery, with which the baker was well pleased.

Now, Howleglass's bread-basket, a bag, had a hole in it, through which he contrived, as he was going along, to slip one of the loaves into the mud. Then throwing down the basket, he said to the baker's boy, "I dare not for the life of me carry this loaf home to my master; run back and change it, I will wait for you here." So away ran the baker's boy, and away ran Master Howleglass exactly the other road. When the boy returned, his customer was no longer to be seen; and after looking for him a little while, he went back to his master. Then his master, without even waiting to thrash him, ran to the inn mentioned by Howleglass, but no one knew who or where our hero was. Upon this the baker found he had been well choused, and that this was all he was ever likely to be paid for his bread.

In this way Howleglass provided his mother with plenty of bread, saying, "Dear mother, eat when you have it, and remember always to fast when you are without."

HOW HOWLEGLASS WAS KIDNAPPED AWAY WHILE HE WAS ASLEEP IN A BEE-HOUSE;
HOW THE ROBBERS LEFT HIM, AND HE BECAME A GENTLEMAN'S SERVANT.

ONE day Howleglass went along with his mother to the dedication feast, where he got quite fuddled at dinner, and wished to go to sleep. He tried to find out some nice quiet place where he might sleep in safety without interruption, and he wandered to the back of a Jew's garden, a place where there was a number of bee-houses. Having selected one of these, he got into it, and slumbered soundly till midnight, so that his mother thought he must have gone home before her alone. This same night there came two villains to steal the Jew's honey, and one said to the other, "We must judge by the weight; the heaviest storehouse will be the best." "Yes, we must steal by the weight," returned his companion, laughing; "*fair weight!*" And they proceeded to try them all round.

Now, these bee-houses were long and deep, quite different to what are made in this country; and when they came to that which contained Howleglass, feeling its superior solidity, they joyfully made off with it at once. Howleglass, awaking with the motion, heard all that they said, for it was so dark that they could see nothing. So, stretching out his hand, Howleglass took the leader of the two thieves by the hair, giving him a gentle pull, at which the other cursed his companion who came behind. To this the latter answered, "Are you dreaming, man, or are you walking in your sleep? How the deuce should I be pulling your wig, when I can hardly hold the hive?"

Upon this Howleglass gave the latter gentleman a twinge, who said, "Here am I toiling under my load, and you are lugging me by the hair!" "How the devil can that be?" exclaimed the first: "I can scarcely get along; you know it is yourself; you are pulling me all the while." And in this way they went on disputing.

At length Howleglass gave the first so severe a tug as to bring along with it a handful of hair; an insult which so enraged him, that, flinging down the whole concern, he fell upon his companion, and a regular battle ensued. Hearing a noise within, they took to flight, leaving Howleglass to sleep quietly in the bee-house till morning, which he did. He then walked out of his dormitory, and seeing a gentleman's house near at hand, he went in and hired himself as a domestic. One day as he was journeying with his master by a field of growing hemp, the latter ordered him to spoil and root up the man's field, for supplying hempen cords for the purpose of binding thieves and robbers upon the wheel; which Howleglass did, also treating the man's field with the greatest indignity in his power. His lord, in truth, was one of those robber knights who infested highways and villages, and felt a particular antipathy to that kind of herb; but, not content with treating the man's field of hemp in this manner, Howleglass bestowed the same sort of compliments upon his master's property, both in and out of doors; upon which, being one day justly in dread of his resentment, he prudently made his escape from the castle, and returned no more.

HOW HOWLEGLASS NEXT HIRED HIMSELF TO A PRIEST.

AFTER Howleglass had brought himself clean off, he journeyed towards the land of Buddenslede; and at the village of Brusedent he entered into the service of a priest who knew nothing of him. His new master informed him that he would have a fine time of it, that he should eat and drink as well as himself or the servant-maid, and that all he would have to do would be easy work, indeed, only half-work. Then Howleglass, pleased to hear this, said that he would do it well. Now, he soon observed that the priest's servant-maid had only one eye; she was then preparing a couple of fowls for dinner, and she bade Howleglass turn the spit.

She went about her work; and when the fowls were roasted he sat down to eat one of them, for he was very hungry, and the priest had told him he was to eat of the best as well as *he* did; and he did not

stop for sauce. When the girl came back to take dinner up, she said to Howleglass, "Where is the other fowl? I left two roasting upon the spit."

"My good girl," replied Howleglass, "open your other eye, and you will then see them both," at which the servant went into a great rage. She ran forthwith to complain to the priest, "Your new servant, sir, is mocking me, he says I have only one eye. I see but one fowl, though I put two to roast." Howleglass, who had followed her, now said, "That is true, but I told her that if she would open both eyes, she would see them both." The priest replied, "That is out of the question, for she has only one." "There," cried Howleglass, "you have said it, but not I." "At all events," rejoined the priest, "there is a fowl missing." "Yes," answered Howleglass, "but I only ate one. You said I was to live as well as my master and his maid, and I was afraid lest you should say the thing which is not, if both had gone up to table, and you had chanced to eat both. I was afraid you might perjure your own soul; therefore I ate." The priest laughed and was satisfied, saying, "My good fellow, I am not to be disheartened for the loss of a chicken; but always do what my maid enjoins you to do." Howleglass said, "I will willingly do whatever she requires of me." Yet from that time forth he made a point of doing only just half of what she commanded him; for if she wanted a pitcher of water, he would bring it only half full; if she bade him clap a couple of faggots to the fire, he threw only one; if she told him to give two feeds of hay to the cows, they had only one; if she said, "Howleglass, draw a jug of beer," he brought it her only half full; and thus with everything else. The girl at last resolved to make another complaint to the priest, who came to Howleglass in no very Christian temper of mind. "What! my servant still finds fault with you; did not I tell you to do whatever she bid you?" Howleglass answered, "Sir, I have done all that you ordered me. You told me at the time that you engaged me that I should have an easy place, that it would be only *half-work*." The priest laughed heartily; but his servant-maid exclaimed in a great fume, "Sir, if you resolve to keep this mischievous rogue in your service any longer, I must leave it."

It was no question with the priest how he was to decide, and Howleglass received warning on account of the chambermaid, at which he was not sorry, for he said he hated to be eternally scolded by a blind chambermaid, who wanted him to do *both halves* of the work—both his and her own.

HOW HOWLEGLASS, BEING IN WANT OF READY CASH TO PAY HIS HOST, FOUND A SUBSTITUTE.



WHEN Howleglass left his last master, he made such a good use of his legs, that he arrived at the city of Halberstadt in no time, and boldly took up his quarters at one of the first inns. In about eight days, however, he had expended all his cash, at which he felt a little uncomfortable, and not without reason; for his host had soon run up a long bill, both against Howleglass and his horse, which how he came by doth not appear. Finding that his host was at length getting angry with him, he entreated him to have a little more patience,

and that he should be no loser by it. Howleglass then sent a message to the town crier, with a handsome fee, for him to proclaim the arrival of a stranger, who had brought along with him a curious animal made something like a horse, but which had its head placed where its tail ought to be. Meantime Howleglass tied his horse's tail to the manger, and before the crowd had assembled he had got out some little hand-bills, puffing in high style his new exhibition. The town's-people came running from all sides, thinking to behold some monster, or at least some rare sight. Before permitting a single soul to enter the stable he had secured a penny a head, without making any abatement for children. As fast as they came in and found how wittily they had been deceived, they could not help laughing at the hoax, in which Howleglass joining, earnestly entreated them not to ruin his fortunes, and let those laugh at them who had not paid, by telling the secret to the towns' people on the outside. This they all promised, and as soon as they got home, each advised his neighbour to go and see the great sight. In this way Howleglass raised a good round sum of money, paid his host, and rode out of the town; passing a merry time of it as long as his finances held out.

HOW HOWLEGLASS CAUSED THE INHABITANTS OF MEYBURGH TO BELIEVE THAT HE WAS GOING TO FLY.

AFTER having visited several places, Howleglass came to Meyburgh, where he gave out that he was prepared to exhibit a very novel performance, to which he was invited by the magistrates. On being asked what it was, he answered that it was his intention to mount the top of the council hall, one of the highest houses in the place, whence he intended to fly down without being hurt.

At these tidings, the market-place was filled with people eagerly watching our hero, who with outspread arms was seen on the roof of the house. When he saw the crowd, he laughed and said aloud, "Had you all sworn that you could have flown, I would not have believed you, while you believe a single fool; but I see the place is full of them. If you had yourselves told me, I say, that you were such great fools, I would not have believed you; yet I see all of you can put faith in one who persuaded you that he could fly; so I will, if you will give me wings." He then disappeared, leaving all the people to chew their disappointment, who went home, some laughing, some swearing, and others observing that he was a malicious rogue, who nevertheless had told the truth, for that he was willing to fly down, if they would lend him wings.

HOW HOWLEGLASS ADMINISTERED PHYSIC TO A DOCTOR.

UR hero's fame at length reached Count Brumon Quickforth, the Bishop of Meyburgh, and other great lords, who had a regard for him on account of his humorous tricks. The bishop in particular gave him his cast-off suits and surplices, besides paying for his board. In the bishop's family there likewise lived a doctor of medicine, no great favourite with the rest of the household, because he

had taken an aversion to Howleglass, declaring that he was mad. So whenever he saw our hero at the court, he said to the bishop and his gentlemen, that it would be better to invite philosophers than fools to attend there; that wise men ought to mix with wise men, and reason wisely; and fools consort with fools, and talk folly. Moreover, that if great lords would have the last about their persons, they must be content to go shares in their fame. The bishop's gentlemen highly resenting this, replied, "There is no great wisdom in that reasoning, however; for whoever wishes not to hear folly, may easily depart from fools. Where lords be, there will be fools; and many who imagine themselves mighty wise, are liable to be imposed upon even by fools. Thus it is proper for lords and princes to be surrounded by characters of all kinds; one among another, they contrive to dispel *ennui* and melancholy, and therefore where great lords are, fools like to be."

Now, these same gentlemen repeated to Howleglass the dispute they had had with the doctor concerning him, adding, that if he wished to play him some kind of trick, they would be glad to second him. Howleglass said, "My good sirs, if you will consent to do so, I will serve him out in good style." He then left the bishop's court for the space of four weeks, and came again to Genequestaigne, where he took up his quarters. Well, the doctor fell sick, and was himself compelled in turn to seek advice and assistance. So the bishop's gentlemen stepped forward and said they knew of an expert practitioner, just arrived in the neighbourhood, who was famous for exhibiting a long list of cures.

Then the doctor sent to invite Howleglass to his lodgings, and did not recognize him in his quaint disguise. He said, "If you, sir, can succeed in making a cure of me, I will recompense you well." "I hope to do so," said Howleglass; "but you must submit to have a very good sweating, by the event of which I shall easily recognize what is your complaint. I will then take other measures with you, so that you will not need to apply to me ever again." The doctor believed everything he said, and forthwith took, at one draught, a strong emetic and cathartic to begin with, and without the least signs of reluctance, imagining that it was only a perspiring draught. The doctor was then put to bed, with his head turned towards the wall, in which position, from the pangs which soon attacked him in the abdominal viscera, he thought he must have given up the ghost. It was indeed a terrific night which the doctor passed; and it seemed as if the ghosts of all his patients were revenging their injuries upon him all at once.

"Ah! doctor," cried Howleglass, next morning, as he entered the room, "I think I can perceive how it is with you: the perspiration must have been very copious—my system, I see, works well." "Alas! my dear sir," replied the doctor, "I feel very ill." And in fact he was so bad that he could not hold up his head. But Howleglass assured him that it was all for the best; that it would be a sharp remedy but a short one; and after persuading him to take another dose, exactly of the same strength, he left him to his fate, and fled. The bishop's gentlemen next came to condole with the doctor on his hapless condition, inquiring how he found himself. Already labouring under the effects of the second application, the doctor was very nearly speechless, and faintly

answered, "That he feared he had fallen into bad hands," and began to relate the cruel sufferings he had undergone. The bishop and his attendants, much amused at his adventures, replied, "Yes, yes, this has happened to you according to your words; for you declared we ought not to keep company with fools, because wise men are apt to become fools in their intercourse with them. Sometimes, however, people may be taught wisdom by means of a fool; for had you let Howleglass have his fling, and been a little more patient, you would not have become his patient, and experienced the taste of his tricks. We well knew how he would deal with you, but we held our peace, because we were aware that you were desirous of learning wisdom, at all events, and were so wise that you deserved to be deceived by a fool. There is no man, however wise, who ought not to know the nature of a fool; otherwise, how should he appreciate wise men?" The doctor could make no answer, for he felt a fresh spasm; and though he recovered, he never afterwards ventured to fall out with a fool.

HOWLEGLASS, BEING A PHYSICIAN, CURES ALL THE SICK IN THE HOSPITAL OF NUREMBURG IN ONE DAY.

IT so happened that Howleglass paid a visit to the city of Nuremburg. On the day he entered the place, he caused placards to be posted on the church gates, and trumpeted through the town, informing the inhabitants of the arrival of a great doctor, mighty expert in his art, and who had an infallible recipe for all kinds of maladies. About this time there were lodged at the hospital, which contains the lance which pierced the side of our Saviour, and other holy relics, a number of patients, for whom his advice was required. The keeper of the said hospital, having many very obstinate patients upon his hands, told Howleglass, that being so learned a man, if he would contrive to cure them, he should be well paid. Howleglass then said, "Sir, if you will give me a hundred crowns from the sick fund, I will rid you of the patients; but mark me, I do not ask a shilling before I shall have cleansed the hospital of them all." This was a joyful hearing to the keeper and to the governor, as well as to the subscribers at large, and they insisted upon Howleglass receiving a sum of money to begin with. He then paid a visit to the place, with a stout carpenter at his back, and inquired of each patient apart what was his complaint, at the same time conjuring him to keep secret what he was about to state. "You know that I am come here to cure you all; but it is impossible for me to do that, without having the body of one of you to burn alive, in order to make a powder of it, which the rest are to take. The more sick and diseased the fellow is, the better he will suit my purpose, and I shall certainly choose one who cannot walk. Next Wednesday I am to come with the keeper and the governors, when I shall call over the names of all the patients, and when they must all make the best of their way out, as the last man is to be *powdered* for the rest."

On the appointed day the patients were all on the alert: they had girded up their loins, and not a single one sat unbreeched or unshod, for none wished to remain behind, either to make or to take powders.

Then came Howleglass, with the governors and the committee, to call over their names; but the rogues would not stop to be called,—all proceeded rapidly towards the doors, even those who had been bedridden for the last ten years.

After the coast was quite cleared, Howleglass demanded his fee, which was handed him, and he departed thence. In the course of three days the whole of the patients returned, complaining of their infirmities as bitterly as ever. Then the keeper said, "What is the meaning of all this? I paid a handsome sum to the new doctor to have you all cured." "True," they replied with one voice, "but did you know that he threatened to have the last of us, who should remain in bed, burnt alive, to make powders for the rest?" Then the keeper began to see that he had been hoaxed; but he could obtain no redress, and the patients were obliged to be admitted as indoor patients as before, to the no small regret of the governor and contributors to the fund.

HOW HOWLEGLASS HIRED HIMSELF AS A SERVANT TO A BAKER.

HOWLEGLASS, having taken himself off to some distance from the hospital, next entered into the service of a baker in another town. Early on the ensuing day, when preparing to make bread, he was ordered to come sieve the flour; and he said he should want a candle, as it was almost dark. But the baker replied, "I never trust my servants with candles; they are always accustomed to bould by the light of the moon." "Be it so; I will do so too." The master went to rest for some hours, during which time Howleglass took the boulding-bag and hung it out of the window, then he boulded the flour which fell into the garden below as hard as he could bould. In the morning the baker rose early to begin the process of baking. He found Howleglass still at work, and inquired hastily what he was doing there.—"Was flour made to be thrown in that style upon the ground? Do you know what it cost?" Howleglass answered, "Sir, I have been sieving it in the light of the moon, as you ordered me to do." "Dolt!" said his master, "you ought to have sieved it by moonlight, and not in the light, villain!" "Well," cried Howleglass, "there is no great damage done: I will collect it together again shortly." "Yes," said his master, "but it is too late to bake to-day; there will be no dough." "True, master," said Howleglass; "but let me advise you. Your neighbour's paste is ready for the oven: I will go and borrow it for you." Then the baker flew into a rage, and said, "Go and hang thyself! to the gallows with you, and see what you will find there!" "Very well, master," said Howleglass, and set out to the public gallows, where he found a robber's remains, which he carried back to his master. "Here, I have brought what I found for you; in what way shall I go to work with it?" The baker, still more angry, said, "I will lay an information against you for defrauding public justice." And away he went, followed by Howleglass, to the market-place, where the magistrates sat.

When the baker began to open the case to the judge, Howleglass opened two such eyes as fairly disconcerted his master,—so large and

rolling that no risible faculties could resist them; and the plaintiff could not get through with his charge.

"What do you want?" "Nothing," said Howleglass, "only you were going to complain of me, in my presence, before the judge, and I was obliged to open my eyes to see you." The baker then replied, "Go, get out of my sight! I thought you were a dolt, but you are a malicious wretch, in my eyes, at least." "Ay, they often call me so," cried Howleglass; "but if I was in your eyes, baker, I think you would not be so clear-sighted as you are." The magistrate, seeing that it was a foolish business, quitted his seat; upon which Howleglass, turning up his coat-skirt to his master, said, "Master, if you want to bake bread, behold, can you bake such a loaf as this?" And then giving him the slip, he ran and left him to his own reflections.

HOW HOWLEGLASS SERVED AS A CASTLE WARDER TO THE LORD OF AMBAL, KEEPING A LOOK-OUT AT THE TOP OF A TOWER TO BLOW THE HORN FOR THE ENEMY, AND NEXT BECAME A SOLDIER.

IT came to pass that he one day enlisted into the service of the Count of Ambal as a watch and warder, to keep a look-out for the couriers and blow for the enemy. The count had a number of these enemies, and was under the necessity of employing a considerable body of armed men. Howleglass being stationed upon the top tower, was frequently forgotten at mess-time when the others were enjoying good fare. Now the enemy, making an incursion, carried off a great herd of cattle, Howleglass giving no alarm; but the count, hearing a noise, went and saw Howleglass supporting himself against the window in a musing posture. The count said, "What is the matter with you?" Said Howleglass, "I shall not dance for such a festival as this." "What!" said the count, "will you not sound the horn for the enemy?" "I dare not; besides, there is no need," replied his warder; "your fields are already full of them; they are driving off all your cows, and if I blow for any more, they will besiege you at your castle gates." Shortly afterwards the count's stock of provisions fell short, and he was compelled to make an incursion upon his neighbours, in which he got very good booty. Plenty of boiled and roast beef was the consequence.

The count being seated with his knights and other men-at-arms at a well-furnished table, Howleglass blew a shrill blast, upon which the company ran to arms and made for the gates; but there was no enemy. Meanwhile Howleglass left his station and proceeded to the banqueting room, where he provided himself with as much good fare as he could carry, and departed. The men-at-arms, having all returned as wise as they went, the count said to Howleglass, "Are you mad, villain, that you blow for the enemy when there is none to be seen? yet when they are here, you give no alarm; so you are a traitor, and shall lose your office, and work with the meanest of our hinds." This arrangement was by no means pleasant to Howleglass, and he wished himself fairly out of the castle, but out he could not get; though he always contrived, when there was any fighting, to be the very last to leave the gates, and the first to come back.

Observing this, the count said, "Were you afraid of being well beaten, that you were the last to go out and the first to come in again?" He replied, "Pray, my lord, do not be angry; for when you and your men-at-arms were making good cheer, I was fasting on the top of the tower. This has brought me very weak and low; but give me time to recover my strength with better fare, and you will see me among the first to attack, and the last to make a retreat." The count said, "But you will, perhaps, take as long a time to put you in fighting condition as you were in playing the horn upon the top of the tower. You had better find another service," added the count, and paid Howleglass off; at which he was greatly rejoiced, for he had a great horror of a desperate assault upon the enemy.

HOW HOWLEGLASS JOURNEYED TO SEE THE LANDGRAVE OF HESSE, AND PRETENDED TO BE A PAINTER.

THERE was now not a place in all Saxony which had not heard something of the famous tricks of Howleglass; so that as he found he could no longer practise where he was, he determined to change his quarters, and find some new custom in the district of Hesse. On his arrival he proclaimed the approach of an extraordinary personage, as usual, which brought him an introduction to the landgrave, who inquired what was the great news. "My lord," said Howleglass, "you see before you not only one of the most famous, but the most famous painter in the world, who nearly transcends the merits of all the professors of the art put together." The landgrave said, "Have you no specimen of your skill about you?" On which Howleglass said he had, and displayed several paintings which he had brought with him from Flanders. They pleased his lordship greatly, and he shortly said, "Well, master, and what will you take to paint the whole of my grand hall in the first style?" "As much as you will," said Howleglass, "to be sure." "True; but you must paint the genealogy of the whole of our Hessian family, along with their wives; and as our ancestors have been allied to great lords and princes, I should wish you to produce one of your most magnificent masterpieces." Then Howleglass replied, "My dear lord, it shall be executed as your lordship best approves, though it shall cost me a hundred florins in colours only." The landgrave rejoined, "Then go about it, and we shall not dispute about the price; depend upon it, you shall be well remunerated."

So Howleglass commenced his labours, requesting the landgrave to advance him only the hundred gold florins to buy the colours and engage assistants.

The next morning he appeared with three, and began his labours; but he insisted on no one being admitted to inspect them before a certain period, in order not to be interrupted. This was granted, and when Howleglass and his companions found themselves comfortably seated in the state hall, they spent the whole of their time in playing at tric-trac with the gold florins, much to their satisfaction.

One day the landgrave took it into his head to look at the progress of the great undertaking, and said to his painter, "Master, suppose you just let us see a specimen of your art as you proceed." "Most willingly,"

replied Howleglass, "only I must warn you of one thing before you see the work, which is this, that no one who is not of undoubted legitimate birth can see anything in my painting at all."

The landgrave replied, "That would be a very extraordinary thing," and then, accompanied by Howleglass, entered the hall. The latter had hung a large white piece of sheeting before the wall on which he was painting; and drawing it solemnly on one side with his cane, he pointed to a supposed figure, adding, "There, my lord, you see the first Landgrave of Hesse Hombourg, sprung from the house of the Colonna at Rome. His lady was daughter to Justinian, Duke of Beyerent, who was afterwards Emperor of Rome. From him sprang this Adelphus; Adelphus begot William the Black; William the Black begot his son Louis; and so on down to your own honoured dignity and beneficence. Now I well know that there is not a single artist who can detect a blemish in my work, it is so exceedingly superb, of such astonishing grace, and fine colouring."

Our landgrave, who could distinguish nothing but the whited wall, said within himself, "I must surely be of doubtful extraction, for I can see nothing but the wall." Yet to show his confidence and good taste, he answered, "Master, your work pleases me well, but I can scarcely form a judgment upon it alone." He then retired, and his countess inquired how the painter had succeeded, "For, to say truth, I have a poor opinion both of him and his work." But her lord replied, "Madam, his work is very good work and pleases me; and when our painter will give you permission, you shall see it."

The lady then entreated Howleglass to let her see his painting; and after giving the same explanation to her as he had done to her lord, he exhibited the wall with the supposed figures of the landgrave's family, just as he had before done. Now, the countess had brought eight maids of honour along with her, and a female fool, none of whom could discern the figures which Howleglass was describing, though none liked to say so, and cast an aspersion upon the family honour.

The fool alone observed, "Bless me, my lady, I can see no picture here! let me be thought daughter, for ever and a day, of whom you will." Then thought Howleglass, Since fools can tell the truth, it is fit for me to decamp, and he began to laugh. The countess left the hall, and hastened to find the landgrave, who inquired how she had been pleased with the painting. "However that may be, my lord," she replied, "it does not please our little fool here, for she can see no picture, and the same with my young ladies. Truly, I fear, my lord, that it is all a piece of imposture." And the landgrave began to think it was indeed so. He then informed his painter that he must use dispatch, for the whole of his courtiers were to be admitted the next morning, to see the work; adding, that if he should be lucky enough to find any illegitimate rascals among them, their goods and chattels would accrue to him. Hearing this, Howleglass went to the receiver-general, for another hundred of gold florins to pay to his assistants, who all took French leave, along with their master. Then the landgrave, accompanied by his courtiers, entered the state hall, and inquired for Howleglass and his assistants. He next asked his courtiers what they

thought of the new paintings, thinking to catch them on the horns of their illegitimacy, but they all of them held their tongues.

The landgrave upon this said, "I now see too well, though there is no picture, that we have all been grossly imposed upon. We have before heard of the famous exploits of Howleglass, but we have now ocular demonstration of them. We have indeed paid two hundred florins for the sight; but henceforth we pronounce upon him the sentence of a malicious wretch, and banish him for ever from our dominions."

Howleglass, however, was already at some distance, but he did not again resume the profession of a painter.

HOW OUR HERO DISPUTED AGAINST THE RECTOR AND LEARNED DOCTORS OF PRAGUE.

AFTER this last feat, Howleglass retired to Prague, a city of Bohemia, where there was then established an university of doctors and students. He affixed a notice on the gates of the churches, declaring that he was prepared to answer any questions that could be put to him. He next went with his host and some others to the university, and boldly inquired whether the students were agreeable to let him mount the learned chair. This was granted, and Howleglass soon found himself seated *in cathedra*, while the rector proceeded to question him.* 1st. "How many buckets of water are contained in the sea?" Howleglass said, "Stop the tides, and I will measure them and give you a very satisfactory account!" The rector expressed his inability. A little dashed, he next inquired: 2nd. "How many days have flown from the time of Adam to the present?" "Seven, to be sure," replied Howleglass, "and no more, for when seven are finished, seven begin again, and so it will continue to the end of the world." 3rd. "Now then," cried the rector, "where is the centre of the world?" To this Howleglass replied, "This house, to be sure; you ought to measure it, honoured sir, with a long cord, and should there be a mistake, even of an inch, I will let you know it." Sooner than do this, the rector granted him the question. 4th. "How far may it be from earth to heaven?" "It must be pretty near," returned Howleglass, "for when we chant ever so low in church, it is heard plain enough, sir, above. I will now sing small, and you shall try if you can hear." The rector confessed his inability. 5th. "But yet," cried he, "how large is heaven?" "It is," said Howleglass, "twelve thousand leagues broad, and ten thousand high, and if you will not believe me, go and see; take the sun and moon, and count the planets and the stars; measure them all, and you will see whether I am not right."

After this they had no more to say, but admitted that Howleglass was in the right, and had returned very satisfactory answers to such questions. He then dismounted *ex cathedra*, and left the place, apprehensive lest something disagreeable might occur, in consequence of the triumphant answers he had returned.

* Part of the scene that follows would appear to have been borrowed from the *Fourth Novella* of Sacchetti, in which a miller answers the questions of Messer Bernabo, Lord of Milan, who imagined he was questioning a certain abbot.—*Translator*.

HOW HOWLEGLASS ENTERS INTO HOLY ORDERS.

WHEN the name of our hero had spread through all the adjacent states, and all agreed in banishing him for his excessive malice, he bethought him of a new method of levying money, with little risk or trouble. For this purpose, he stole a priest's surplice, and began as a clerk. In this capacity he looked out for a *memento mori*, or dead man's skull, in the churchyard, and taking one from a handsome vault, he got it furbished up, and elegantly ornamented with gold and silver. With this he journeyed into the land of Pomerania, in order to levy offerings, where the priests use greater diligence in drinking than in preaching. In short, throughout all the villages where there were any indulgences, any nuptials, any funerals, or congregations of any kind going forward, Howleglass was sure to be found there. The priests, for the most part ignorant rogues, were all agreeable to this, and cared not, so that they might only go shares, for, upon the whole of the offerings made, the curates are always allowed one-half.

When the congregation was ready, Howleglass mounted the pulpit, and took occasion to mention that no offerings would be received by him, but such as were pure and free from suspicion; and that none of those of the female part of his congregation would be acceptable, who were carrying on, or had carried on, any intrigues.

"Of a truth," he continued, "I recommend to every adulteress, if unhappily there should be such present, to stay behind; for let all who bring their offerings to me see to it that they are not obnoxious to this failing." He then bestowed his benediction upon the assemblage, and leaving the pulpit, took his station before the altar.

Soon there flocked persons both good and bad, to bestow their offerings. The poor women gave easily into the snare laid for them by Howleglass, firmly believing that the one who should offer no tribute could be no better than she should be, but rather worse. They all therefore vied with each other in presenting their tribute at the altar, thinking it was the only way to continue in good repute.

Some there were who, the better to be seen, repeated their offer two or three times, and the worse they were, the more eagerly did they flock round Howleglass. Such was his dexterity in raising money, both from the good and bad, that he found himself possessed of a considerable sum. After receiving the whole of these peace offerings, he forbade them, under pretence of excommunication, ever to accuse each other of the least frailty, for that they were all absolved and clear; had there been a single frail one among them, he would by no means have allowed her offering. Upon hearing this, the whole of the female congregation looked upon Howleglass as a very devout preacher, because they were unable to penetrate into his cunning tricks.

HOW HOWLEGLASS WISHES TO BE REPAID FOR THE TROUBLE HE TOOK IN DINING.

WHEN day Howleglass came to Nuremberg, not far from Bamberg, and being very hungry, he entered into a house of entertainment where he saw a jolly hostess. She told him he was

very welcome ; for she saw by his equipment that he was a boon companion, and a wonderful knight of the stirrup ; in short, a merry guest. When dinner was set upon the table, our hostess inquired whether he would take his repast with them, or dine at the usual price alone.

Howleglass said, " You see I am a poor companionable fellow, that will bless Heaven if he can get anything to eat." " Ay, ay ; but it must be with money: go to the butcher and baker, see whether they will give you anything for the love of Heaven. We eat here for the love of money; if none, you must go without your dinner." Now Howleglass, who had words always ready to serve two purposes, said, " Good hostess, I mean for money, and nothing else. It is all I ask. I would not for the world think of dining upon nothing ; no, no, let it be for money—come, how much do you ask ?" The hostess made answer, " The gentlemen's table is eightpence, the next is six." " Then the most is the best for me," cried Howleglass, as he made for a large well-furnished board, where he ate to his heart's content.

He went to the hostess as soon as he had finished, and begged her to pay him, as she had said, for that he was a poor man, and could not afford his time for nothing. " My friend," replied the woman, " you have to give me eightpence, and then you are quit." " No, no," cried Howleglass, " you are to give me eightpence, and then you shall be quit of me. You declared we were to eat here for love of money, and that for dining at the gentlemen's table it was to be eightpence. Certainly, as I told you, I did not intend to dine upon nothing, nor for nothing, but I expected to get eightpence; and I assure you I have worked hard and performed my best to deserve it. I can do no more, give me the money and let me go !" The hostess replied, " You have said well, for I think you have eaten as much as any four, yet you have the conscience to ask me to pay you for it. That would be strange indeed ! But you are a wag ! Away with you ! A meal is not much, but deuce take me if I pay you too for eating me up. And hark you ! come to my table no more, unless you come to pay to-day's reckoning with it: a pretty trade I should drive, marry come up, on these terms. I might very soon shut up shop." So Howleglass took his departure, not without saluting her before she had worked herself into a great fume, and adding, " Well, if you can, on your conscience, take my labour for nothing, fare you well !"

HOW HOWLEGLASS JOURNEYED TO ROME, WHERE HE HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.



AFTER Howleglass had practised his arts for some length of time, he bethought him of the proverb which says, " Go to Rome, my honest man, and come back a rogue again."

" To Rome, thy manners to amend ;
Home again thy life to end."

For true it is, that neither a good horse nor a bad man mend their condition by going to visit Rome.

Forthwith then our hero set out for that city, where he first showed his wit by taking up his residence at the house of a rich widow, who, seeing so handsome a young man, inquired whence he came. He said,

"From the country of Saxony, and that he was purposely come to have an interview with the pope."


"Then," said she, "my friend, you may indeed see him, but to speak with him is a very different matter, especially if you be a stranger, as you say. For my part, I would give a hundred or two of solid ducats to any one who will obtain for me a conference with him." "Will you give me a hundred ducats if I will do it?" "That I will," repeated the jolly widow boldly, for she little imagined that he could bring about such an interview without paying a number of fees.

Howleglass now watched the time when the holy procession was accustomed to proceed to the church of St. Giovanni (the Lateran), in order to celebrate mass. Observing the procession go by, Howleglass contrived to pass into the chapel along with the rest, edging up as near to the chair of St. Peter as he possibly could. When the time drew nigh for the elevation of the host, he turned his back upon the altar just as his holiness raised the chalice, and fixed his eye upon the cardinals, keeping the same position until the whole ceremony was over. Mass being finished, one of the cardinals acquainted the holy pontiff that there was a young man present who had turned his back upon the holy sacrament. The pope commanded that he should be instantly secured and brought before him, as he would banish him for an example to all bad Christians, and Howleglass speedily found himself seized and confronted with the mighty pontiff himself.

He first inquired of our hero what was the nature of his creed. He replied, "I am a Christian, and observe just the same faith as my hostess;" and he then mentioned her name, which was pretty well known.

The good dame was instantly sent for, in order to throw light upon the mystery, and the pope first inquired of what faith she was. "Oh, dear! of the holy Catholic faith, to be sure; I believe in all that the holy Church chooses to command or to forbid." Then Howleglass cried out, "So do I! I believe all that too." "How came it, then, that you turned your back upon the holy sacrament?" said the pope. Howleglass replied, "Most holy father, I am a very great sinner, and I felt as if I were not worthy of beholding the holy sacrament, before which I was to make confession." Hearing this, the pope said that such being the case it only did him credit, and he permitted him to go, after bestowing his benediction on Howleglass and his hostess. In this way Howleglass won the widow's hundred ducats, and remained confirmed in his malice more than ever, being in no degree amended by his pilgrimage to the holy city of Rome.

HOW HOWLEGLASS OBTAINED AND CARRIED OFF THE PARSON'S HORSE BY MAKING KNOWN HIS CONFESSION.

N the village of Rosseinberg there lived a curate who had a very pretty chambermaid, and a good horse which he highly prized. Now, the Duke of Brunswick had a great desire to purchase the said horse, and sent more than once to know whether the parson would be inclined to dispose of him, for he did not venture to seize

him, because the parson held his living upon the territories of the councillors of Brunswick. Still the parson obstinately refused to make any bargain, which, coming to Howleglass's ears, he said to the duke, "Sir, how much will you give me if I deliver you the parson's horse, safe and sound, into your hands?"

Then the duke made answer: "I will give you my rich robe of red satin, and a grand mantle all embroidered with pearls." So forthwith Howleglass took leave of the duke, and not only set out to the village, but on his arrival walked straight into the parson's house; for though he was pretty well known there, he received an honest welcome, considering who and what manner of man he was.

After he had sojourned there about three days he pretended to fall sick, and took to his bed, at which both the priest and his servant-maid were much vexed. In spite of this, however, Howleglass kept getting worse and worse, so that at last the priest inquired whether he would like to be confessed, and receive the sacrament of holy Church, to which Howleglass expressed his readiness. Upon this the priest took his confession, and questioned him well, at the same time exhorting him to save his soul, by expressing the utmost contrition for his faults, doubting that he had passed off some notable tricks and impostures in his time.

Howleglass replied, "That there was only one sin which he did not like to confess, and that he would rather do it to another holy man than to him, for should he inform his then confessor, he might, perhaps, be very angry." But the good man said, "Friend, it is too far to send for another priest, and should you unluckily die in the meantime, we shall both of us become sinners in the sight of Heaven; so haste to inform me, and trust me it will not be too great for absolution. Whether it happens to displease me or not need not trouble you; we are forbidden to publish our confessions." "Well," said Howleglass, "I should like to confess it, though I much fear it will greatly enrage you; for all it is no great offence, and it concerns yourself." The parson now became more urgent than ever to learn what it was, and he said; "Whatever petty theft or grand larceny you may have committed, your confessor, who stands before you, will forgive you; he is too much a Christian to hate you."

"Yes," said Howleglass, "but I know too well that you will be greatly offended, but still I feel I am going so very fast that I have no time for demurring. The truth is, good sir, that I have five times fallen from the paths of grace, owing to the temptations of your servant-maid." The parson bit his lips, and hastily granting him absolution, left the room and went to summon his chambermaid. At the mention of the charge she was justly indignant; but the priest said he had heard it from confession—from a dying sinner, and was therefore bound to believe it.

"I say no," cried the maid, "you are not!" "I say yes," retorted her master, "I am!" "No!" "Yes!" And the dialogue became so warm that the priest, making use of his staff, began to lay it about the poor girl's shoulders. The malicious rogue, hearing the uproar as he lay in bed, laughed wickedly in his sleeve at the idea of having deceived

the priest, but he lay still until evening. Then getting up as if nothing had been the matter, he asked the parson, "How much he had spent during his malady?" Both the master and his maid were heartily glad to see him upon his legs, and walking towards the door, rejoiced on any terms to be rid of him.

But as he went out, Howleglass said to the priest, "Sir, recollect that you have published my confession; I am going to Holnstadt, and I shall inform the bishop." The parson, hearing this, suddenly grew calm, and even supplicated Howleglass that he would not serve him such an ill turn. He declared he would go as far as twenty crowns to purchase his secresy, if he would not breathe a syllable of what had passed. "No, no," replied Howleglass, "I would not accept a hundred to have my tongue tied; I shall inform the bishop as it behoves me to do." In great perplexity, the poor parson then brought the servant-maid to use her utmost influence, on any terms, to prevent so fatal a catastrophe. At last, when he saw the parson in tears, Howleglass said, "Well, I will consent then to take your horse, and will say nothing; if not, I will keep no terms with you." The parson made several offers of money to bribe Howleglass from his cruel resolution, to which he would not listen, and he finally rode away on the parson's horse, which he presented to the Duke of Brunswick. For this feat he was mightily praised and recompensed; the duke gave him the fine robe, and on hearing further particulars bestowed upon him another. The parson was in despair at the loss of his steed, and again vented his anger upon the poor chambermaid, so that she was compelled to seek safety in flight.

In this cruel manner was the poor priest deprived of his horse and his maid-servant together, Howleglass having so mischievously worked a complete revolution in her master's mind, thus leading him to hate and maltreat her whom he had so tenderly regarded before.

HOW HOWLEGLASS BECAME APPRENTICE TO A BLACKSMITH.

IT happened that at a certain village in Eastland, named Rosteck, there lived a blacksmith who had several bellows in his forge, which Howleglass took a fancy to blow; so he hired himself, and blew for his master whenever he bade him. Now, the master was in the habit of working a small pair of these bellows himself, saying as he puffed away, "Come, follow me with the big bellows." One day, as Howleglass and his master were thus engaged, the latter, after having made this observation, "Come, follow me with the bellows," walked into his garden. Howleglass, taking down the large bellows, followed him, and when he reached the place, said, "Where shall I set them down, master, while I go for the rest?" "Thou dolt!" cried his master, "I did not mean thee to do this; carry them back for thy pains."

This same master thought to make his concern answer well by rising soon after midnight to rouse his journeymen to their work, and then afterwards going to bed again. His men, murmuring among themselves, said, "What is the reason we are roused so confounded early? we are not accustomed to that sort of thing at all." "If you like,"

observed Howleglass, "I will inquire the reason." "Do so," they all said, "and thou shalt lie a little longer a-bed."

Then Howleglass went and said to his master, "Good master, how comes it that you stir us up so plaguy early in the day?" "It is a rule with me," replied his master, "that for the first seven days my journey-men should sleep only half the night." Howleglass answered not a word, nor did any of the rest; but the next morning, when their master set them all as usual to their task, Howleglass came downstairs with his bed upon his shoulders, and the sparks that were flying about on all sides fell some of them upon the bed. "Are you gone mad!" cried his master, "that you bring your bed to such a place as this? What is it for, may I ask?" "It is a rule with me," replied Howleglass, "when I have slept only half the night, to take my bed along with me, and let it rest the remaining half upon me."

"Carry thy bed speedily back again, rogue, and up there quick, out of my house!" "All very right," said Howleglass, as he went off; and then taking a ladder, he mounted through the roof, breaking his way through the skylight, without saying adieu to any one.

The master, hearing every now and then something heavy falling on the floor, ran up with some of his workmen to see, and found the wood, and glass, and plaster spread on all sides; but our hero had already disappeared. More enraged than ever at this sight, he seized a sword, and was going up after him, had not some of his journeymen prevented him, observing, "Master, he has only done what you commanded him to do *by mounting up there quick*, out of your house! He has disappeared, as you see." And the master was compelled to chew the cud of his anger as he best could.

HOW HOWLEGLASS HIRED HIMSELF TO A SHOEMAKER.



OUR hero next entered into the service of a shoemaker,—a man who was fonder of spending his time in walking to the hall, than of working at home. One day Howleglass said to his master, "Pray, master, in what fashion shall I cut these?" "Cut up all the hide, big and little, just as you see a porker drive his pigs through the gate!" Forthwith he began to cut the leather for pigs, oxen, horses, sheep, claws and hoofs.

In the evening, when his master returned, he was astonished to find his leather cut up in so strange a style, and was naturally very angry. "Why," said Howleglass, "I have only done as you commanded me!" But his master said, "Nay, not so, I never bade you cut up my leather into shoes for beasts—nothing of the sort! but that you should cut them up into small and large sizes for men." "Ay," quoth Howleglass, "if you had told me that, master, so I would willingly have done, and I will still do it, and everything you can direct me;" upon which conditions his master pardoned him. The next day, however, the master cut out himself, and gave Howleglass the shoes to stitch, the large with the small. His master wished to see how he would go to work; when proceeding directly as he had been told, he very solemnly began to sew together one of the small shoes with a large one.

Remarking this, his master said, as he began to chastise him, "You are a good servant, for you do everything to the letter, as you are bidden." "Then," cried Howleglass, "that is a very good reason why you should not cudgel me." "That is true, my friend," continued his master; "but I wish you would learn how to make first a small and then a large pair of shoes. If you mind my exact words more than me, it will never do. See, here is some more leather, cut others as I have told you again and again."

Having occasion to leave him, the master returned again in about an hour, not a little anxious, as he recollected having told Howleglass to cut out in one form, first small, and truly he found an immense heap of leather all cut into small shapes; besides, they were the whole of them *lefts*, made only to fit one foot. "Oh, you villain!" cried his master, "is there not a right shoe as well as a left?" Without being the least disturbed, Howleglass said, "Yes, to be sure, if you want them, I can cut right as well as left; but you ordered me to cut first upon one last." "Friend," cried his master, "if I were to make you my foreman, you would soon send me to the devil; come, pay me for the leather you have already spoiled, and you may go try your fortune elsewhere." "For that, master," replied Howleglass, "you must ask the tanner to supply you with more leather; it is none of my business." And he forthwith ran out of the shop and out of the town.

HOW HOWLEGLASS IMPOSED UPON THE TAVERN-KEEPER OF LUBECK.



SHORT time afterwards Howleglass went to Lubeck; but he stood upon his good behaviour, as the police were especially active at that place.

Now, there was a certain tavern-keeper who kept good vaults for the great men of the town, and who was very proud, declaring that no one could outwit him; but his conceit made him many enemies in the place. This coming to Howleglass's ears, he laid a project for undeceiving him in his own good opinion. For this purpose he took two drinking-vessels of the same size, one full and the other empty, which he carried secretly under his cloak. When he went in, he handed the empty one, bade the tapster draw him a quart of wine, which he took and put under his mantle, at the same time placing that which was under, full of water, very dexterously in its place, as he turned aside.

"What is your charge?" inquired Howleglass. "Tenpence," said the man, "no less." "The deuce it is!" cried Howleglass: "why, man, I have only eightpence here. It is too dear for my table." "What, would you have it for nothing?" exclaimed the fellow, in a great huff: "if you don't like it, you can leave it, can't you?" Thought Howleglass, No, I will not do that! but he said aloud, "I wish I could make eight into ten; but as I cannot do so, you had better let me have the wine for them than lose the sale." Then the tavern-keeper coming up, in a great passion took Howleglass's vessel of water, and threw it into a large wine-vat that stood by, imagining that it was the wine. "What a fool you are," he continued to Howleglass, "to call for wine which you cannot pay for." "Stop there," cried Howleglass: "it is you who

are the fool; for there is no one so full of wisdom but he may at times be deceived, even by a fool, however wise he may be." Saying this, he departed, with the wine and his money both concealed under his mantle. The man, however, suspicious of something wrong, even from his own words, sent a constable after him; and Howleglass being overtaken and the wine found upon him, he was thrown into prison.

Many observed that he well deserved a halter for his pains, while others maintained that it was only an ingenious trick, and that the conceited tavern-keeper ought to have taken better care of himself, in particular considering that he challenged any one to deceive him. Howleglass, moreover, might only have done it to mortify the man's pride and arrogance. But the tavern-keeper's party declared that he was an arrant rogue, and insisted on the sentence of the law, that of hanging, should be carried into full effect.

When the day was come on which he was to be carried to the gallows, the matter was quickly spread through the town of Lubeck, and men on horseback and on foot were seen collected to witness the end of Howleglass's wonderful life. None believed that he possessed the art of necromancy in a sufficient degree to effect his release, but the greater part would willingly have enjoyed the sight of his deliverance.

While they were bearing Howleglass to the place of execution he said not a word, and the people round said that he was more dead than alive. However, when he arrived under the gallows, he said he wished to have a word with the sheriffs, and very meekly entreated that they would be pleased to grant him his last petition—a prayer offered neither for his life, nor for silver or gold, but only for a very small matter; this might be granted him without in the least injuring any one, and each of the sheriffs and councillors present could execute it without spending a farthing. After shortly debating the affair, it was concluded that such a petition from a poor dying wretch might be safely granted. Now, there were a number who were curious to learn what it could be he wished for, after excepting so many other important points. "For none of these," continued Howleglass, "do I entreat you; but for the small favour I so much desire, pray let me have your solemn oath and assurance that it shall be fulfilled." The council made no difficulty, and our hero went on to say, "Now, as I feel certain you will solemnly adhere to your engagement, I do enjoin that you, my lords and councillors, beginning first with the provost, and proceeding in degree to the rest, will, during three mornings after my decease, before taking breakfast, come and kiss me." Then they all began to laugh and to spit, agreeing one and all that it was by no means a fair request. "Yet," cried Howleglass, "I hold the famous council of Lubeck to bear so good and honest a reputation for fidelity and justice as it will not lightly sport withal, but that all will keep me that same promise which they have sworn by word of mouth." After this appeal, the council again went to deliberate upon the affair, and at length concluded that the most fair and satisfactory mode of proceeding would be to leave Howleglass alive as he was, and so release themselves as well as him, each from a very disagreeable operation in its way.

HOW HOWLEGLASS TOOK UPON HIMSELF THE BUSINESS OF A SPECTACLE-MAKER.

IT happened that the electors were one day at variance in their choice of an emperor of Rome, and the Count of Supplemburgh was finally elected. But there were others who wished to elect themselves by force of arms; and it was requisite for the newly-chosen potentate to station himself, during three weeks, before the town of Frankfort, waiting the attack of any who chose to encounter him. Owing to this, a vast concourse of people had assembled; hearing of which, Howleglass said, "There will be a grand assemblage of lords and great people, who will surely give me something, were it only a silver medal, and most certainly I will go." So when he arrived near Frankfort, he there found the Bishop of Treves, who, observing him so oddly habited, inquired who he might be.

Howleglass then replied, "Sir, I am a maker of spectacles. I am coming now from Brabant, but I can nowhere find any custom; our trade is become worth nothing." "I should think, on the contrary," said the bishop, "that your business ought to go on daily improving; for truly men grow more weak-sighted every day, therefore they ought to apply to you for spectacles." Howleglass replied, "My much-honoured lord, you say very true; but one thing hurts our trade, which I would mention, were I not afraid of offending you." The bishop replied, "Say it boldly, man, and fear nothing; we are pretty well accustomed to hear such men as you." Then Howleglass said, "My reverend lord, what most hurts our trade is the apprehension that in future it will be good for nothing. And for this reason, that we observe you and other great lords, along with popes, cardinals, bishops, emperors, kings, dukes, justices, and governors of all lands, all of whom God amend, have got a trick of looking through their fingers (instead of spectacles), and hiding their eyes from the sight of justice, except she come arrayed in gold and precious stuff.

"Formerly great men used to study the laws, in order to learn to whom to administer justice and do right. At that period they wore spectacles, and our business flourished. Priests too studied more than now, and spectacles indeed were in great request. At present they read their lessons by heart, and never open a book for weeks together. This fault is so frequent throughout the country, that even the peasants themselves study through their fingers." Now, the bishop could read this text without any gloss; so he said to Howleglass, "Follow me to Frankfort; I will give you my arms and livery." And Howleglass remained with him until the emperor was inaugurated, and afterwards returned into the land of Saxony.

HOW HOWLEGLASS ENTERED INTO A MERCHANT'S SERVICE IN QUALITY OF A COOK.

IN the town of Herdellem there resided a rich merchant, who, happening one day to be walking in one of his own fields, a short way out of the city, saw Howleglass lying on the green. He inquired who he was. To this Howleglass replied, "I am a cook without a master, and I have been a cook's servant, otherwise a scullion;

but that is now not a place for me." The merchant said, "If you like to become my servant, I will give you good board and wages, besides your clothes; you shall have a trial, for my wife is continually bickering one after another with all her cooks." Howleglass promised to do his best to please him; and his new master asked his name, to which our hero replied that it was Bartholomew. "The name," said the merchant, "is too long; you shall be called *Dol*." "Sir," said Howleglass, "just as you like best, it pleases me well." "Then come," added his master, "you are the sort of man I want; let us go directly into my garden to gather herbs for the young boiled chickens, as to-morrow I have a party coming, and we must make merry with the best cheer." So they went to the house, and when the merchant's wife saw them come in, she said, "Heyday, master mine, what kind of a servant have you brought us here? Are you afraid lest the bread should be left to grow mouldy? What is he for?" "Oh, you shall see that, my dear, to-morrow. Here, *Dol*, take this pannier, and follow me to the shambles."

Away they went, and the merchant bought some pieces of roasting meat, saying on his return, "Now, *Dol*, remember when you put this sirloin down to-morrow, that you leave it to do coolly at a distance, so as not to catch or singe; the boiling piece you may put on a good deal earlier."

"Very good, master," said Howleglass, "it shall be done." So the next morning he rose betimes and brought the meat he was to boil near the fire. But that which he intended to roast he stuck upon the spit, and placed it at a cool distance as he had been told (namely, in the cellar between two barrels of beer) from the fire. Now, before the merchant's guests had assembled, he went to see that all was going on well in the kitchen (for his wife was a fine lady), and he inquired whether the dinner was almost ready, to which Howleglass made answer, "Yes, everything but the roast beef." "Everything but!" exclaimed the merchant; "and where is that?" "It is on the spit," answered Howleglass; "it is doing cool at a distance, as you desired, in the coolest place in the house, which is the beer cellar. You did not say when you would like to have it roasted." While his master was discussing this point with Howleglass, the guests began to arrive, to whom he candidly related the incident, at which some looked grave and others laughed, while his lady was least of all satisfied with the joke. Indeed, she proposed an ejection of the new cook from the premises forthwith.

"My love," said the merchant, "give yourself no kind of uneasiness about that! to-morrow I am going to Gollai, and he must see me there; but on my return he shall be discharged." Then they all proceeded to dinner, and made as good cheer as they could upon what they had got. In the evening when all was over, his master called Howleglass, and said, "*Dol*, see that my coach is in readiness early to-morrow morning, for I and the priest are going as far as Gollai, so look that it be well cleaned and greased." Accordingly when the whole family were a-bed, Howleglass proceeded to grease the chariot well both inside and out. And in the morning our merchant and the priest mounted to drive off; but slip went the priest wherever he laid his hand or foot! and he had many a time nearly broken his neck as they drove along. "What the deuce," he cried, "can it be, that it is so thick and greasy?"

So they stopped and called Howleglass in a great passion, inquiring what vile work he had been doing, and swore and threatened dreadfully. Just then a waggon-load of straw luckily went by, and the unhappy party purchased a small quantity, with which to purify the well-bedizened chariot. Quite enraged, the merchant cried out, "Off to the gallows, you rascal!" and soon after Howleglass saw one not far from the roadside, and driving the chariot right underneath it, he was proceeding very leisurely to unharness the horses. "What is it that you are about, villain?" said his master. "Why," replied Howleglass, "did not you order me to drive off to the gallows? where I thought I was to set you down." On looking up, the priest and the merchant sure enough saw the gibbet; upon which his master, being seized with a panic, commanded him to back, and drive right away as hard as he could flog. Hearing this, Howleglass dashed neck and nothing through the mud, so that by the horrible pulling and tearing, the vehicle came straight in two, the hinder part remaining with the merchant and the priest stuck in the mud, and the other proceeding with Howleglass and the horses just as if nothing had happened. At length with much shouting and running the merchant overtook his driver, and was beginning to inflict summary vengeance upon him, when the priest came up and prevented him; and in this fashion they contrived to accomplish their journey, and so home again. Well! his wife inquired how the merchant had enjoyed his journey? "Oh, delightful," cried the merchant, "now that we are safely returned." Then they called Howleglass, saying, "To-night eat and drink to your heart's content, for to-morrow you quit this house. I cannot keep you, you are too great a malicious rascal for me." "All right, master," said Howleglass. And in the morning when the merchant went out, he again said, "Eat and drink, take as much as you like, but do not let me find you here when I come home from church." So while the family was at church, Howleglass proceeded as he had been ordered to take what he liked; and very shortly he had almost completely gutted the house. In short, the merchant met him with a whole load of his goods in the street as he was coming from church. "Ha! my honest cook," he cried, "what are you dressing now?" "What you commanded me to do," replied Howleglass: "you informed me that I might take what I liked, and rid the house of me." "Leave these things where they are," exclaimed the merchant, "and go to the devil if you please." Howleglass said, "I do everything that my masters order me, and yet I cannot live in peace." So he quitted the merchant in a huff, whom he was sorry again to have met with, while the former had his goods conveyed back to the house.

HOW HOWLEGLASS WAS INVITED TO DINNER, AND WHAT HE DID.

IN the town of Luxembourg there lived a certain maker of flutes, who had so long beaten up the whole country round, as to be up to all kind of tricks. Being in Howleglass's company, he one day said to him, "Let us some day have a drinking bout: suppose you were to come and dine with me to-morrow, if you are able." "That

I can very easily do," said Howleglass; though he did not rightly hear his words. The next day, however, when the hour was come, he proceeded to the house of the flute-maker. What was his disappointment to find the house doors fast, and no answer to his calls; and after many vain trials, he was compelled to kick his heels backwards and forwards, in hopes the host might return, until the afternoon being far spent, he was compelled to own himself a fool and went reluctantly home.

On the ensuing day he met his acquaintance, the flute-maker, in the market, and said, "My good friend, when you invite any one to dinner, are you in the habit of shutting your house door when it is ready?" The other answered, "If you will recollect right, I asked you to come and dine with me, if you were able; but the house door being shut, and no one coming to open, it seems you were not able, therefore I excuse you." Howleglass, sadly nettled at being made the subject of a trick like his own, replied, "I thank you, sir; I did not think of that; but I see we may still live and learn something." The other then laughed, and added, "But, jesting apart, if you will now go to my house, I will soon follow, and you shall have an excellent dinner of roast and boiled, with no one but yourself."

So Howleglass went and found everything as he had said, the man's wife busily directing about the dinner. As it was quite ready, the girl went to look out for her master; his wife too, finding she lingered, went after her to the door, while Howleglass following, just as they had stepped out, shut the door upon them both. He had told them that the master was carrying home a fine sturgeon, and both wife and servant now hastened to meet him. Seeing them running so quickly, he said, "Whither so fast?" and his wife made answer, "Howleglass is at our house, and told us that you had bought a fine sturgeon; where is it, that we may help you to carry it?" Much vexed, the man said, "Why not stop within doors? depend upon it he has tricked us!" True enough, when they arrived, they found all the entrances secured. "Ay, this is the sturgeon you are come to fetch," cried the husband, as he knocked again and again, "and so Howleglass stood in our shoes yesterday; verily I fear we shall dine as he did." "Leave off knocking there," cried Howleglass from within, "and go about your business, for the good host assured me that I was to dine here alone, but you may come after dinner." The flute-maker said, "I said so, but did not mean so;" but he was obliged to go to the house of one of his neighbours until it pleased Howleglass to admit him into his own house, where he was enjoying himself dining with *no one but himself*, as he had been told.

Afterwards, he opened the doors as a great favour, and admitted the host, who only said, for he was very hungry, "Howleglass, this is a bad habit of yours to shut the owners out of their own houses!" and in this way was the trick of the host doubly requited.

HOW HOWLEGLASS BY FALSE WITNESSES OBTAINED A NEW PIECE OF CLOTH.



OW as Howleglass belonged to that class of quiet citizens who are not at all fond of hard work, at the same time loving a little good cheer, he was obliged to be continually on the look-out—

"*quid edendum, quid bibendum,*"—what he should eat and drink. One day he went to a fair, where he saw a countryman who was buying a large linen sheet. Howleglass began to think how he might have it instead of him, after letting him pay for it, which he did. Accosting him, he inquired where he lived? and this being ascertained, he next accosted a priest, and a malicious rogue like himself, to whom he said, "Now is the time you must assist me, and only maintain that the colour of that fellow's cloth is blue, and I will give you a florin, if I trick him, for your pains." Then Howleglass hastening after the man, with the priest and his companion following at a distance, both of whom were instructed to appear when he should make signal, he joined the devoted countryman.

"Well, friend, were did you buy that blue cloth?" The man answered that it was green, and not blue. Howleglass said, "It is blue sure enough, in my eyes." "You have got the blues if not the jaundice, then," said the countryman. "But, sir," cried Howleglass, "I will lay you twenty florins against this cloth, that it is blue, and let the first man we meet decide the point." "Done," cried the man, and it was agreed, when Howleglass making signal, the priest's companion joined them. Said the countryman, "Sir, we two are disputing about the colour of this here piece of cloth; tell us truly what you think of it, we will abide by your opinion." Quoth the priest's companion, "There can be no doubt of that to any who have eyes, it is a piece of blue cloth." "The devil it be!" exclaimed the man; "then you are a couple of rogues who have conspired together to pass such a skit upon me." But Howleglass replied, "I will say nothing of that; however, here comes a priest, I will consent to end the matter as he shall judge best, for he is the Lord's priest, and surely *he* will not lie;" to which the man agreed. So when the priest came up, Howleglass said, "Sir, pray inform us what is the colour of this piece of cloth?" "Why, my friends," replied the priest, "don't you see that it is blue?" The poor countryman, afraid of gain-saying the priest, directly added, "That is true, but these other fellows told me that I lied." The priest said, "What have I to do with your quarrel, whether it be black or blue?" The man answered, "Only, sir, that you would please to decide it." The priest replied, "Man, I can say nothing to the business, except that this piece of sheeting is blue." "Then," cried the countryman, "if you were not a priest, I should say that you had told a horrid lie, and that you were all three a set of malicious rascals, but because you are a priest, it is my duty to believe you;" and he reluctantly gave up the cloth, which the villains cut up into wearing apparel for the winter, leaving the unhappy rustic and his family in great necessity.

HOW HOWLEGLASS PRETENDED TO BESTOW TWENTY FLORINS UPON TWELVE BLIND MEN AS A SIGNAL ACT OF CHARITY.

IN the town of Hanover, where Howleglass was then residing, he effected a number of wonderful tricks famous for their rare ingenuity, and of which the following was one. One day he saw a dozen blind men proceeding along the road, all of whom stopped when

they came opposite, thinking Howleglass was a gentleman by the sound of his horse's feet. When they heard him stop, they made a most humble obeisance, and said, "Good sir, we are weary travellers coming from town, where a rich man has just given up the ghost, for the purpose of collecting alms." "Well," said Howleglass, "it is shocking cold, it is enough to kill you, so go back to the inn which I have just left: here are twenty florins with which you may enjoy yourselves," at the same time giving them nothing, and mentioning the name of the tavern he had been at. The blind men all thanked him, each supposing that the other had received the florins, and then they turned back to stop at the place which Howleglass had pointed out. "Good host," they said, as they entered, "we have met a gentleman on horseback, who has given us twenty florins to spend with you during the winter season."

The landlord being an avaricious dog, received them with a kind welcome, without ascertaining which of them was the treasurer; so, ushering them into a room, he said they should have the best he could afford. Accordingly he gave them good fare, and plenty of strong drink, until he had made out a bill amounting to the exact sum of twenty florins. He then went to know whether they would like to settle, to which the blind answered, "Yes," adding, "let him who received the florins give them to our host for change."* Here was the difficulty: first one and then another denied having received any, and so with all the rest, when they began to scratch their heads, and look very foolish at the good host. They declared that they had been sadly imposed upon; when, after some vain reproaches, the host began to consider that it would be worse to detain them than to let them go, if he were to keep them at his inn; yet, having resolved to be paid his money, he compounded the matter by disposing of them in a large pigstye for a prison, and sent them a little hay and straw to feast upon.

When Howleglass imagined the blind men must almost have spent their money, he rode back towards the inn, and in going to the stable with his horse he saw his blind friends in their new abode. Then, accosting the host, he said, "What can be the reason that you have got those poor fellows shut up there like hogs—have you no bowels of compassion?" "Would," cried the host, "that the rascals were with the rest of their pack, and I was paid for their entertainment!" at the same time telling Howleglass how he had been imposed upon. "But," said our hero, "could you not take bail for them?" "Yes," said the man, "I should be glad to have good bond, and then let the pigs out of the sty." "You wretch!" said Howleglass, "I will see whether it cannot be done for love of charity." And he hastened to the curate's house, and said to him, "Sir, I entreat you will lend your hand to a pious work: mine host of the —— hath suddenly become possessed, I think he hath a legion of devils. I beseech you to try if you can exorcise them, and you will be rewarded." "That," said the curate, "I will do willingly; but we must wait a few days, we must do nothing in a hurry." "Good," said Howleglass, "and in the meanwhile I will

* This incident has been frequently worked up, and become current in a number of stories, in particular among the Italians. It forms the subject of a tale of Sacchetti, and has been likewise given by Sozzini.—*Translator*.

bring his wife, to whom you may communicate our intention." "Let her come," said the curate, "and I will see to it." So Howleglass went back and said to the hostess, "I have found good bond for your husband, if he will let you go with me to speak to the party." This being agreed, they went to the curate, and Howleglass said, "Here is the man's wife; now let her hear what you have promised." "Very good," replied the curate; "if you will only have patience a day or two, good dame, I will call upon your husband, and hope to set him at rest." "That is a good hearing," said the hostess, and hastened home to acquaint her husband, who, satisfied of the curate's respectability, gladly permitted the blind men to go free.

Howleglass having thus settled matters with the host, took his departure, leaving the curate and him to decide the question as they best could. Then on the appointed day the hostess waited upon the curate, to receive the amount of the blind men's bill. Then the curate replied, "It is by your husband's orders you are come?" to which she assented. "I thought so," said the holy man; "it is the devil that makes him talk of money." "Nay," said his wife, "please you, sir, not the devil; it is he himself who wants the money." "Ay," said he, "I am told that the devil has prevailed with him, though I trust with the grace of God that he may yet be restored." "Well, well," said the hostess, "I see how it is: when ill-disposed persons are averse to pay, they make these inventions." And she went home, complaining bitterly of what the curate had said.

But the host himself was so enraged that he ran out of the house, with a piece of roast beef which he had upon the spit in his hand, and hastened towards the curate's, who, seeing his approach, made the sign of the cross, and calling his neighbours to his aid, he told them that the man was possessed. The host running towards him, cried in a loud voice, "You shall pay! you shall pay!" All present crossed themselves, and stood round the priest, who ran a narrow chance of being spitted by the demoniac, who was with much difficulty driven away. All the efforts of the holy man proved in vain to dispossess him of the bad spirit that made him continually harp upon the curate's money, which he never ceased to demand, though the former assured his neighbours solemnly that he owed him nothing. Still he repeatedly tried to rout the evil spirit, without success; and the strife continued between them as long as the parties lived.

HOW HOWLEGLASS PUTS ANOTHER LANDLORD TO ROUT, BY THE SIGHT OF A DEAD WOLF, AT ISLEBEN.

AT that place there dwelt a proud and spiteful landlord, who also piqued himself greatly upon his courage. Howleglass arrived at his house during the winter season, in a great fall of snow. Three merchants from Saxony likewise arrived late in the same evening. The host, casting a sidelong glance, observed, "Where the deuce can you be coming from at this time of night?" The merchants said they had unluckily met a wolf in the way, which, together with the heavy fall of snow, had delayed their arrival. On hearing this, the host be-

came more free in his remarks than before, ridiculing the idea of being scared by a wolf. "For my part," he continued, "were I to encounter a dozen in the open fields, I would not budge a foot. I would engage them like a man, and not go out of my way, like you;" and in this manner he went on jeering them till nightfall.

Howleglass being present, and having heard the whole history, said not a word, but proposed to occupy the same room as the strangers, which they agreed for with the host. When they had retired to the chamber, they began to consider how they might requite their host for all the ridicule which he had heaped upon them.

Then Howleglass spoke out, "Gentlemen, I see this fellow is a great braggadocio, hardier in word than deed; but I will put him to the proof, if you please." "Nothing could be more agreeable to us," said they, "and we will moreover pay you for your trouble." Our hero answered, "To-morrow go about your affairs, and return here in the evening. I will be prepared, and draw a draft upon the valour of our host, which we shall see how he will honour." So the merchants did, and paid both for themselves and Howleglass, while the host on his side did not forget to warn them to take heed of the wolves, and shouted after, mocking them as they went. They thanked him, observing that if the wolves should eat them they would be in no condition to return in the evening; saying which, Howleglass and they rode different ways; but at the time appointed they were true to the hour, while Howleglass meantime had the good fortune to meet a wolf, which he killed and flayed, being the most ingenious thief of the two. When the wolf's hide had become hard with the frost he conveyed it secretly into the host's house, who had still recourse to his old bravados when he saw the merchants return. They only replied, "As you can encounter so many wolves at a time, suppose you were to kill one just to show your valour."

In a great passion he swore that there was nothing which he said that he was afraid of doing, and the merchants soon after went into their own room. Then Howleglass said, "Pray, let me deal with him; only take care, when the host and his household shall be at rest, to be on the watch." At that time Howleglass went downstairs, and took the wolf's skin, quite hard and frozen, and placed it before the kitchen fire in an upright position, supported by sticks so as to look perfectly natural, with his jaws stretched wide with another stick, into which he had stuck two old shoes, as some sign of the hunger he felt. This done, Howleglass returned to the merchants, who directly began to rouse their host. "Landlord, landlord, I say!" "What do you want?" answered the host. "Want!" retorted they, "we want something, to be sure. Up with your tapster, your chambermaid, or yourself; we will settle to-morrow." The host, vexed at being thus disturbed, swore it was not the custom to drink during the night in Saxony. Still he called the barmaid, bidding her carry what they wanted into their room. So she got up and ran to light her candle. Seeing the wolf at the kitchen fire, she ran into the garden, imagining he had already eaten the children in the cradle. Next the host called his tapster, and he too went down to light his lanthorn, which he did before he got a sight of

the wolf ; and supposing he must have already devoured the girl, he hid himself in the cellar. Now Howleglass called the host himself for the third time, vociferating that the merchants were dying for drink ; or at any rate to bring them a light, and they would go and draw for themselves.

Supposing his servants must have fallen asleep, mine host at length rose, and went like the others to light his candle. In going to the fire, he got so near the wolf before he saw him, that when he did, he fell down with fright, thinking he was already in the beast's paws, and uttering cries for help. As the merchants drew nigh, he howled out most piteously, " Oh, haste, haste, he has eaten the tapster and the barmaid ! he is just swallowing her shoes ! " As he uttered these words, Howleglass and the merchants with peals of laughter ran in, exclaiming, " Here is the brave man who would clear the country of a dozen wolves, and yet he is afraid of being shut up in his own house with a dead one ! " When the host found himself thus tricked, he was quite at a nonplus, being taken so very short, so that he had not a word to throw at a dog, much less at a wolf now. He saw well that his previous proud looks and boastings had lost all their lustre at the apparition of a dead wolf ; and he sneaked back to his bed-room. Next morning the merchants in high triumph settled their own and Howleglass's account with the humbled host, who never more ventured to boast of his peculiar valour ; and they then departed.

HOW HOWLEGLASS PLAYED A LITTLE DOG, AND MADE A PRESENT OF ITS SKIN TO ITS MISTRESS, THE HOSTESS, TO SETTLE A PART OF HIS SCORE.

HOWLEGLASS having next taken up his quarters at Aslar, where he lodged with a person who had no other lodgers, except a little dog, to which she was mightily attached, our hero had a quarrel with her, which arose as follows. She was always cherishing her favourite at Howleglass's expense, seating him near the fire, treating him to tit-bits, and teaching him to drink beer out of a porringer.

Now, whenever Howleglass was drinking, the dog began to make his court, and the hostess uniformly added, " You see, friend, what he wants ; give him a drop in his porringer, he is asking you ; " and this was so often repeated that he shared with Howleglass everything there was on the table, until, being quite full, he stretched himself again before the fire. At length, after being both well fed for a length of time, Howleglass inquired for a settlement. On looking it over, he said, " Now, my good hostess, answer me one thing. If you had a guest, who should eat all your victuals, and drink your beer, and had no money to pay you, how would you like it ? " The dame, thinking he spoke of himself, and not about her dog, said, " I give no credit here ; I must have either money or pledge from all. " Howleglass replied, " I am content for my share, let my companion look to his own. " Then on finding a fit occasion, in her absence from the room, he took the dog, and going into the stable, he put him to death, and flayed him ; after which he returned into the house, with the skin under his coat.

Then calling to the good lady, he said, "Now, madam, I think we can settle." So she presented him again with the account; which he soon handed her back again, taxed with half costs. She eagerly inquired, "Who is to pay the other half? for you have had the whole yourself." "Not so, madam," replied Howleglass, "there was one more, and he had no money to pay his share. However, he is willing to leave his pledge."

The hostess said, "Who can that be?" "He will leave you," said Howleglass, "the best suit he had to wear;" at the same time showing her the little dog's jacket. "Here, take it," he said; "this is the best suit of clothes, by way of pledge, which the fellow who ate and drank with me can leave you." The poor dame was dreadfully shocked at beholding the favourite's jacket in such hands, and she cursed Howleglass from the bottom of her heart. He replied, "Your maledictions are of no use; it is all your own fault, for you enjoined me to give plenty to eat and drink to your little cur; and I kept telling you that he had no money, though you would not believe me. Now, as he has no money, he must e'en leave his coat; pray accept it for his part of the score."

The hostess at this was more angry than before, and shrieked out, "Away, villain, out of my house, and never show your face again!—march, sir, march!" "No," cried Howleglass, "I will not march, but I will ride away." Saying which, he sprang upon his horse, saying, "Good hostess, take precious care of your pledge until you get the money, for I shall come back again, and hope to taste the flavour of your wine without paying anything at all."



HOW HOWLEGLASS FURTHER MOCKED THE SAME HOSTESS, BY MAKING HER BELIEVE THAT HE WAS TAKEN PRISONER AND STRETCHED UPON A WHEEL.

IN little more than a week after this adventure, Howleglass came to lodge at a village near Aslar, where he left his horse, and, changing his dress, went to see his former hostess. Now, there happened to be a wheel lying before the door, upon which he seated himself, and bade the hostess good-day. He then asked whether she had yet heard tidings of Howleglass. "What should I hear," said she, "of a wretch too horrible for me to hear even named?" "Why," said our hero, "what has he done, that you are so very angry? Don't you know that he never leaves any place without committing a number of wicked tricks?" "That," replied the hostess, "I can well aver, for it is not more than eight days since he flayed my little dog, and himself gave me the hide for what he said he had drunk." Howleglass said, "That was not well done." "But," said the hostess, "it will come home to him some of these days." "True, hostess," said Howleglass, "he has already got his deserts; he is stretched upon a wheel." "Praised be the Lord!" cried the hostess; "and had I been there, I would gladly have paid for the wheel; and if I had the power, I would have broken his legs and arms with my own hand." "Then," said Howleglass, "we have said enough upon this subject. It is, however, all true that I have said;" for he was then leaning upon a wheel; and bidding her farewell, he hastened from the spot, nor ever returned to it again.

HOW HOWLEGLASS TOOK OCCASION TO PLACE HIS HOSTESS UPON A SEAT OF HOT COALS.

AFTER Howleglass's departure, he went to quarter himself upon a house, where the landlord was absent; and to begin, he inquired of his wife whether she knew anything of Howleglass. "No, not I," said she, "but I have heard that he is a mischievous hound." Howleglass, however, again addressed her with fair words: "I wonder, madam, that you don't know him!" "I have no wish," she replied, "for everybody repeats it, as far as I hear, and complains of him." Then Howleglass said, "Madam, if he have done you no harm, why do you abuse him so? You only know him to be such a malicious rogue from hearsay." "Yes," said the woman, "I tell it you just as I heard it, from my lodgers;" at which Howleglass held his tongue. The next morning, however, he rose early, and finding the embers still warm in the kitchen, he kindled them up a little, and then went and carried the hostess, who was in a sound sleep, downstairs, and laid her upon the hot coals, which made her smart well before she awoke. Then Howleglass said, "Now, indeed, dame, you may say from your own experience, much better than hearsay, that Howleglass is a malicious rogue; for you have had a taste of his tricks." The hostess began to cry murder! and stop thief, stop thief! with as loud a voice as she could; but Howleglass made his escape; adding, "This is the way to serve people who say ill of one by hearsay, though one never did them any harm, nor even so much as saw them."

HOW HOWLEGLASS DECEIVED A DUTCHMAN WITH A ROASTED APPLE.

ASHORT time afterwards, Howleglass went into a tavern where there were a number of Dutchmen. Being disgusted with them, he ordered a dozen eggs to be boiled and set before him. One of the Dutchmen, however, taking Howleglass for a simple rustic, took the eggs one after another, and devoured them all, each time setting a shell before Howleglass, and observing, "Here, sir, is the husk, but the kernel has slipt out." The rest of the company laughed, and Howleglass likewise, staring at them like a fool, as if he had been moonstruck. But hear the sequel!

In the evening, Howleglass called for a roasted apple, which he emptied as adroitly as the Dutchman had done the eggs, leaving only the pippins within; to which he added a goose-quill cut up into several bits upon a trencher; he then took and laid it upon the table, with sugar and ginger, as if he had been going to make a feast; and leaving the room, he patiently awaited the result. He was no sooner gone than the same Dutchman took his apple, and devoured it hastily, to empty the apple before his return; but lo! in a minute or so he was seized with the most excruciating pangs and vomitings, and became so extremely sick, that the host and his companions believed he would infallibly die. "Alas," cried the man, "I am poisoned! fare you well." "No," replied Howleglass, "you are not poisoned; but you are labouring under a very strong emetic, such as the great gourmand's stomach is sometimes subject to. Had the Dutchman first informed me that he

was about to devour the apple, I could have told him that it would not agree with boiled eggs. In fact, they are bitter and sweet enemies to each other; they cannot remain five minutes under the same roof, so you see they are compelled to part."

With some difficulty the Dutchman recovered; and he then said to Howleglass, "Eat in future whatever you like best: I will never meddle with you, nor ever invite myself to sup with you again."

HOW HOWLEGLASS PREVAILED UPON A WOMAN TO DESTROY HER OWN EARTHENWARE.



ONE day Howleglass went to pay a visit to the Bishop of Bremen, who had a great regard for him, as they had spent many a merry hour together. So having first lodged his horse in the bishop's stable, and ordered him good provision of hay and oats, he hastened into the palace. Bidding him welcome, the good bishop expressed a wish to see some specimens of his ingenuity; but Howleglass wore a very grave countenance, and slowly repeated his *Pater Noster*, to which his friend the bishop listened rather impatiently,

Now, Howleglass had just before been with a crockeryware woman, and had made a bargain with her for all her crockeryware, which she was bribed, with suicidal hand, to break to pieces, at a signal to be given by Howleglass. The bishop now inquired of him where he had last been; and Howleglass answered, "to church." "Indeed, you are very solemn," said the bishop; "will you do nothing to make one laugh?" "Please your grace," replied Howleglass, "if you will come as far as the market-place, you will see a woman who is selling earthenware, and who without saying a word, when I make a secret sign to you, shall fall upon her own wares, and break them to pieces." The bishop said, "That I should like to see! but I will bet you thirty gold crowns that she will do no such foolish thing. What! break her own pots! impossible."

So the bargain was made; and the bishop went along with Howleglass to the market, who pointed out the woman where she stood, and just as they had reached the steps of the town hall, he made a sign as he had said, and the bishop looked attentively towards the spot.

The same moment the crockery woman got up as if in a great passion, and began to smash her wares with a huge stick, until the whole was demolished. All the spectators burst out a-laughing as well as the bishop and his people; and on their return the bishop said to Howleglass, "How the deuce could you possess the woman to break her own crockery? tell me, and I will pay you the thirty crowns." "Please your grace," said Howleglass, "it was not done by chance nor ignorance; the truth is, I had bought them." The bishop began to laugh, and gave Howleglass the thirty crowns, only making him promise that he would not amuse any one else with the story; in which case he would give him a good fat beeve; and Howleglass very joyfully took his departure.

The bishop being seated at table with his gentlemen, informed them that he had learnt the secret of the crockery woman's conduct; and the whole party showed great curiosity to know it. The bishop said, "If you will each of you give me a fat beeve for my kitchen, I have no

objection." The whole party agreed to give one, most of them indeed two, each to the value of six crowns. When the beeves were collected, Howleglass came forward and declared that one-half of them belonged to him. "No," said the bishop, "only what I promised you." And he selected one of the finest, which Howleglass drove off.

The bishop then calling his lords and gentlemen, said, "Listen, and I will keep my promise : it was that malicious rogue Howleglass who bribed the woman in order to impose on me ; the rest your sagacity will account for." When the whole company heard this, they were quite ashamed and chapfallen, for they repented having bartered their oxen on such terms ; but they were obliged to hold their tongues. The bishop on his side had even done better than Howleglass, for he not only repaid himself the thirty crowns, but cleared a much larger sum by the sale of the beeves, of which our hero obtained one. The lords and gentlemen indeed were sadly chagrined at having been thus tricked by their bishop ; but there was no help for it.

HOW HOWLEGLASS BROKE THE CHAPEL STEPS OF THE HOLY MONKS GOING TO SING MATINS, AND WHAT ENSUED.

HOWLEGLASS, being now pretty far advanced in years, began to think of repentance, and turned his thoughts to religion, with the hope of reforming his evil ways. For this purpose he went to the Abbot of Mariendal in the land of Saxony, whom he entreated to find him a resting-place as a sort of lay brother. The abbot, who was a facetious man, replied, "I will give you a place, but it must not be a resting place ; you must do something for your living ; we have no sinecures here. Both I and my brethren are all engaged in doing something, and all here do as they are bidden." "Reverend father," said Howleglass, "what pleases you will please me well." Then the abbot said, "Yet I see pretty well that you do not much like work, so you shall have a station at the gates, which you will only have to open and shut, and to converse with civil people." "Reverend father," replied Howleglass, "Heaven reward you, I will assuredly do whatever you command, and leave undone whatever you please to forbid. I can say no more." "Then," said the abbot, "here are the keys, and be sure not to admit all that knock at our gates, but only three or four at the most ; for there are so many idling rogues abroad, that if we were to admit them all, the gourmands would eat up our monastery." Howleglass made answer, "Reverend father, I would willingly prevent that."

Now, it one day happened that a party of the monks were returning with a convoy of provisions for the convent, and Howleglass would permit only four to enter, leaving the rest to kick their heels on the outside. A complaint of this being made to the abbot, he said to Howleglass, "Oh, I see you are a wag, and is that the reason you would not admit my monks into the monastery?"

"Father," said Howleglass, "I admitted as many as you commanded me, and no more." "Nay," said the abbot, "you have played the rogue, the malicious rogue, and you are no longer worthy to be called our porter." So he put another in his place, feeling quite assured that he would never abandon his old tricks, and transferred him to another

post. This was to take a muster of the monks who came to matins ; " And mark," added the abbot, " if you be tripping here, I shall give you notice, and rid the convent of you." Howleglass said, " Reverend father, this taking muster will be a heavy job ; how many are you, I wonder ? " " Do it as I say," repeated the abbot ; for he had already wished to get rid of him. " Then," thought Howleglass, " I shall never be able to number all these sheep by the head. They must not come to matins too fast." So he went and broke some of the staircase steps leading into the place ; and first came, and first did go plump down, the prior, an ancient holy man, who was in the habit of leading the way to matins, and broke his leg upon the steps. He made such piteous moans, that the rest of the monks ran in a body to see what could be the matter, and in their zeal to save the prior they all fell down the steps from top to bottom. Howleglass was standing near counting them as they fell, with a piece of chalk upon a slate, and just as the abbot got up, he observed, " Reverend father, have I not well fulfilled your orders ? I have taken a muster of the monks ; here it is." Then the abbot answered, " You have played the part of a malicious wag as you are ; so budge speedily hence ! " Then it was that Howleglass took his departure for Mullen, where it is no wonder that he fell sick, and had time to repent of his late impious tricks.

HOW HOWLEGLASS GREW VERY SICK AT MULLEN, HOW HE TREATED HIS APOTHECARY, AT WHOM HOUSE HE WAS ; HOW HE WAS CARRIED TO THE HOSPITAL, AND WHAT HE SAID, WHEN HE COULD DO NO MORE MISCHIEF IN HIS OLD WAY



T Mullen, Howleglass feeling himself grievously sick, marched straight to the house of an apothecary, asked for some medicine, and walked upstairs to bed, bidding the doctor to attend to his case. Somewhat vexed at this want of ceremony, yet supposing he could pay well, the doctor determined to administer sharp medicines ; which being taken, very speedily compelled Howleglass to get up again. Being in the night, however, he began to advise with himself, what was best to be done. On going downstairs, he found all the doors made fast, except that into the doctor's shop, into which he entered, still greatly puzzled, and reasoning within himself, " At all events, this good apothecary shall lose nothing by me. True it is, I have neither silver or gold, but I will give him what I have." And now he was just on the point of replacing one of the doctor's drug-boxes, when the doctor, hearing a noise below stairs, suddenly entered. On finding how matters stood, he went into a passion, and vowing Howleglass should stay no longer in his house, he had him conveyed to the hotel of San Spirito, where his mother hearing that he was at his last hour, being very poor, and believing he might have some money to leave, was soon in attendance. Beginning to weep and lament over his condition, she said, " My poor son, where are you so unwell ? " Howleglass replied, " Here, mother, between the wall and the bed." " Nay," said his mother, " speak to me sweet and pretty words, dear son ! " Howleglass replied, " Honey, honey ! is that a sweet thing ? " She then said, " My good Howleglass, where is your money ? and where are your goods ? " " They are so safe, I think nobody will find them ; but I leave you, mother, all my goods, just straight and crooked as they are."

Howleglass, now fast getting worse, was asked whether he would not like to have a confessor and take the sacrament, to which he agreed, for he said he felt that he should never give this last enemy the slip. "Never mind," said an ancient Beguine nun, "you have only to repent, in order to smooth your way out of the world." "Nay," quoth Howleglass, "I shall die neither more smoothly nor pleasantly, for repenting of my sins, for death is hard and bitter; it takes a good deal to kill one, good or bad; besides, I will make no private confession. Why should I? I have sinned against all nations and all individuals, wherever I found them. Those I have anyway benefited will speak of it after my death; and as for such as I have injured, you may depend that they will not hold their tongues. However, I only repent of two things which I have been unable to accomplish." "Nay," said the old nun, "rather be joyful, if they should be anything wrong, and repent of the rest of your sins." "You may think of it as you please," replied Howleglass, "but they are as follow: whenever I saw any one picking his teeth with a knife, or anything else, I felt infinite regret at not having put something on the point of it. The other is, that whenever I saw an old woman above fifty, I felt a great inclination to have her either burned or drowned, to rid the world of her." "Then Heaven take care of you," said the old nun, "for I no longer will; I am myself sixty years old." "Yes," said Howleglass, "it is that that vexes me." "Oh! the devil fetch you!" cried the nun; and she left her sick patient, in a great huff, to himself. "Ah!" said Howleglass, "I find she is not a truly devout sister, or she would not so lightly have taken offence; in my opinion, she is worse than the devil."

HOW HOWLEGLASS ONCE PURCHASED SOME BUTTERMILK, AND HOW HE PAID FOR IT.

WE must not here forget to mention, that before Howleglass went to the monastery of Mariendal, of which there has already been an account, he arrived on occasion of a festival at Bremen. He perceived a number of countrywomen coming to the fair, carrying buttermilk, and he marched up to them as if he had been a public officer, and ordered them to empty their milk into a large vessel, marking down the contents of each upon a slate, in order to obviate all abuse. Supposing they were to be paid for their milk, the women stood waiting; and Howleglass told them that he would settle with them the week after, when they all ran to take their milk back; while Howleglass told each of them to take her own. Great was now the scramble, all were drenched and painted from head to foot with buttermilk, and flung their jugs at one another's heads, making a most hideous din. When they a little recovered, hardly knowing on whom to take vengeance, they sought everywhere for Howleglass, crying out, "Where is that malicious rogue, who pretended to measure and take our milk? Let us have him, that we may duck him in the mashing-tub." The spectators of this scene were greatly amused, observing to all that passed, "What a day it is! Do you see how it has been raining buttermilk? the streets are swimming with it."

HOW HOWLEGLASS ENTERED INTO THE ORDER OF ST. ANTHONY, AND PREACHED AT A VILLAGE NEAR BARCELONA, IN CATALONIA, AND EXHIBITED RELICS TO THE PEOPLE, WHICH HE BROUGHT FROM THE HOLY LAND.*

AT the time when Howleglass was a monk of the order of St. Anthony, and called the Rev. Father Anastasius, he was often in the habit of going to collect alms, as much as the simple were pleased to give him, at least once a year. Now, Howleglass was a little squat figure, with a sharp keen visage, red head and beard, and one of the best jokers and ralliers in the world. Though he had no learning, he was so perfect and prompt a speaker, that any one not acquainted with him would have called him a great orator, equal to Cicero or Quintilian; and indeed he was gossip to most in the same country, and related to or welcomed by all. According to his old practice, he went there in the month of August; and one Sunday morning, when all the good people were about to go to mass in the grand church, he advanced when he thought it was the right time, and said, "Good ladies and gentlemen, it is a custom with you, as you know, to send some small part of your products every year to the poor followers of St. Anthony, each according to his power and piety. By these means only will St. Anthony consent to be the guardian of your beeves, your pigs and asses, and all your flocks. Besides which, you have to pay the small duty marked down to be paid once a year in the books of our fraternity. Now here am I, sent by my superior, our good abbot, to collect these little dues; so that, with the Lord's blessing, you will come when you hear the bells, as you go out of church, and I will preach you a discourse such as will be pleasant to the ears of the disciples of St. Anthony. You shall kiss the cross, and moreover I will show you a very precious and holy relic, which I myself brought from the Holy Land, beyond sea: no less than one of the feathers from the wing of the angel Gabriel, which he dropped in the chamber of the Virgin, when he came to make the annunciation at Nazareth." Having announced this, he ceased, and returned to hear mass. But now at the time when he made this modest proposal, there were present two boon companions, both of whom, though intimate with Howleglass, no sooner heard his intention than they resolved to play him one of his own kind of tricks. Knowing that he was that day dining with one of his friends at the castle, they no sooner saw him seated at table than they slipped down into the street, and went forthwith to his lodgings; and while one amused the servant, the other contrived to find the famous feather, which he secretly secured, leaving everything else exactly as he found it. They were curious to hear what Howleglass would say to the people when he found the loss of "his relic—the parrot's feather of which they had deprived him. To complete the joke, they likewise substituted some coals in the box from which they had taken it. At the appointed time they went to see how Howleglass would look when he found the coals instead of the feather in the presence of all the people. After grand mass

* It will be observed that portions of this and the next chapter are almost identical with similar descriptions in the Italian Novels, and in some parts of *Friar Gerand*. In what direction the current of fiction first ran it is difficult in this instance to say, but we are inclined to think that Howleglass has occasionally arrogated to himself the exploits of others.
—Translator.

had been said, the simple audience waited in the utmost state of excitation for a sight of the angel Gabriel's feather. Every one repeated the approaching miracle to his neighbour, and dinner was no sooner over than they began to collect on all sides, with expressions of the greatest piety and wonder. To add to the numbers, Howleglass let them wait a good while. He ate a good dinner, took his wine, and, after sitting a little, rose very quietly, sending word to Guccio Imbrate that he should bring the little bells and the besaces, which after having unwrapped with much difficulty, assisted by the scullion and Nutto the servant, he proceeded to the place of exhibition. He ordered his attendants to go to the church gate and ring the bells with all their might. And the people being now all in readiness, Howleglass, unconscious of his loss, began his discourse, which he very artfully led to his particular purpose. At length, wishing to display the angel Gabriel's feather, having first concluded his devotional confession, he ordered two torches to be lighted, and then unfolding the wrapper, and taking off his monk's cowl, he pronounced a grand panegyric upon the angel Gabriel and his relic. Now he opened the *sanctum sanctorum* of his box, which he found full of coals, and inwardly cursed his valet's negligence in having suffered such a trick to be played, for he knew that he had not wit to think of such a thing himself. However, without in the least betraying his confusion, he raised up his hands and eyes to heaven, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "How great and miraculous!" and, shutting up the box, he again went on with his discourse. "Good ladies and gentlemen, I must now inform you that when I was very young I was sent by my superior into the east, in order that I should do my utmost to discover the privileges of St. Anthony, which, though they cost nothing, are more useful to others than to us. I took my route from Venice, through the Grecian city and the kingdom of Algarve. Here I found the venerable Father Messire, to whom I said when I waited upon him, 'Do not be offended, most worthy Patriarch of Jerusalem;' and he, out of reverence for every one who bore the habit of our patron St. Anthony, wished me to behold that holy saint's relics, which he possessed. Of these, indeed, he showed me so many, that if I were to attempt to give you an account of all, I should never have done. However, he had some bottled rays of the star which appeared to the three eastern kings, and a small phial containing St. Michael's drops of sweat, which poured down in his combat with the devil. He had also some of the sound of the bells belonging to the grand temple of Solomon, and the feather of the angel which I have mentioned, with the coals which roasted the blessed St. Lawrence; all of which I was permitted to bring back with me. True it is, that my superior would never permit me to exhibit them, until it had been clearly certified that they were the genuine things; but now, from undoubted miracles which they have wrought, as well as from letters lately received from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, we are here authorized to exhibit some of them, which I always carry about me, being afraid of trusting them to any one. The angel Gabriel's feather I secure in a small box, and in another the coals with which St. Lawrence was roasted; and both boxes bear so striking a resemblance that I often take one for the other, as

has happened in the present instance. I find that, instead of having brought that containing the feather, I have here brought the box of coals, which I firmly believe has been owing less to my inadvertency than to some miraculous interposition. And so it is; for now it occurs to me that within two days from this time is the festival of St. Lawrence! Yes, it is St. Lawrence's day only the day after to-morrow; and you see, my good friends, that it is intended to awaken your piety against the occasion, to turn your hearts to him, by the sight of these precious coals. Approach nearer, and behold them saturated as it were with the unction and good humour of the saint; approach nearer, I say, for whichever of you shall be marked with the sign of the cross by one of these coals, he will be sure to live during the whole year, and no fire shall harm him wheresoever he shall be."

Then, after singing a hymn to the saint, he opened the box and showed the coals, which when the stupid people had admired to their hearts' content, they all began to press round Howleglass with their tribute, and to be marked with the cross. This he did with huge figures upon their clothes and dresses, remarking that whatever quantity of carbon was lost by the process would be again supplied when the coal was returned into the box. After having in this way fleeced all the good people in Certaldi, as well as disappointed the rogues who had hoped to enjoy his confusion upon missing the feather, he took his leave. But his companions were so greatly amused and astonished at the ingenuity and resources he displayed, that they were almost convulsed with laughter.

When the immense assembly had dispersed, these wags went to find Howleglass, to whom, with infinite jests and raileries, they discovered the trick which they had just before played upon him, at the same time restoring him his parrot's feather, which, in the ensuing year, proved as lucrative to him as the coals had before done.

HOW HOWLEGLASS, BECOMING A MILLER, EXTRICATED THE PARSON OF THE VILLAGE OUT OF A GREAT DILEMMA.

DURING the time that Howleglass was playing the miller, there was a certain lord who had the reputation of being at once extremely eccentric and cruel, and was in possession of a large domain. Happening to hear that the parson of his parish piqued himself upon the shrewdness of his divining faculties, which the simple country people looked upon with the same horror they felt for judicial astrology; whereas the poor parson was only of an inquisitive turn, calculating from almanacs, of fine and rainy weather, according to the conjunction of the planets, which most frequently join to deceive those who trust them; hearing of all this, we say, the lord of the manor determined to summon him. For though the parson made no kind of professions, his parishioners still maintained that he was a great diviner, as well as a divine. Now, this lord ridiculed all those whose superstition led them to believe that any man possessed the power of foretelling what was to come—a power only exercised by the Almighty; and forthwith the parson was ordered to appear before him.

Trembling he obeyed, for he knew the reports that had been spread, and the strange humour of his lordship, whom he found in bed. The moment he made his appearance, he said to the parson, "So they want me to believe that you meddle with divination!" To this the unlucky parson made answer, "No, my lord, I make no profession of the kind; I am only a little curious in matters of judicial astrology. By means of the stars we are sometimes enabled to form a judgment according to their peculiar aspects, conjunctions, and influences." This lord being in fact extremely ignorant, and not a whit the wiser for the parson's explanations, told the parson that he thought he must be mad. "And to cure you, my friend, now mark me! unless you can solve me four questions such as I shall ask, you shall be committed for contempt of my person, and treated to the most severe flagellation that ever an astrologer calculated upon." The poor parson wished to excuse himself. "No, no," said his lordship; "you must either consent to solve my questions, or feel the strap; and to cut matters short, I will tell you what they are. First: Where is the middle of the world? Second: What am I worth? Third: What do I think? Fourth: What do I believe?" "Oh, my lord," cried the unhappy parson, "Heaven alone can see into the hearts of others." "Well, well, my friend," said his lordship; "but you think to trap poor simple people by your usual tricks; however, they will not do here. Come, confess that you are an impostor, and I shall hold you highly contemptuous, or read me my riddles aright."

The parson knowing this lord's strange and savage temper, saw there would be no further use in contesting the point; and all that he could do was to delay the fatal hour, by begging time to consider and consult his ephemerides until the next day. On his return to the parsonage he met Howleglass, who, observing his downcast mien, inquired what was the matter. Then the other related all that had just passed between him and his lordship, upon which Howleglass observed, "Let me deal with the brute, and I will deliver you out of his hand. You have only to lend me your gown and cope, and as he has never seen me, and was in bed when he spoke to you, I will be bound he will not recognize me. I shall assume your name, not your wits, and shall be able to resolve all the gentleman's doubts, I doubt not." Now the parson, aware that Howleglass was extremely subtle and ingenious, and being quite at a loss as to what he should answer on the morrow, determined to be wholly guided by him. He gladly accepted his proposal, and the same evening sent him his gown, his cowl and hood, with his best red bonnet.

Accordingly the next morning Howleglass arrayed himself in the parson's long flowing habiliments, nor would any one who met him have taken him for less than a master of arts. Thus attired, he waited upon the great lord, and sent in his name by the footman, adding "that he was come to answer for himself, as he had been commanded." This soon brought him into his lordship's presence, who inquired whether he was able to resolve him the questions he had proposed. Howleglass answered, "That he was, upon peril of his life." Rejoiced to hear this, the lord said, "Tell me, then, where is the middle of the world?" "It is just where I stand for me, and where you stand for you, and so with

every one else." "How will you prove that?" said his lordship. "It is for you to prove it is false: do that, and you may flog me to death." Being unable to prove him in the wrong, he said, "Well, let this pass, and to the second: How much do you think I am worth?" "Something under thirty pieces," answered Howleglass, boldly; "you will have no reason to complain if I state it at twenty-nine, for our Saviour was betrayed for thirty." "You are right again, friend. Now let us see once more—if you get over the next you will have nearly saved your bones; you will gain something." "My lord," quoth he, "I fear your lordship is thinking more of your own profit than of mine, and I imagine I have pretty well satisfied you there." "That is true," said the other; "but how will you get over the fourth, think you? Will you tell me what I believe?" "Yes, sir, I will. Is it not true you believe I am your curate?" "I do," said the lord. "Well, but I am not," replied Howleglass, "for I am only your miller: so I have answered all."

In this way did Howleglass, by his subtlety, not only save the poor parson's jacket from a severe dusting, but gave this whimsical and harsh landlord a hearty laugh, which served to banish for a season his odd and atrabilious humour.

HOW HOWLEGLASS WAS IMPOSED UPON BY A BLIND MAGISTRATE, AND HOW HE TREATED HIM IN HIS TURN.

IN the city of Rouen there was a certain tax levied upon all those who chose to set up public houses of entertainment, called the sign tax, four francs or a crown piece being required for permission to hoist a sign. Now Howleglass, wishing to become a publican as well as a sinner, could never obtain permission from a certain blind officer, who held the office, unless he would consent to give him a whole pistole, for they had formerly had a dispute together. This he was at last constrained to do, but not without making an inward vow that he should live to repent its exaction.

So the moment he obtained his licence, Howleglass had a sign painted representing a blind tax-gatherer in the act of receiving a pistole, and there was written underneath, "*Au Borgne qui prend*," "To the blind rogue who receives." Now every one who saw the sign, and knew of the previous quarrel, was almost convulsed with laughter at the sight, until it came to the turn of the blind magistrate to hear of what he could not so well see, and mightily scandalized he was. So forthwith he prosecuted Howleglass for a libel, who, when examined and cross-examined upon the point, confessed that it was true he had set it up in derision of the man, who had extracted from him double of what was due, before he would give him a licence. Upon this the plaintiff, after being put to his oath, reluctantly owned that it was true, and consented to give up the surplus. This was finally decreed; and at the same time that Howleglass should alter the sign of his house, which he afterwards did in the following manner, by merely striking out one of the letters, a single *p*, in his sign, leaving the whole painting just as before.

* The translator has here slightly altered and curtailed the original, in order to avoid much absurd discussion and puerility quite too stale and obsolete for modern ideas.—Translator.

It was now "*Au Borgne qui rend*," "To the blind rogue who restores," alluding further to the judicial settlement of the affair.

Moreover, it is true, that from the posture in which the blind sign-man stood it was difficult to ascertain whether he was in the act of taking or giving the money, insomuch that Howleglass now stoutly maintained that he had thus satisfied the ends of justice. And in fact, on the second complaint being brought forward by the blind rogue, it was dismissed by the court which had detected his former malversation.

THE SUBTLE VENGEANCE TAKEN BY HOWLEGLASS, WHEN HE EMBRACED THE PARTY OF SOME FRENCHMEN AGAINST A SPANIARD.

WHEN Howleglass took his departure from Germany, with the intention of going to travel in different places, more particularly in Spain, he went through France in order to shorten his journey. As he entered into the former country, he met with a native, who asked him somewhat rudely who he was, whence he came, and what he wanted. Howleglass answered, "I am a German, I come from travelling through the world, and I want none of your company. I want to know the manners of the people, wherever I go." "Faith!" said the Spaniard, "I am surprised to hear that you, who are a German and doubtless a Catholic, should visit France, a country where there is so little religion, and hardly a saint to bless themselves withal, while in Spain here they are as innumerable as the hair on one's head." "But," said Howleglass, "I heard a very different version of the story as I was passing through France; for there they stoutly maintained that their saints were at the head of the calendar." Upon this the Spaniard flew into a great passion, and asked Howleglass if he meant to espouse the French party, to which our hero replied that he did. The dispute then rose high respecting the prerogatives of the two nations, and the Spaniard finding that he had the worst of it, the French having an evident advantage over the Spaniards, began to rest his argument upon the merits of their religion. "Where," said he, "will you meet in France with true devotedness, such as you witness here? I have traversed that wicked country, where religion is so little honoured, that when the holy sacrament is administered to the sick, it is borne by a single priest, with a little clerk, who rings a little sheep-bell, followed by no kind of train.

"Now, behold in Spain, when the holy sacrament proceeds through the streets, with what pomp, and train, and majesty it is accompanied! How the holy torches blaze! what a concourse of people follow! what honour is on all sides shown! insomuch, that passengers, whatever pressing affairs they may have in hand, are bound to join the procession; even the king, and his mighty grandees themselves, think it a favour to be allowed to support one of the staffs of the holy cloth with which it is covered." "I own," said Howleglass, "that all this is very grand; but in France religion is celebrated by its ancient and devout ministers, and stands in little need of all this parade and ceremony; while in Spain, where you have an abundance of Jews, I suppose you would be afraid, if you did not make a strong party as you went along;

and this is the reason that you muster so strong, lest you should be crucified." "How!" cried out the Spaniard, still more inflamed, "do you presume to enter into competition with us, even in religion? why, sir, there have been more saints canonized here in Spain, than there are hairs in my beard." "Very likely," said Howleglass, "but there are more in France." And the dispute continued in the presence of a number of people who had assembled. So Howleglass pursued his victory more boldly. "More saints than there are hairs in your beard, indeed! Why, in France there are more than all the hairs of my beard and head put together. But let us at once come to the proof! Only consent that at every French saint I name, I shall extract a hair out of your long beard, and you shall do the same for every Spanish saint, with mine." "Oh, very good," replied the Spaniard, "for very shortly, you, poor wretch, you will not have a hair left to number with." A pretty round wager being staked, Howleglass was the first to begin by plucking a hair from the Spaniard's beard, in pronouncing the name of St. Denis. The Spaniard next returned the compliment in the name of St. Ignatius. Howleglass followed with that of St. Martin. The Spaniard's next was St. Xavier. Howleglass then gave him a pull for St. Louis. The Spaniard gave St. Isidore. Howleglass, St. Bruno. But now the Spaniard, snatching two hairs at a time, which made poor Howleglass smart, cried, "St. Cosmo, St. Damien, St." Here Howleglass interrupted him, for, desirous of avenging the pain of his two hairs, he seized the Spaniard's whole moustache in his hand, and with a fierce tug, he cried out in the name of the eleven thousand virgins, which speedily terminated the contest. For such was the agony that the poor Spaniard endured, as to compel him to leave the field, which he was glad to do, as he would have found some difficulty in matching Howleglass's eleven thousand virgins with a single saint.

HOW HOWLEGLASS, GROWING INFIRM, MAKES HIS WILL, AND DEPARTS THIS LIFE.

HOWLEGLASS now daily feeling himself getting worse and worse, proceeded to make his will, and thus divided his property into three parts. The first he left to his friends, the second to the council at Mullen, and the third to the parson of that place. He also desired that after he should have slipped his breath, they should inter his body in holy ground, and that they should say the service as on other occasions for the peace of his soul. He then went on to describe the place where he kept a large money-chest, in which the whole of the property he had bequeathed was to be found, secured with four heavy locks, to be divided exactly into the stated portions.

This chest was found and put into the care of the public authorities; and in truth it was heavy and solid enough, awakening agreeable anticipations on the part of the legatees. Shortly after this disposition of his effects, Howleglass departed this life, and being wrapt in his winding-sheet, was placed in his coffin, and carried upon two biers to his last home. While the priests were busy singing dirges and *placebo* over his remains, there came a sow with her little pigs into the churchyard, and beginning to scratch herself against the side of the supporters,

she unluckily upset Howleglass together with the bier, making such a horrible clatter, that the priests, it being in the night, all took to their heels, thinking he had come to life again, leaving our hero uninterred. The Beguine monks, however, came and placed him upon the supporters, though with his face downwards, insomuch that being thus placed in the earth, his own fancy was accomplished, as it were by accident.

In about a month the three parties met to divide the contents of the great money-chest, agreeably to the tenor of the will. On being opened with all due form and ceremony, what was their vexation to find only a heap of stones. They cast angry looks at each other, the parson imagining that the temporal authorities had pillaged the chest; while the magistrates conjectured that his own friends must have broken it open during Howleglass's illness. His friends on the contrary thought that the priest had committed the burglary, during the time that Howleglass was making his confession. In fact, each party was highly exasperated against the other. The parson and the council were for disinterring the body, and having it deposited in a fitter place under the old gibbet; but when they began to remove him, he saluted them with such an uncommonly strong odour, that they could no longer support it, and were glad to cover him up and leave him where he was.

Howleglass was buried in the year 1350, and his latter end was almost as odd and eccentric as his life. For as they were lowering him again into the grave, one of the ropes supporting the feet gave way and left the coffin in an upright position, so that Howleglass was still upon his legs. Those who were present then said, "Come, let us leave him as he is, for as he was like nobody else when he was alive, he is resolved to be as queer now he is dead."

Accordingly they left Howleglass bolt upright as he had fallen, and placing a stone over his head, on which was cut the figure of an owl with a looking-glass under its claws, the device of his name, they inscribed round it the following lines:—

HOWLEGLASS'S EPITAPH.

HERE LIES HOWLEGLASS, BURIED LOW,
HIS BODY IS IN THE GROUND,
WE WARN THE PASSENGER THAT SO
HE MOVE NOT THIS STONE'S ROUND.*
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD MCCCL.

* There was a drawing of Howleglass's monument taken not long ago by an English lady during a tour in Germany, answering the above description of it.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.*

HIS *facile princeps* of magicians, Dr. John Faust, the hero of so many old dramas, besides the more modern ones of Lessing and of Göthe, was, according to the best calculations of historians, born towards the commencement of the sixteenth century, and said to be the son of a peasant. But possessed of singular genius, he succeeded in obtaining a degree of doctor in theology, until finally, wearied with religious researches (a very bad symptom), he betook himself to the study of medicine and astrology, which finally conducted him to that of magic.

His extensive learning soon acquired for him the reputation of a necromancer, he became invested with the attributes of popular superstition, conjured up the prince of darkness, as we shall show, and forced one of the infernal spirits, by name Mephistopheles, into his service. Dr. Faust further entered into an agreement with him for the space of twenty-four years, in order that he might enjoy full leisure to explore the earth, to descend into hell, traverse the celestial regions, &c., after which he was to deliver up his soul *pro bono inferno*.

There are a number of traditions extant in Germany, most of them of a popular character, connected with the feats of Dr. Faust, and there are others (in which the magician Virgilius appears more pre-eminent) which long preceded the doctor's exploits. Among these too is the work mentioned by Görres, and first cited by Koch, containing "The Fall of Lucifer and his Companions; and how one of these same spirits bound himself apprentice to a knight and served him well." Bamberg, 1493, 4to. Theophilus is another fiction of the kind, in which the hero on certain terms signs away body and soul to the devil, the bond being consigned to the infernal records until the period when it should become due. His end, however, was not so tragical as Dr. Faust's: by timely repentance he obtained grace with the Holy Virgin, and she snatched him from perdition just in the nick of time. Of a more remote date is the history of Virgilius, contemporary with the early fathers of the Church, and there is still extant a Dutch version of the original, entitled, "Een Schone Historie van Virgilius, van zijn Leven, Doot, ende van zijn wonderlijcke werken, di hy deede by Nigromantien, ende by dat behulpe des Duyvels. T' Amsterdam, by H. S. Muller, 1552." "A Pleasant History concerning the Life and Death of Virgilius, and of the wonderful works he did by Necromancy, and with the help of the Devil." Here it seems that, when a young man, he discovered an imp intended to be incarcerated until the last day in a hole in the mountain, unless some mortal should meanwhile luckily set him free. He addresses Virgilius by name, entreats his assistance, and promises to instruct him gratis in the rules of the Black Art. Virgilius consents,

* Des durch die Ganze Welt beruffenen Erzscharz kunstlers und Zauberers D. J. Fausta mit dem Teufel, aufgerichtetes bundnis, &c. Cologne on the Rhine and Nuremberg.

There is a copy with part of the same title preserved at the British Museum. It is in 8vo., with the date of Brunswick, 1727.

takes lessons, and then opens the devil a way out, who having squeezed himself through with singular dexterity, stands before him in his full proportions. Virgilius expresses his surprise that so imposing a personage should have issued through such a very narrow outlet, and refuses to credit his own eyes. Piqued at his want of faith, the imp offers to repeat the experiment, and having squeezed himself back again, Virgilius dexterously closes up the hole, and consigns him to his old abode.* How he subsequently built a castle, enchanted the whole army of the emperor who beleaguered it, outwitted less expert magicians, conjured up eastern palaces and gardens more beautiful than the Hesperides, and finally founded the city of Naples, are all forbidden exploits upon which we must not presume to touch.

We may remark, however, that the whole has a more airy, romantic, and southern aspect than the northern tradition of Faust, which embraces more both of a comic and tragic character than its predecessor in the magic class. Virgil indeed betrays strong traces of his Italian descent, and his far-famed exploits most probably owe their existence to some Italian, Spanish, or Greek writer, and were first recorded in Italy. Frequent coincidences are to be met with in the *Gesta Romanorum*, as the *Salvatio Romæ*, and in the Seven Wise Masters, which very clearly indicate the early origin of the work, perhaps anterior to the twelfth century.

The popular work relating to Dr. Faust is an abridgment of a more extensive one bearing the title of "First Part of the veritable Historie of the lamentable and execrable Sins and Punishment, together with many wonderful and rare Adventures of Dr. Johannes Faustus, a far-famed Sorcerer and Practitioner in the Black Art, throughout the whole of his evil practices until his final and horrible doom. Along with useful Comments and beautiful Illustrations, with many matters interspersed by way of Warning and Instruction." Explained by G. R. Widman. Published at Hamburg, 1599, 4to. Second Part, Third Part. Earlier, however, than this last, as it is supposed, is an edition in 8vo. which appeared at Berlin as early as 1587.

That Faustus really lived and flourished towards the close of the fifteenth century is sufficiently evident from a mass of historical testimonies, among which there are not wanting a number of eye-witnesses, who, we are assured, had seen him in the course of their travels. He was the contemporary and friend of Paracelsus, no less than of the still more renowned Cornelius Agrippa. Melancthon mentions him in his Letters, and Conrad Gessner alludes to him as a contemporary of his. Manlius too, in his *Collectanea Locorum Communium*, openly states, p. 38, "Novi quendam nomine Faustum de Kundling, quod est parvum oppidum patriæ in eâ vicinum." "I was acquainted with one Faust of Kundling, which is a small town not far from my native place." Widman in his introduction cites various opinions entertained respecting him by Luther, and concludes by saying: "These and many other

* In this adventure we recognize the origin of the escape of "Le Diable Boiteux," and so many others who have followed Virgil's imp. It is popular in Switzerland, among other incidents from the same source; except that the demon is there confined in a hollow tree, from which he is finally freed by Theophrastus, on condition of instructing the latter in magic. —Görres, *Folksbücher*, p. 226.

amusing and freely spoken conversations, drawn from authorities well known to me, it is my wish to relate."

"In truth, although there is a good deal of conflicting evidence in regard to the particular spot where he was born and flourished, there is little doubt of his being an historical personage, and one who had wit to take advantage of the times in which he lived, whose superior intellect and adroitness outstripped the superstitious fears and prejudices of his countrymen, to which he was indebted for so much of his notoriety. The Reformation had newly awakened religious zeal, to which Faustus, long familiar with the quietism and insipidity of the northern character, was so far from giving the rein, and entering into all the fervours of pious transcendentalism, that he rather turned polemic, and by venturing to dissent and to oppose, drew down upon himself the anger and abhorrence of the saints. Shortly, Faustus appeared conspicuous in history as the common representative of mischievous magicians, guilty of all kind of *diablerie*. Their sins, throughout centuries, were all laid at his door; and when the general faith falling as it were to pieces, divided into ferocious schisms, it found a common point of approach in a man who, during his frequent tours and his intercourse with all ranks of people, had boasted of his infernal connections and influence in the NETHER lands."—*Gorres*.

From the earliest period, the people delighted in deceiving themselves with similar fictions of *diablerie*, no less of a comic than of a tragic cast, intimately connected as they were with the more bewitching world of *faërie*, spirits of the fountain and of the green, of mountain dwarfs and of elves, all of whom were more or less invested with the powers of mischief, and drew their origin from below rather than from above. They entered into league, and admitted mortals into their confidence; they even became their faithful familiars, and Zoroaster, Socrates, Democritus, and Empedocles, like Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, and Agrippa, of a more modern date, had all their respective demons. And however much inclined to turn their infernal counsel to good account, we are told that Zoroaster, who piqued himself upon being the prince of magicians, was, in spite of all his art, at last drowned by the devil.

Robert, surnamed also the Devil, Duke of Normandy, was in the habit, about the year 768, of metamorphosing himself, like Faust, into any kind of beast he chose; a freak for which, though he received absolution, and soundly repented, he was carried off by his namesake in the end, who swung him aloft in the air, and gave him a severe fall.* Baian too, Prince of Bulgaria, in the time of Lothair, was as unlucky a dabbler in the art; for though he fled to Rome, and was guarded by the pope himself, in the identical chains of St. Peter, the devil nevertheless found an opportunity of wringing his neck out. Even popes themselves, as witness the heroic Sylvester II., had a bond with the same personage, who used to accompany him in the shape of a great shaggy hound, and was at the trouble of carrying off his holiness out of the churchyard, when he had finished his career. Popes John

* "La terrible et merveilleuse vie de Robert Le Diable, lequel après fut homme de bien." A Troyes.

XIII., XIX., XX., XXI., seem to have fared little better ; while Gregory VII. was entrapped by making and breaking a vow of perpetual celibacy, and borne away by his sable majesty, in the appropriate form of a huge blackamoor.

Benedict IX. was served by seven little bottled imps at his elbow. Paul II. signed himself away with his own thumb's blood, to a little grey man, and became richer than any pope before him ; led a most scandalous life, and when his time was come, was carried off from the side of his mistress, without the least note of preparation, "unanointed, unanointed."

Thus every age would appear to boast its own Faust, upon whom it delighted to confer the honour of supernatural martyrdom, exemplifying in his person the popular ideas upon the subject ; until at length these scattered examples acquired full force and perfection, in the adventures of the hero before us, of the real historical Faustus, who left his own Memoirs, Letters, MSS., his house and furniture, to his friend and servant, the faithful Wagner.

He has thus become the representative of all preceding magicians ; the master-spirit of the circle, one who, like Caesar, may be said to have conducted and written the history of his own infernal campaigns, and like him, too, he was assassinated by his familiar. There is little, however, in the Doctor's Memoir's, which has not been ascribed to elder practitioners ; for though he feasted the Emperor Maximilian, and treated him to a few *jeux de diable*, Albertus Magnus enjoyed a similar honour, in 1248, with the Emperor William, and in the midst of frost and snow, exhibited a rich summer garden, with trees and flowers in full leaf and blow, enlivened by the song of nightingales. Nor was Erolfus, the jolly Abbot of Fulda, a jot behindhand in his magic illusions, which he turned to substantial account, being in the habit of conjuring up excellent dinners, and tapping the trees for luxurious wines of every description. There is also the narrative of the four Frankfort jugglers, who suffered themselves to be beheaded for the company's amusement ; a very ancient custom, recorded by Simon Magnus, and by Johannes Teutonicus, Canon of Halberstadt, in 1271. The latter, indeed, beheaded one of his own congregation in his study, and handed down the head upon a dish, to his guests in the dining-room, who ran one and all to behold the scene of action, and again ran out of the study, shocked at the sight, and found their deceased friend sitting very quietly in the dining-room, with his head upon his shoulders. Hondorff confirms this account to the satisfaction of all good believers, and relates a no less illustrious feat, upon the part of a Flemish gentleman, who openly brought his own page into the market-place, where he smote off his head, which, after lying some half-hour at his feet, he re-adjusted to the bust. He then mounted into the air, with a whole pack of hounds, which he cheered to the chase, resembling that exhibited by Faust to the Italian ambassadors ; it will be found to correspond, likewise, with similar feats of Scotus, of Zoroaster, and Robert the Devil of Normandy. In the same way as Faust too invokes the shade of Alexander the Great to gratify the Emperor Charles, so in the old French chronicle we find that Robert the Devil summoned Charles the Great by dint of a magical writ.

And though the Doctor asserted his claim to originality, by devouring a cartload of hay for a salad, he was still rivalled by his predecessor, the Abbot Erolfus, who, not content with disposing of the whole of his host's dishes, ended his meal with eating his hostess; and had the further malice to pay his reckoning by returning him the said wife and provisions, not the least damaged by the voyage.

Neither is the narrative of eating the whole of the host's family unrivalled in its way; for, when Charles IV. celebrated his nuptials with the Bavarian Princess Sophia, the bride's father brought a waggon-load of magicians with him to enliven the city of Prague. Two of the chief artists were selected by the court to contend with each other in *diablerie*; when the great Bohemian sorcerer, Zytho, after a desperate trial of skill, seized the Bavarian master, Gouin, and opening his jaws from ear to ear, ate him up from top to toe, hide and all, until he came to his shoes. Not liking the flavour of these, he spit them out, declaring that they must first be cleaned. Next, he restored his rival to life with the same facility as he had eaten him.

And, in truth, from these and other resemblances between Dr. Faust and his predecessors, there is every appearance of his having summoned these less formidable necromancers to his aid, of whom he is the sole historical survivor, and compelled each to relinquish and to supply him with whatever he judged most essential to his own fame, as the prince of necromancers, who might pass his word for them all. Nor is it improbable, as we have before stated, that he was the compiler of his own history and adventures, in great part borrowed from the traditionary relics of his country.

Widman's work is founded, as the editor himself declares, upon an autograph of Faust, discovered in his library after his death, though the moral reflections, and a number of Faust's disputations with his demon, concerning heaven and earth, and the abode of condemned spirits, appear to have been supplied by another hand. It is certain that Faust instructed his friend and pupil Wagner not to betray his secrets, by feigning dumb when abroad, and permitted him to rattle away only when within doors. Equally true it is, that he left him the whole of his books, and in a conversation he had with him, shortly before his decease, said to him very earnestly: "I have also particularly to entreat that you will reveal nothing concerning my transactions in the art, until long after my death; but that you will then, from my MSS., assiduously apply yourself in writing and arranging a full narrative, in which your demon will assist, and remind you of any circumstances that may happen to have escaped your memory. My history will thus prove very acceptable to the world from your pen."

Respecting Wagner himself, there appeared some biographical accounts of a later date, such as were here requested from him by his master, and entitled, "The Life and Actions of Christopher Wagner, and what he did by power of Magic. Weyland, by Dr. Scotus Totel, written in the German tongue, by P. S. M. Berlin, 1712." It is however, a mere vamped up article, commenced long afterwards, and without any claim to notice.*

* Göres, *Folksbucker*, p. 220—5.

In addition to the above testimonials of the Doctor's veritable existence, there might here be submitted those of an English gentleman who resided in Germany during some part of the sixteenth century; but we can only afford space for one or two of the most conclusive and authentic. From their local details and accuracy they go far to establish the biographical facts and anecdotes contained in the Doctor's lamentable history, and are fully sufficient, we apprehend, to dispel all further doubts, and set the question at rest for ever. They are extracted from an old English work entitled, "The Second Report of Doctor John Faustus, containing his apparances, and the deedes of Wagner. Written by an English gentleman, student in Wittenberg, an University of Germany, in Saxony. Published for the delight of all those which desire novelties, by a friend of the same gentleman. London, printed by Abell Jeffes, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at the middle shop, at Saint Milfred's Church, by the Stockes. 1594."

"First, there is yet remaining the ruins of his house, not farre from Melancthon's house as they call, at the towne's end of Wittenberg, right opposite to the schooles.

"Secondly, there is yet to be scene his tree, a great hollowe truncke wherein he used to reade nigromancy to his schollers, not farre from towne, in a very remote place, which I thinke is sufficient testimony to any reasonable eare. And enquire of them which have been there, see if they will not affirme it. Notwithstanding, I doe not goe, by these meanes I, to entreate men to beleeeve, for I care not whether they do or no, but onely to certifie you of the trueth as I myselfe would bee.

"Next, his tombe is at Mar's Temple, a three miles beyond the citty, upon which is written on a marble stone, by his owne hand, this epitaph, which is somewhat old, by reason of his small skill in graving.

HIC JACET JOHANNES FAUSTUS, DOCTOR DIVINI
JURIS INDIGNISSIMUS, QUI PRO AMORE MAGIÆ DIA-
BOLICÆ SCIENTIÆ, VANISSIME CEDIDI AB AMORE
DEI. O LECTOR, PRO ME MISERRIMO DAMNATO HO-
MINE NE PRECERIS, NAM PRECES NON JUVANT QUEM
DEUS CONDEMNAVIT. O PIE CHRISTIANE, MEMENTO
MEI, ET SALTEM SUAM PRO INFIDUCIA MEA LACHRY-
MULAM EXPRIME, ET CUI NON POTES MEDERI, EJUS
MISERERE, ET IPSE CAVE.

"The stone was found in his study, and his will was fulfilled, and he lieth betwixt a heap of three and thirty fir trees, in the fort of the hill, in a great hole, where this is erected."

There is a copy of this old English work preserved in the very select and valuable library of Mr. Douce, which he kindly submitted to the Editor.

HISTORY OF THAT RENOWNED ARCH-SORCERER, DOCTOR J. FAUST, &c.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS was the son of a peasant who dwelt at Rot, near Jena, in the domain of the city of Wiemar; and he was born of honest pious parents in the year 1491. He had likewise a number of relations in the town of Wittenberg, all of them decent good kind of people, and in particular one of his uncles who resided there, a very respectable good-hearted man. He it was who educated young Faustus, and every way treated him as if he had been his own son. Indeed, having no children of his own, he took particular notice of him, sent him to college, and placed him under the best theological masters of the time, conceiving he would some time prove an ornament to the holy Church. Faustus, however, soon ungraciously set at nought his uncle's pious intentions by beginning early to deride God's holy Word, insomuch that his parents, who had ever shown him the utmost kindness and forbearance, as well as greatly exerted themselves for his advantage, were greatly afflicted, though in no way to be blamed. They were good parents, and their names will therefore not be found in the following history; as those who had never seen, and never could have believed, the cruel and fatal depravity of their son. They only knew, previous to their decease, that his uncle had adopted him for his son, which gave them the more pleasure, as they were well aware of his astonishing memory and intelligence, so that, like Job, they felt greatly interested in the welfare of their offspring, "Desiring that he should walk uprightly before the Lord his God." (c. i.) Yet so it often happens that devout parents are afflicted with froward godless children, as it was also in the case of Cain (Gen. iv.), in that of Reuben, (49), and also that of Absalom, so dearly beloved by his father. I have here to add a still more unfortunate instance, though I know there are persons who attach blame to his parents (whom, however, I must persist in pronouncing innocent), by declaring that he incurred his fate through their means, by their permitting him to indulge in his froward and wilful conduct, instead of correcting him betimes and bringing him up to honest pursuits, which might have reflected credit upon their exertions.

His friends, too, remarking his strong powers of mind, urged him, like his uncle, to embrace the study of theology. To this, however, he had no inclination, while there soon got abroad among the people an impression that this Faustus was after no good, and even beginning to dabble in sorcery, a report that finally grew so strong that his friends thought themselves authorized to speak to him seriously upon the subject, often admonishing him of the dangers of so impious a pursuit. For he had already greatly distinguished himself among his fellow-students, insomuch that he imbibed all the knowledge and answered the most learned interrogatories of the first masters, carrying away the whole honours from his head class, consisting of sixteen collegians. He had thus far benefited by his situation, and soon acquired a degree of D.D. His success now made him more proud and headstrong;

he looked for still higher things, and soon obtained for himself the name of the great speculator. At length too he mingled in bad society, was even seen to throw the holy Scriptures behind the door or under the table with an air of unseemly levity. This was followed by a life heartless and abandoned, as will sufficiently appear in the course of the following unhappy pages.

In short, he began to show the truth of a very well-known proverb—that it is in vain to think of stopping or turning aside a man who is set upon running to the devil. At this stage of his career Doctor Faustus met with some contemporaries of similar pursuits, no less in physical science than in Chaldean, Arabic, and Greek characters, with strange figures and incantations, and supernatural influences, acquired by the most unholy means, though none reached to such a pitch as he did; all which pursuits are no other than these: Dardian Artes, Nigrimantia, Carvina, Veneficum, et Incantatio, similar to the names of the sorcerer's books; and these were such as most pleased Doctor Faustus, so that he would sit absorbed in the study of them both night and day. He no longer took pride in his theological eminence, which of a truth had never any touch of real piety in it; he sighed for distinction as a man of the world; he took the title of M.D., aiming at equal celebrity as a doctor of medicine, the better to disguise his astrological and mathematical labours. In this way he rendered medical assistance to many very celebrated characters. He was eloquent too, and so well versed in Scripture that it was impossible for him to mistake the will of Heaven, "He that knoweth the law of God and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes;" also, "Forsake not the Lord your God." But Faustus gave no heed to these things, and thus, in time, brought his soul into the snares of the Evil One, in which he is no way to be excused, as if he had fallen into the same through ignorance and inadvertency.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS BECOMES A PHYSICIAN, AND CONJURES UP THE DEVIL.

PROCEEDING in the same track as we have said, this proud Doctor further attached himself to his bold and bad practices; he did those things which he ought not, and omitted the things which he ought to do, pursuing his dangerous speculations both day and night. There was nothing either in heaven or on earth that could escape the boldness of his profane inquiries; he mounted, as it were, on wings, carrying his audacious questions and calculations to such a length, by means of unhallowed processes, such as magical figures, characters, and other forbidden means, that soon he determined to invoke the devil, in order to assist him in his diabolical sorceries.

And so it happened, for as he was one evening walking in a thick dark wood, a short way from Wittenberg, which he afterwards found was called the Spesser Voud, it suddenly came into his head that that would be the right place to begin his magical circles. Forthwith he boldly marked out a cross in fourfold figures, containing a large circle, with his wand, and within these he drew two smaller circles, in one of which he himself stood. It was in the dusk of evening, between the

ninth and tenth hour, when the Prince of Darkness, well aware of the whole proceeding, laughed outright for triumph, and said within himself, "Ha! ha! I must cool this mood of yours, if you will only approach a little nearer the brink, so that we may catch you both body and soul."

With this view, he artfully sent a messenger, as if he were himself unwilling to appear, and avoided his conjurations, which had the effect of further provoking the Doctor's wishes and curiosity. At the same time, as he continued to invoke, the devil raised a great hurly-burly over his head, as if he were about to burst his confines and sail into view. The trees bowed down their heads to the ground, and the wood began to be filled with demons, who drew nearer and nearer to the circle with a hideous din and uproar, like the rushing of swift chariots lighted with a thousand fiery trains, that shone like a conflagration all around. Then commenced the diabolic rout with all kind of dancing and waltzing, a scaramouche encounter of spears and swords was heard clattering far and wide; and this continued so long that the Doctor was on the point of leaping out of the circle to decamp. But mustering fresh courage, he remained firm, and with still more impious efforts, he summoned the devil repeatedly to appear. Upon this the latter began to exhibit a variety of strange delusions: first, it seemed as if a vast brood of birds' or dragons' wings were flapping overhead; and then, as the strongest conjurations concluded, the strange appearance drew nigh with piteous lamentations, and again vanished. In a short while afterwards, there fell a fiery faggot close to him, which again mounted into a sheet of flame, which hung like a canopy over the spot where he stood. At this sight even Faustus began to tremble, though he also exulted in the idea that he was thus compelling the devil himself to obey him, and he earnestly pursued his unhallowed labours, bent upon knowing the result.

In this fatal design he doubtless succeeded, as he was afterwards known, in a certain society, to have boasted that he had brought under his power, and could command the services, of the chiefest potentate in the wide world. One of the students in company, upon this, observed "That there was no greater potentate than the emperor, the pope, or the king, acknowledged upon earth." But the Doctor warmly retorted. "Sir, the one under my orders is greater than any of these!" as if he wished to allude to the sixth chapter of the apostle Paul to the Ephesians: "The Prince of this World," &c., but he would explain himself no further.

And in truth, after several more invocations of the kind, the figure which had appeared to him in the wood began to send forth a flame of fire, which, mounting to the height of a man, at last assumed a human shape, and bounded round the circle in which Faustus stood. Then the demon assumed the form of a monk, and entered into a dialogue with the Doctor, inquiring hastily, "What might be his pleasure?" To this the Doctor answered, that it was his pleasure that he should attend upon him on the ensuing night at his house, exactly at twelve o'clock; which at first the demon flatly refused to do. Then Faustus again invoked him by the power of his superior, that he should accede to his proposal, and obey him-too when he came; all of which the infernal spirit was at length compelled to do.

DIFFERENT AUDIENCES BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND THE DEVIL'S AMBASSADOR.



HEN Doctor Faustus returned to his own house early in the morning, he found the demon seated, uninvited, in his chamber, who candidly said he had appeared to know what the Doctor's commands were.

Now, it is very extraordinary, but very true, that when Heaven has wholly abandoned a man to his own evil machinations, a spirit has thus the power of playing off all such tricks upon him, coming like a troublesome servant uncalled for, and often refusing to come when he is called. So that, as the proverb has it, such evil-minded persons will see the devil in spite of themselves, here and there, and at all times except when they want his assistance. Forthwith in his turn, the Doctor, somewhat cavalierly dismissing the demon, set to work with his magical arts afresh, in order to give him the trouble of returning, like an ill-humoured master ringing for his servant before he has well got downstairs. The next time the Doctor showed him the articles of the compact which he had drawn up, namely: *Imprimis*, That the demon should obey him in everything he required, or chose to exact, during the whole term of the Doctor's natural life. Secondly, That he should be bound to answer every question upon every subject put to him, without any quibble or demur. Thirdly, That he must there reply to all the different interrogatories that the Doctor chose to trouble him with. This the infernal spirit flatly refused to do, excusing himself by declaring that he had no such authority from the prince under whom he held office to sign any such articles. "It is quite out of my power, friend Faustus, to venture on such a step; it remains with our royal master himself." "What am I to understand from this?" inquired the Doctor, "do you want power to do it, do you say?" "That I do indeed," replied the spirit. "Let me hear the reason, then, now." "You must know, Faustus," said the other, "that there is a supreme power over us, as there is over the earth. We have our governors, officers, and catchpoles, of whom I am 'one and many;' we name ourselves Legion: in fact, ours is a kingdom of legions; because when Lucifer himself, owing to his pride and arrogance, fell with fierce downfall and punishment, he brought along with him a legion of devils. He is called Prince of the Orient, from holding dominion over those eastern regions. He likewise holds sway in the south, in the north, and in the west. And inasmuch as Lucifer the fallen holds all his influence and empire under the sway of heaven, so we demons had it left in our power to render ourselves subservient and servicable to mankind. Were this not so, it would be impossible for any mortal to bring Lucifer under his power, who then sends his messengers as he has now sent me to you. It is true that we have never yet acquainted mankind with the real nature of our state and government; not even the wisest among you can fathom them; a knowledge which is reserved for those only who travel thither on their own account." The Doctor was not a little startled at hearing this, and said, "I have no desire to earn that knowledge and be damned for your pleasure." "Will you not?" replied the spirit; "that will perhaps not help you in the end; for your evil heart and life have already merited condemnation." Doctor

Faustus replied, "You may as soon think of catching good St. Valentine ; so take yourself speedily off—away !"

As the demon was departing, the Doctor, seized with some fresh doubts, again called him back, and enjoined him to appear in the evening about vespers, to hear something further which he had to propose ; to which the spirit assented, and took his departure.

From this first scene the abandoned heart and imagination of this man are made evident ; and although the devil had fairly warned him by singing the "song of poor Judas," as we say, he still clung to his diabolical thoughts and projects.

SECOND INTERVIEW BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND THE DEMON NAMED MEPHISTOPHELES.

TOWARDS the appointed evening the same busy fiend again made his appearance, between three and four o'clock. He now promised entire service and obedience, according as he had received permission from his master ; adding, that he was enjoined to carry back word of the Doctor's intentions. "Yet I must first hear, Faustus, what was your object in again summoning me into your presence?" Doctor Faustus gave him a mysterious, but at the same time very dangerous answer, as concerned his soul ; for he told him plainly that he desired to become either a complete demon, or to enter into league with demons ; in addition to which he mentioned the articles which here follow :

First, That he might freely assume a diabolical shape whenever he judged proper. Secondly, That his demon should bind himself to perform everything that the Doctor thought fit and expedient. Thirdly, That he should ever be faithful and obedient to him. Fourthly, That he was to hold himself ready to appear at the Doctor's house at the slightest notice, and in such shape as should prove most convenient and agreeable. Fifthly, That he should perform his household duties invisibly, or only appear to the Doctor, as he judged best. In respect to these several articles and conditions, the demon promised unconditional submission, except that he wished to add some slight clauses, when every difficulty in the way of the negotiation would be removed. It will be right to touch upon the leading points in these clauses.

Imprimis : Let Doctor Faustus swear, promise, and sign, that he holds the said service and obedience from the devil, upon a lease of years, to have and to hold. Secondly, That the Doctor, for further assurance of the same, shall sign and witness it with his own hand and blood. Thirdly, That he shall declare all Christians to be his natural enemies. Fourthly, He must forswear the Christian faith. Fifthly, That he must watch and pray, that no one may prevail upon him to return to it. Before the signing and execution of these conditions, a certain number of years to be mentioned, at the expiration of which the demon was to return to fetch the Doctor away. Now, should he choose to accede to these conditions, there was nothing which heart could desire upon earth that should not be his ; and he would also be at liberty to assume an invisible or diabolic shape whenever he pleased.

Doctor Faustus exulted greatly on hearing these terms, so much that

he paid not the least heed to the safety of his immortal soul, while the wily demon took advantage of his eagerness to impress upon him the necessity of stoutly maintaining these several articles to the rigour of the letter. For the Doctor imagined, like many other children of this world, that the devil was probably not quite so black and ill-favoured as he is described, nor his place of residence so uncomfortable as we suppose.

THIRD DISPUTATION BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND HIS DEMON, RELATING TO THE PROPOSED TREATY.

AFTER having executed the proposed deed, the Doctor summoned his familiar demon to his presence, ordering him to appear as a minor friar, with hood and skellet, and also to give some token by which to announce his approach. He next inquired of him what was his name; to which the spirit replied, "My name is Mephistopheles." They then proceeded to business, when this audacious and godless man confirmed his abandonment of the true faith and the true God—even the Creator who had fashioned him from his birth. He entered into this devilish league, the sole causes of which were his towering pride and ambition, discontented with all he had already seen and known, and aspiring, like the giants of heathen fable, to heap mountain upon mountain until they should mount to the skies. Yes, even like his master, that bad angel who would have set himself above the Lord—a boldness and arrogance which drove him with shameful flight from his heavenly abode, showing how those who will climb the highest shall be sure to incur the heaviest fall. This headstrong ambition impelled Faustus to meet all the demon's wishes, executed in contracts duly signed and sealed, all which terrific deeds, along with other writings, were discovered in his house after his death. These last are what are here described in this history, as a timely warning to all good and prudent Christians, in order that they may be deterred from affording the devil any advantage, or in any way sporting with their lives and souls; a madness which brought those of Doctor Faustus into such bitter jeopardy and devilish servitude, never to have an end.

After each of the parties had become bound in their mutual contract, Faustus, taking a sharp knife, opened a vein in his left hand, of which it has been asserted, there was afterwards read, branded upon it, these words: "*Homo Fuge*, Shun him, O man, and do that which is right." In this way the Doctor let himself blood into one of his crucibles, which he then placed as an experiment upon a hot coal fire, and finally wrote therefrom the following testimonial: To wit—"I, Johannes Faustus, D.D. et M.D., hereby acknowledge with my own hand, for the further assurance of this deed, that in consideration of the manifold services and instructions of every kind, not to be obtained from any living mortal, I accept for my familiar and faithful demon, the demon hight Mephistopheles, late Chargé d'Affaires to the infernal Prince of the Orient, but now subject to all my demands. Item, On the other hand, I do hereby hire and bind myself to him, after the expiration of

four and twenty years from the date of this deed, that he may deal with me as he shall judge best ; to govern, to handle, and to misguide in all that appertains to my life and soul, my good and my blood, renouncing all Christian communion upon earth, and all hope of celestial inheritance. Amen.

"As additional confirmation of the same, I consent to sign this contract with my own hand, as witness below, in my own blood, being at this present time of sound mind and understanding, rightly to will and to bequeath, &c."

"Subscribed,

"JOHANNES FAUSTUS, D.D. et M.D.,
"Doctor of Divinity, and of Medicine, &c., experienced in
all the Elements and Arts."

Here follow some verses, very applicable to Doctor Faust's arrogance and fool-hardy audacity.

"He whose rank pride, and dark audacious will,
In devilish arts, sets nets to catch his soul,
Bereaving soul and life of heavenly weal
For temporal gains, must bear eternal dole.
Wherefore guard well your ways ! for who may save
Those wilful ones, that rush into the flames
Or waters round them ? Who weep o'er their grave,
Who fall amid their own unholy aims ?
The fire must burn, the waters o'er them roll."

A STRANGE VISIT FROM THE DEMON MEPHISTOPHELES, AND HIS EXHIBITION.

AT the third dialogue, Doctor Faust's demon announced his approach in a somewhat humorous style, in the following manner. He first went roaming through the whole house, like a man on fire, so that the beams and flames darted from him like arrows. And he was followed by a monkish procession, singing hymns, though no one could imagine what kind of a song it was they sung. But Faustus being greatly amused with this sort of exhibition, desired that the demon would not enter into the chamber until he had seen an end of the whole of this scene. Then forthwith was heard a battle-rout of swords and spears, as if at some mighty siege, so that it seemed as if the whole house was on the point of being assaulted and carried by storm. Next came riding by a splendid scene of hunters and of hounds, all eager for the chase ; the horns blew, and a deer started forth, which was pursued until it sought refuge in the Doctor's room.

Then there rushed in after, a lion and a dragon, to dispute the prey, which presently commenced a fierce and bloody strife. The lion appeared full of irresistible strength and spirit, and yet he was at last overcome and slain by the other. Doctor Faust's page afterwards said, that he had only seen a linkworm creeping over his book, quite jet black, and it crawled along the walls of the chamber, until at last chamber and all disappeared. Next were seen a beautiful peacock and pea-hen, as it were wreathed in one ; and first they separated and then they folded again together. Soon a great horned beast ran tilting at the Doctor, threatening to throw him aloft, but fell down and vanished just as it had reached his feet, and he was crying out stoutly for Mephistopheles.

Indeed, it alarmed him not a little; but next a large ape ran up and presented his paw to the Doctor; it then sprang over his head and danced out of the room, at which he laughed heartily. Then followed a strong fog, which enveloped the whole room, so that he could hardly see. When this vanished, he found laying on the floor two huge bags, one full of silver and the other of gold. An organ now began to play, followed by a harpsichord, a lute, a violin, a harp, a bass viol, horns, drums, trumpets, with a variety of other instruments, all modulated and adapted to celestial voices, so much so that Doctor Faustus began to think that he was in Paradise. This music continued above an hour, and produced such an effect upon the Doctor's spirits, that he rather exulted than felt uneasy at the step he had just taken.

All these illusions, we may remark, were got up by the devil in order to confirm Doctor Faustus in his purpose, to harden and to lead him to fancy that he had not so much to dread as to enjoy in the infernal society into which he had entered. This exhibition being closed, Mephistopheles hastened into the Doctor's apartment, in semblance of an pious monk, and Faustus said, with a smile, "You have indeed treated me to some right strange and merry scenes. These are what I like, and they have pleased me well. Only continue such mad work as this, my Mephistopheles, and count upon me rather as a friend than a master." Mephistopheles replied, "Oh, there was nothing to admire here; I shall serve you in more important matters by-and-bye, I hope, than these, provided you only observe your part of the engagement; sights which will excite your utmost astonishment." The Doctor answered by presenting him with a copy of the contract; while Mephistopheles, on his side, insisted that Faustus should preserve another copy by him, to prevent all chance of litigation or mistake.

MEPHISTOPHELES' APPRENTICESHIP TO DOCTOR FAUSTUS.



ALL good Christians may easily conjecture what was the situation of the Doctor, deserted by the Lord and all the heavenly host, after having delivered his blood-signed contract into the demon's hands, a contract which no honest pious householder would put his name to, being more like the act of a fiend than of a mortal.

Doctor Faustus now resided in the house which had been his uncle's, and which the latter had bequeathed to him. There too he had taken into his service a young student as his secretary and attendant, a knowing rogue of the name of Christoffel Wagenar, who liked the sort of sport he saw, too easily imbibing his master's example, who promised to make him an expert fellow. And this was no difficult task, as, like most young people, he was well inclined to avail himself of such lessons as his master taught. Excepting this hopeful youth and his familiar demon, Faustus would have no boarders in his house. Mephistopheles still attended upon his master in the shape of a monk, and he was accustomed always to summon him as he sat in his study, which he constantly kept closed.

The Doctor next began to indulge in very luxurious living, feasting

upon rarities, and eating and drinking only of the best. For whenever he wished to have the best wine, he sent his familiar to the cellars of the most distinguished personages of the place, as those of a certain prince, of the Duke of Bejjiren, and of the Bishop of Salzburg, whereby they were all considerably diminished. By the same method he obtained the most costly meats, cooked by the same magical arts, as his demon could convey them with the swiftness of a bird, and dart as quickly through an open window.

Thus all the houses and palaces of the neighbouring counts and princes, and all their best furnished tables, were laid under contribution; insomuch that the Doctor and his secretary appeared in elegant apparel, the clothes and silks having been ordered upon commission by his demon, who visited the shops at Nuremburg at Strasburg, and at Frankfort, in the night, taking very long credit for his pains. The same happened to the shoemakers, and numerous others among the operatives, who have all so strong a prejudice against this kind of sale of their articles during the night. And, in short, though they were stolen, they were always something excellent and good in their way; while Mephistopheles evaded all informations and pursuits.

For these services his familiar was to receive twenty-five crowns per week, amounting to an annual income of thirteen hundred, with which Mephistopheles was quite content. Doctor Faustus now continued to lead the life of a confirmed epicurean both by day and night, until he lost all notion of heaven and hell, and flattered himself that life and soul would alike perish together. His familiar had long been persuading him to enter into a demoniacal association, previous to naturalizing himself in the infernal state; to which his master, heedless of everything but good cheer, and conceiving the whole little more than an idle imagination, or mere fudge, at length consented, and said, "Let my name be entered in your books, friend Mephistopheles, come what will, as soon as you please." Mephistopheles next advised him to think of adding to his establishment by taking to himself a wife. "Stop," cried Faustus, laughing, "that is a more serious consideration, friend; it will require some more discussion." And the demon joined heartily in his laugh.

Scarcely, however, had he adopted his first proposal and finished these words, when a violent storm of wind shook the house, as if everything was about to fall topsy-turvy. The doors and windows sprang ajar, and there was so strong a smell of sulphur that any one would have thought the whole house was on fire. Doctor Faustus attempted to run downstairs, but found himself seized by a strong arm, and pushed back into the room with so much violence that he could move neither hand nor foot. A blaze of fire encircled him on all sides, as if ready to consume him, and he cried out for Mephistopheles with all his might, to assist, to save, and to obey him. Upon this the devil himself appeared, but in such grisly and savage forms as quite terrified the Doctor. "What is the meaning of all this," exclaimed Satan, "howling like a dog? what think you now?" The Doctor, aware that he must have in some way infringed upon his compact with Mephistopheles, very humbly entreated the devil's pardon, to which the Prince of Darkness

briefly replied, "Then see you better to it, and stick to your promise, I advise you!" and with this he disappeared.

Mephistopheles now attended his master and said, "As long, sir, as you continue true to your engagements, you may always rely upon my anticipating your wishes, in everything most agreeable; and in proof of this, you shall every evening be presented with a lady of such surprising beauty, as not to be exceeded by anything you have ever seen in this city. Cast your eye on all sides, choose where and whom you will, the same shall be sure to attend upon your pleasure." This proposal consoled and pleased Doctor Faustus exceedingly, and he greatly regretted that he had so long continued in his single and unsociable state. Henceforward his head was full of nothing but beautiful women both day and night, inasmuch that the devil had no further trouble in keeping him to his promise (for the Doctor had just before been plotting to save himself by retiring to a monastery and leading a chaste single life, which had so greatly enraged the devil), whereas he now considered the whole of his previous life, unenlivened by the charms of female society, as little better than lost. One favourite succeeded to another; he never dreamed of one and the same during four and twenty hours, and the devil triumphed in the success of his plan.

A QUESTION PROPOSED BY DOCTOR FAUSTUS TO HIS FAMILIAR SPIRIT MEPHISTOPHELES.

WHEN Doctor Faustus had become a great proficient in the fore-mentioned species of devilry, his demon one day handed him a great book, which appropriately contained a description of all kind of enchantments, sorceries, necromancy, and so forth, the better to confirm him in his lost state. These *Dardania Artes* were afterwards found in possession of his servant Wagenar; and when the Doctor had studied them a little while, his infernal hardihood increased, and he determined to ask a few more and bolder questions of his demon than he had before done. With this view he told Wagenar to prepare his study, as he was going to hold a dialogue with Mephistopheles. This done, he was summoned, and the Doctor said, "My good fellow, tell me once for all what kind of a spirit you are?" Mephistopheles replied, "To say the truth, my dear master, I am but an understrapper, and that with Heaven's leave; I am a kind of ambassador or errand boy on important occasions, as you see." Doctor Faustus said, "How did your infernal master come by that great fall of his from the top of heavenly bliss where he once stood?" "Know," replied the demon, "that my Prince Lucifer was created a beautiful angel, and such was his power over the saints that he was himself named a Hierarchy. He likewise enjoyed the titles of Seraphim, of Cherubim, and of Throne Angel, with a governorship over lower orders, some of whom again governed and protected mankind. But a third and highest class, as we know to our cost, are called arch-prince, prince, and prince-envoys, angels of chief wonders and miracles, ambassadors of most important tidings, and angelic governors of infinite care and prudence. Now, Lucifer was one of the most beautiful angels under these; the most

beautiful of whom was Raphael, the other two were Gabriel and Michael. And this is all I can inform you of here."

A DISPUTATION CONCERNING EREBUS AND ITS CAVERNS.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS, after this last adventure, began to be more inquisitive as to the sight and substance of the infernal abode, and dreamed, it is affirmed, of nothing else. He therefore questioned his familiar demon in regard to its particular situation, customs and manners, and more especially as to its primal origin and purposes. Of these Mephistopheles gave the following explanation, namely, that when his master, Lucifer, came by his fall, he found the place ready made for him; even his dormitory on a dark lake, where he was bound down by chains, surrounded by a thick fog, fire, sulphur, pitch, and similar combustibles. "In fact," continued the demon, "we could not well have become devils unless we had been accommodated with an appropriate residence, constructed upon those diabolical rules of art, discovered Heaven only knows how. And this is all which I have at present in my power to say;" upon which the demon ceased speaking, and disappeared, before the Doctor, who had another question to propose, had time to call him back. Back, however, Mephistopheles was shortly compelled to come, and further answer the Doctor's questions respecting the laws and government, as well as the residence, of his fellow-demons. The spirit said, "My dear master, the bare country and its rivers form the sole places of residence we possess, which are about as wide as your world above them, or as heaven above your world. They consist of ten governments, some of which are superior in point of power and influence to the rest. The chief among them are: 1. *Lucus Morfis*; 2. *Stagium Ignis*; 3. *Terra Tenebrosa*; 4. *Tartarus*; 5. *Terra Oblivionis*; 6. *Gehenna*; 7. *Erebus*; 8. *Barathrum*; 9. *Styx*; 10. *Achcron*. These are generally known to our demons under the name of *Plegeron*; and four of these divisions are royal principalities, much upon the same plan that Lucifer governs in the east; Beelzebub's province is in the north, Belial's in the south, and Astaroth's in the west. Yet all these governments continue under the dispensation of the Lord of Hosts. And they constitute the whole government of our kingdom, of which you will learn more hereafter."

A QUESTION RESPECTING THE PREVIOUS CONDITION OF THE FALLEN ANGEL.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS speedily resumed his interrogatories with his demon. He inquired in what way Lucifer passed his time, and what situation he occupied, previous to his fall. Mephistopheles requested to be allowed three days to prepare his answer, which being granted, on the third he replied as follows: "My master, Lucifer, as he was formerly called, was then arrayed in a clear sky-blue garment of light, worn only by the chief angels or cherubims, and stood as high in authority and influence as he did in stature above most of the heavenly hosts; sparkling in gold and diamonds, and raised, in

his own opinion, above the sun and the stars. He had been placed by his Creator at the head of a principality, but as soon as ever he discovered an ambition to aggrandize himself by assuming the title of Prince of the East, he was hurled from his princely seat and driven with hideous rout from the confines of heaven. Banished into the regions of dolorous pain, divested of his princely crown, and doomed to rule only over sulphurous shades and sorrowful sojourns, he has there established his kingdom for eternity." When Doctor Faustus had learnt these things from his demon, he proceeded to speculate, in his own manner, upon a variety of opinions. He replied not a word; but, turning his back upon the spirit, he went and shut himself up in his study. But the result of all his cogitations was, that he retired that night, sighing and lamenting, to his bed. He mused sadly upon what he had heard respecting Lucifer's expulsion from heaven, and the honour which he had before enjoyed at the hands of his Maker. And so with him: he had been richly endowed, and he might have insured an inheritance in heaven, but he had now incurred the penalty of eternal wrath. "Woe, woe!" he cried, "upon my fatal pride and ambition. I begin to see the precipice upon which I stand; for I can no longer disbelieve the things I have seen. Alas! my evil passions, bad blood, the flesh and the devil, with all my pride, have ruined me for ever. And as if these were not enough, I added my own reason and cunning, dreaming that I could outwit the powers of darkness, whereas I fear I have committed my own life and soul. For if I must believe, alas! I have no hope; I must become like Lucifer, and spend the whole of my existence in eternal durance. Alas, alas! into what a miserable predicament have I brought myself! It were better had I never been born."

Thus unavailingly did the unhappy Faustus complain, for hope expired as his faith revived, and he felt that no expiation could again reconcile him to the grace of God. "Yet I will try," he exclaimed; "far as the devil hath transported me, I will try to retrace my steps, and pray to be restored to heaven and to the holy Church. I will struggle hard with the bad spirits that have laid strong siege to my soul, and perhaps all may yet be well." But while he said this, he was still half dubious and unbelieving, while his infernal adversaries were doing everything to entangle him faster in the net.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS FURTHER INTERROGATES HIS SERVANT MEPHISTOPHELES CONCERNING THE POWER OF THE DEVILS.

AS soon as the Doctor had rallied his spirits a little, he again questioned Mephistopheles respecting the government, councils, influence, and temptations of the devil, and how he first acquired these royal prerogatives. To this his demon answered, "My dear master, such a history would lead us too far, and only give rise to vain misgivings and regrets on your part; better therefore you should not insist upon it: it belongs to the mysteries of our government. At the same time, I must not refuse to satisfy you as far as I am able; and first know, that Lucifer after his fall became alike the enemy of

God and man. He then commenced that tyrannical system which he has ever since acted upon, as you may still perceive from those daily occurrences of men jumping out of four-storey windows, hanging, drowning, sticking, and drinking themselves to death in despair. For man was created perfect until the devil taught him how to rebel and to sin; as witness the history of your old father Adam and his wife Eve, with so many of their posterity, all of whom he seduced from the grace of God.

"Exploits like these, my dear master, I think we may call the tyranny and temptation of the devil. What did he do with Cain? and who persuaded the Israelitish tribes to worship strange gods, to offer sacrifices and commit adultery with heathen women? It was one of our demons who laid siege to the soul of Saul, and made him commit all kinds of folly, until he put an end to his existence. We have another of the name of Asmodeus, who tempted seven great men to commit adultery. Our demon Chagon was the cause of thirty thousand men being utterly lost and slain, besides losing the ark of the Lord. Who can ever forget Belial's treatment of King David? how he made him number his tribes of people, by which he lost twenty thousand at a stroke. There was another of our busy devils did no less by King Solomon, for he even brought him to worship idols; and as to our little fiends or imps, who tempt common men to sin and scandal of all kinds, they are almost innumerable. They are dispatched in regular divisions over the whole earth, and make their attacks both openly and in ambush, until they undermine the fabric of Christian people's faith, persuade them to all kinds of petty thefts and crimes, and likewise to blaspheme, until numbers of them end their days upon the gallows.

"Moreover, we harden the hearts of princes and rulers, more especially against the ministers of the Gospel; and this, Faustus, you are learned enough in theology to know."

To this the Doctor replied, "You say well, and you have satisfied me; but have you told me the truth?" The demon replied, "I have: why should I not? for as soon as I got possession of your heart, Faustus, and led you to form designs which all tended to draw you on nearer and nearer to the devil, we then inspired you with greater ambition and deeper speculations than before, so that you could get no sleep neither night nor day, until you committed yourself by overt acts of sorcery. Then, when you began to conjure us up, we made you so fool-hardy and resolute, that you would sooner suffer yourself to be seduced by the devil than be thwarted, and abandon your design. Thus we continued to harden and irritate your ambition until, unable to check yourself in your mad career, you laboured how you might best bring one of us into your power. On our part we got you into a contract for life and soul, a piece of information of which I need not remind you."

"That is true," said the Doctor; "it must be so, I see, for even had I tried to encourage holy thoughts, it would have been a difficult task, though I have only to thank myself for the hateful predicament I am in. Had I kept the commandments the devil would not so soon have been able to prevail with me, by his tempting offers, to barter life and soul. Oh, what had I done to deserve his malice?" The demon replied,

"That I leave you to find out;" and Doctor Faustus turned sorrowfully away.

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A DISPUTATION RELATING TO GEHENNA; ITS PROPORTIONS, AND THE PAINS AND PENALTIES IT INFLICTS.

EVER since he had been so roughly handled for trying to elude his contract, Doctor Faustus felt considerable regret at having so lightly implicated his soul, by bond and signature. But his remorse was like that of Cain and Judas: it was more like despair of the grace of God, than a wholesome sorrow which mends the heart. Thus, though he saw heaven as it were lying before him, and longed to reach it, he still kept walking the other way. Yet he at times flattered himself that by dint of long disputations and interrogatories with his ghost, he might finally hit upon some method—some loophole—by which to escape, and so reconcile himself to Heaven. In this he deluded himself, for the devil had struck his fangs so deep, that the Doctor still persisted in summoning Mephistopheles to his examinations, and his whole thoughts and dreams turned upon infernal matters. He inquired therefore of his demon what hell and the pains of hell were like. First, as to what kind of lamentation the damned in general made? Secondly, whether they had any hope of expiation and of being restored to grace? To these questions his demon made no reply, only he said, "My good master, as to these questions respecting Erebus, with its moral and geographical position, you had just as well let them alone. Consider whither they would lead you in the end; for, granting it were in your power to climb as high as the seventh heaven, depend upon it I could follow, and hurl you down again into the infernal abyss, because though I am now yours, you are to be mine: you belong to our courts.

"Away, then, my dear Faustus, with these absurd inquiries about the place, but speak within compass upon other topics. Believe me, you will only repent of having wasted so much precious time upon them in the end, so pray abandon them for more profitable speculations." Doctor Faustus replied, "But I must know them, I say, though it cost me my life! I insist upon you informing me." "Well then, have it," cried the demon, a little nettled, "hear all, for it can do me no manner of harm. You want to know what hell is. It goes by manifold names, signs, and tokens; you may call it sometimes ravenous and thirsty, inasmuch as it debars its inmates from the least refreshment, even a drop of water. It is also justly said that hell is a large vale, situated not far from Jerusalem, inasmuch as it is of equal breadth and depth with that called Heaven's Seat, in which reside the blessed of the heavenly Jerusalem.

"It is, moreover, appropriately named a place of which none who go there can see the end, either in point of time or space; and it is as properly called the burning lake, because it consumes everything it comes in contact with, as a faggot is burnt in the oven. So the souls of the damned burn in perpetuity; they are tortured and plagued continually, though they cannot be quite destroyed. For the same reason hell is called eternal perdition, everlasting pain which, though it has a beginning, has neither hope nor end.

"It is known and felt also as the bottomless pit and gulf, because it is quite unfathomable. From its rigidity and hardness it has come under the name too of *Petro*, or a rock, for it contains reckless and stony souls. Then it is surrounded and braced on all sides, like a chain of projecting cliffs embracing their interior fastnesses. Another it boasts is the name of *Carcer*, on account of the damned lying everlastingly confined in it. It is known also by the names of *Damnatio*, *Eritum*, *Consulatio*, *Damnatio*, *Condemnator*, &c.

"Of its despair, and pains, and penalties, you may gather some idea from Scripture, which is a sealed letter to me; as likewise of the species of lamentation they elicit, such as weeping and gnashing of teeth. And you may rely on the correctness of what I have hitherto explained to you: in fine, the noise of the perturbed spirits is like a very disagreeable crying, howling, shrieking, moaning, groaning, and adjurations for mercy and for help, all mingled together like the fierce din of a field of battle; for the wretched beings know that they are become sworn and irreconcilable enemies to God and man. The pangs of some, however, are much more severe than those of others, in proportion to the sins and offences they may have committed. There are damned souls which complain as much of the intense cold as the heat, and as much over thirst, and insufferable stench, and brimstone, as over fogs, and pools, and springs; as much from tedious and empty vanity, and idleness, as from the terrific countenances of the devils, and the despair that visits those to whom hope never comes. They bite their own tongues for spite and smart, they roar, blaspheme, and tear their hair, vainly attempting to put an end to their existence. Their pains seem to increase instead of diminishing, for even death refuses to relieve them. In fact, my dear master, this terrific place was planned according to the wrath of God, how best to produce the greatest torture for the damned and the greatest possible space; amidst sad and dreary deserts, icy shores and promontories, bleak hail and storm, and fiery sleet and drenching thaws, all painful and ignominious punishments to satiate the mockery and scorn, as well as the vengeance, of the powers above.

"Now, as to your final question which concerns the reach of mercy in the Most High, whether it extend to any among those condemned souls, so that by expiation they may be restored to grace? For once I will mingle a little instruction with my answer. You inquire whether the damned are ever likely to be restored to grace? I answer flatly, no. Because all we Hellites, or damned spirits, being once separated from grace, must remain in a state of reprobation to all eternity. Even supposing we could make progress, we should be guilty of backsliding before we had reached half-way up the heavenly hill. And as little as ourselves can those who are foredoomed ever hope to escape, let them weep and pray and repent as much as they please. For they cannot get rid of their conscience, do what they will. An emperor, king, duke, count, or any other kind of ruler, may easily say, 'Ah! I wish I had not been such a monstrous tyrant, and driven things to such a pitch!' A rich man may exclaim, 'Good God, what an avaricious wretch I have been!' The haughty man, 'Ah, vain fool, woe to me!' And the dissipated character, 'Oh, ye heavens! what a villanous

seducer, gambler, and blaspheming wretch I have been!" But what avail all these vain regrets? The predestined and the damned, after proceeding a certain length, have no more to fear or to hope. There is no sort of reason why Heaven should trouble itself about them, far less pity or assist them. Why should not they be allowed to remain there, as the dead are also permitted to do in their graves?

"Then give yourself no further concern, Faustus, on this head; and I now tell you frankly once for all, that in future I will no longer give ear to such idle questions; let us converse on other subjects."

But Doctor Faustus turned away from Mephistopheles without making any answer, in no very happy mood. Indeed, his uneasiness and remorse bordered almost on despair. He endeavoured to turn his attention to other matters, and by every other means to banish the final prospect he had in view from his mind; but it was in vain. He dreamed of nothing else, for the devil had so very successfully tempted, betrayed, blinded, and grappled him, that he no longer ventured to struggle to get free. For instance, if he began to entertain serious and religious thoughts when he was alone, the devil was sure to put them to flight by throwing some very beautiful woman in his way, which had the effect of banishing all holy thoughts, and destroying the foundation of the reformation he had commenced.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS STILL PERSISTS IN EXTORTING MORE ANSWERS FROM HIS DEMON
MEPHISTOPHELES.

VERY shortly the Doctor again summoned his familiar in order to satisfy himself upon another point; which, however, the demon refused to listen to. "What can you possibly want with me again?" said he. "I want an answer to a certain question," replied Faustus, "and it is this: If you were in my place, Mephistopheles, what would you do? I mean in order to reconcile yourself to God and man." "Why," said Mephistopheles, "if I were a man, and you a devil, as you will be, my good master, I would as long as I had breath cry unto the all-merciful God, vowing never more to offend or to break the least of His commandments, but ever to do His will, to kneel and pray with humble and grateful heart, and to love and revere Him, until I might be rendered acceptable into some portion of His grace, evermore content and happy, provided I could secure my eventual salvation and escape from doom."

"And have I not, have I not done all that?" cried Doctor Faustus, eagerly. "No!" retorted the demon, "that you have not; far from it: you have denied your Creator, you have despised His holy will and Word, the salvation which He proffered you, and the gifts of nature He bestowed upon you, insomuch that you have no one to accuse besides yourself, your own evil pride and passions, which have deprived you of your best gifts and the robes of righteousness you might have worn." "That is too true," replied Doctor Faustus; "but would you, Mephistopheles, take my place in a mortal shape, if you could?" "Yes," replied the demon, sighing: "we should not dispute much about that. For however greatly I might have sinned against Heaven, I should

still make every effort to be restored to grace." "Ergo," exclaimed Faustus, "it ought to be my endeavour to better myself as far as I am able in the same way." "Yes," said the demon, "as far as you have a chance of expiating your offences towards Heaven; but it is now quite too late; its vengeance hath passed over your head and hath smitten you." "Go! leave me alone," cried the Doctor, as he turned away. "And leave me alone," retorted the demon, "nor pester me with such questions any more."

HERE FOLLOWS THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS, THE
CELEBRATED AND UNFORTUNATE CONJUROR.

AS Doctor Faustus now found that he could obtain no further satisfaction from his demon as to spiritual matters, he asked him no more questions.

He next began to make almanacks, for he was one of the best astrologers and almanack-makers of his time; well versed in calculating nativities and setting down prognostications, as the world well knows. Nor was he less celebrated as a mathematician, as appears from his history no less than from his writings. Thus, all those events of which he gave warning to different princes and lords, in regard to which he possessed a particular gift, never failed to happen as he had described them, in the end. His almanacks were sought after beyond those of any other astronomer, because he set down nothing in his calculations but what happened as he had written it, both concerning fogs, wind, snow, and thunder, and all changes of the weather, so that his almanacks were superior to any others, and far more correct in astrological calculations. For he likewise pointed out the precise time in which changes of all kinds were to occur, applicable to states and kingdoms, whether about to be visited with war, famine, or pestilence, such as the devil could best contrive to manufacture out of the sinful lives of men, for the plague of governors and of their people.

A DISPUTATION OR TWO CONCERNING ART, ASTRONOMY, AND ASTROLOGY.

WHEN Doctor Faustus had been for the space of two years employed in making his almanacks, he once more summoned his demon, to inquire what might be his opinion and proficiency in regard to astronomy and astrology, in the manner the mathematicians were accustomed to consider them. To this his demon replied, "Why, in my opinion, Doctor, your star-gazers have no certain knowledge nor fixed principles. For, in truth, these are secret and mysterious subjects, of which Heaven is jealous, and into which you mortals cannot penetrate in the manner we knowing spirits do, who sweep through the air and under the heavens, and can grasp some of the mysteries in our ken, because we are old experienced spirits, and have more ample scope for our excursions through the sky.

"For instance, my good master, I could easily cast you some prognostications fit for almanacks, or make a long reckoning of all that has gone before, and give you the proceeds of what is to come, describing

each several year distinct from the rest (as in fact you know), so as to exhibit shadows of the events that are in preparation. This we old spirits can do; and I might say in justice to your ancestors of old time, who had the advantage of five or six hundred years' leisure, that they too lived long enough to obtain a thorough acquaintance with such subjects; for in the course of years the great leap year was fulfilled, upon which their calculations were founded. Thus they were able to illustrate and arrange the arts they acquired upon certain known principles, whereas less experienced astrologers make their calculations and prognostics upon mere hazard, the result of false prophecy and mere guess-work." To which Faustus agreed.

Again, in regard to winter and summer, it puzzled the Doctor not a little to account for the manner in which Heaven had divided and created them. On this head his demon explained them as follows: "My good master, cannot you as a physician, and with the help of the sun's course, divine these matters? You must know, then, that, with the exception of the moon, the remainder of the heavenly constellations are all composed of fire. The earth, on the contrary, is frozen, cold and hard throughout; while in proportion as the sun mounts higher in the heavens and shines, the hotter it grows, and that is the cause of summer. But as the sun declines horizontally towards the earth, then it becomes colder and colder, until winter at length ensues."

A NEW QUESTION FROM DOCTOR FAUSTUS, HOW GOD CREATED THE WORLD, THE ORIGIN OF MAN, ETC., RESPECTING WHICH MEPHISTOPHELES GIVES HIM A FALSE ANSWER.



NE day Doctor Faustus, feeling very heavy and sorrowful, summoned his demon, who began to console him, and inquired what it was that pressed upon his spirits. But the Doctor returned no answer; upon which the demon persisted in his inquiry, and said, "I beg you will reply candidly upon this point, and I will do everything in my power to relieve you." Doctor Faustus answered, "You know, Mephistopheles, I engaged you as my servant, one who was to perform everything I required; instead of which you set up your opinion against mine, and refuse to fill your place as a faithful servant ought to do." To this the demon replied, "My good master, you know very well that I have never willingly opposed you; for in regard to your questions, however disagreeable and improper, I have always, though reluctantly I confess, answered them, and proved my obedience. Therefore, good master mine, speak boldly and truly, what is it that you now want?" Doctor Faustus replied, "That he wished to be more particularly informed respecting the creation of the world and of the first man." Upon hearing this, Mephistopheles secretly resolved to pass off a false and profane account upon the Doctor, and he said, "The world, my dear Faustus, to say the truth, never was created, or without form, nor will it ever perish. And the same in regard to man: his evil generation has continued from eternity, and it is all nothing that you hear of his origin; and, in fact, the earth itself may very well have engendered him with the help of a hot sun. And the sea separated itself

from the earth of its own accord, and they mutually exchanged places, just as if they were able to converse together upon the subject.

"The earth, for instance, requested from the sea a certain dominion, as of mountains, woods, meadow, strees, and herbs. Besides this there are four other dominions, consisting of the elements of earth, fire, air, and water. There is the sea and all that in it is, the great fish and the little fish which eat one another, a practice continued from time immemorial; so that there is only heaven and the angels left, and these must be in some kind of subjection to the rest. But further than this I cannot satisfy you; in short, it is all I know."

Doctor Faustus proceeded to speculate upon what he had heard, though he could not easily credit it. For he had read Genesis, c. 1, and was aware that Moses had given a different version of the matter. Hence he felt convinced that the devil was a great liar, just as he had been described in holy writ, though he took care not to accuse him of it, nor so much as to show that he had observed it.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS OBTAINS A SIGHT OF THE INFERNAL SPIRITS IN THEIR TRUE SHAPE, SEVEN OF THE PRINCIPAL OF WHOM ARE MENTIONED BY NAME.



NE day it pleased the prince and rightful master of Doctor Faustus to appear in person, which was so horrible as to excite no little alarm. Though it was in the middle of summer, there blew so cold a blast from the side he came on, that the Doctor shivered with cold. The demon, who was no other than Belial, spoke to Doctor Faustus, and said, "When you awoke, Doctor, about midnight, I was reading your thoughts, and they were these: that first you should like to have a sight of some of the leading infernal spirits, and secondly to inquire how they fared; upon which I thought to oblige you by forthwith appearing in my proper shape." Doctor Faustus replied, "Well, and where are the rest of you?" "They are waiting your pleasure there without," said Belial, who himself appeared to the Doctor in the shape of a great black bear, with huge overhanging ears and eyes shining like burning coals. He had long white sharp teeth, and a tail about three yards in length, and upon his neck he had three fleet wings or pinions. And thus he approached the Doctor, followed by the rest of the train, until the room was so full that they could not all be seated. Belial now explained to the Doctor who they were, and introduced them one after another by their names. In this way seven of the chiefs or principals came in review, with Lucifer at their head, the Doctor's rightful master, with whom he had entered into the contract, and he was about the size of a common man. After him followed Beelzebub, bearing a huge ass's head with two large horns, red and hairy as a beast, with two great wings as sharply edged as the thistles of the field, half green, half yellow, while both from under and above the wings shot forth fierce beams of fire.

Next to him advanced Astaroth into the study, in the shape of a large snake poised upon his tail, for he had no feet, and his bulk was thick, white, and smooth as glass. Next came, and next did go, Zathanas, dressed in iron-grey, bearing a bull's head upon his front, and at his

nether end a tail like a tiger-cat, with claws to his feet about a yard in length. Anubis followed him, dog-headed and of a motley black and white; with huge feet, and slouching ears like a hound, and he was four yards high.

About a yard's length too came Dithyranus in form of a bird, most like a large partridge, only his neck was green and speckled. Drachus crawled next upon four short legs, in shining green from tip to toe, except his head, which was of a dazzling blue, and a red fiery tail. The seventh in order was Belial himself, and Ketele the eighth, both arrayed in the same splendid style as the former. The remainder of the train were of the same unsightly and brutish form; some as hounds, bears, and wolves, others as apes, goats, harts, buffaloes, asses, and the like.

In such form and order did the demons appear to the Doctor, and so numerous that some were compelled to remain outside his study. Doctor Faustus was very much astonished at their appearance, and he inquired of the seven chief demons, why they had not appeared in more agreeable shapes; to which they made answer, that they could not assume any other in the infernal regions, where they were all hellish beasts and snakes, only much more horrible and unseemly than they then were. Yet they were always at liberty to assume the human form whenever they pleased on earth. Doctor Faustus observed that it was enough that the seven principal ones should remain in the study, while the rest might retire; to which they immediately assented.

The Doctor then requested that they would give him some proof of their powers, which they forthwith did by assuming the forms of different animals at their pleasure, and also of the human figure. He next inquired if he could do the same thing; for he seemed much amused at the fantastic figure they cut. They answered that he could, and they threw him a conjuring book, in order that he might make the experiment *secundum artem*; and he managed it. Before they took their departure, Doctor Faustus could not refrain from asking why all kind of winged insects, poisonous animals, and birds of prey, were made. They then informed him that they had been sent after the fall in order to plague mankind, to poison the air, and to injure his possessions. "We are ourselves enabled," they continued, "to metamorphose ourselves into all kinds of winged insects, and torture you as much as you please." Doctor Faustus laughed and said he should like to see them change again, and this too they forthwith did.

Soon after they had taken their leave, Doctor Faustus's study began to swarm with all kinds of poisonous insects, such as gnats, scorpions, hornets, wasps, &c., &c., insomuch that his whole house was filled with them, and what was worse, they began to torture him, not as the chief demons had facetiously threatened, but by actually biting and stinging him, in such a manner that he hardly knew which way to turn himself. In fact, I believe they were all so many young demons, who had watched their opportunity when their chiefs had departed, and, determined to enjoy their share of the sport, had fallen upon him quite unawares, and continued to bepester him to such a degree that he was compelled to run out of his own house.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS NEXT VISITS THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

THE Doctor had now reached the eighth year of the term set down in his contract, so that he was slowly but surely proceeding towards the end of his career. The greater part of this time he had spent in questions and disputations, and he again began to grow uneasy and to dream about hell. Upon this he summoned Mephistopheles, and bade him to inform his master Belial, or Lucifer himself, that he should like to see one of them as early as convenient. This message his servant delivered, when it was agreed to dispatch Beelzebub in preference to either, who soon arrived and inquired what were the Doctor's commands. The latter requested to know whether it would be agreeable to his master to send him a demon as a guide to conduct him into the lower world in order to observe the nature of the country, its inhabitants, and its most remarkable productions, which he was desirous of seeing. "Yes, certainly," replied Beelzebub, "I will return about midnight and fetch you myself;" and so he departed.

Accordingly when it grew quite dark, towards twelve o'clock, Beelzebub again appeared, carrying an easy chair wrought out of pure bone upon his shoulders. It was a round arm-chair with a guard before, into which the Doctor mounted, and was borne away. But hear what a trick the devil played him in order that he should not be able to inform any one else of the route he went. He found the chair so easy, and was conveyed so gently through the air, that he could not help falling asleep, just as if he had been lying in his bed at home.

Shortly he approached a high mountain, which was as large as a vast island, and which cast up nothing but sulphur, pitch, and fire brands, and with such violence and hurly-burly of a racket that it frightened the Doctor out of his sleep. But his demon held on, and entered the fiery cavern with the Doctor on his back, who imagined that he had jumped all at once out of bed into the middle of the infernal pit. Yet fierce and glaring as were the flames around him, he felt no sort of pain or heat, only he heard a booming and lashing of the hot billows, as if he had been at sea.

He also heard all kinds of musical instruments, which clanged and resounded in a surprising manner, though, with the help of the grand illumination around him, he could discover neither the instruments nor the musicians, nor any orchestra were they were placed. Still he ventured not to inquire whence the music came, having been warned beforehand to ask no needless questions, and three other demons now joined Beelzebub with no very inviting looks. As he was descending lower down, there came behind him at full speed a large stag with vast antlers, threatening to hurl him into the infernal cavern that yawned below, upon which Faustus shrieked out in the devil's name for help, when the three demons turned sharp round and frightened the fierce beast away.

The Doctor now hastened to reach the next region beneath that he had just left, whose dimensions, however, he could not ascertain for the vast number of flying dragons, snakes, and animals of all kinds, which impeded his view. One of the oldest and most mischievous of these

beasts came ramping and bellowing towards Beelzebub, as if intending to upset both him and the Doctor, so that with the sudden alarm he lost his balance, and was precipitated, with hideous outcry and uproar, into one of the deepest pits ; but luckily before he reached the bottom, a large old ape, who happened to be cracking hot nuts upon a walnut-tree, kindly stretched out a paw and saved him from perdition. But he had lost his infernal guide, and there rose so thick a fog from the adjacent pools, that it was long before he could see his way.

Suddenly was heard a loud rumbling noise, and there issued two huge dragons from the dense clouds, with a chariot yoked at their tails. It was attended by black footmen in flame-coloured livery, one of whom called out "Doctor Faustus's coach ;" another let down the steps, and the old monkey handed the Doctor in. It then grew so dark that he could distinguish neither the chariot nor the dragons, though he could feel that they went at a devilish hard pace. Soon it began to lighten in such a tremendous manner, that the Doctor felt his teeth chatter, and the more as he heard the sound of a tempestuous sea ; and down went the dragons into the vasty deep. Still, the water was not cold, but rather warm and pleasant, though the waves came so heavily over the chariot that the Doctor was unfortunately thrown overboard and went down, leaving horses and chariot behind him, like a piece of lead. By sinking and sinking he sank into a kind of cavern, where he contrived to stick fast, and sat dripping upon a rock, more dead than alive. There he could see and hear nothing but the booming of the water in his ears, until turning his eyes towards the interior, he observed a light, and thought to himself, "Which way shall I wend, now that these infernal rascals have deserted me? Whether must I throw myself, down the cavern here into the water, or die like a fool for my pains, where I am?" Then mustering his courage, though mixed with no small degree of apprehension, he made a bold leap into the cave (for he knew he was safe until his twenty-four years' bond had expired), crying out, "Now, ye little infernal imps, catch me, body or soul, he who first can !" at the same time, however, he was in huge dismay. He had no sooner said this than down he went, and such a terrific thunder-clap and infernal hurly-burly followed as to split the neighbouring stone-quarries and mountains. When he came near enough to cast anchor at the bottom, he found something worth his notice.

These were the shades of many mighty heathens, fierce and stately forms of emperors, kings, princes, and their lords. Item, Many dozen armies, as if ready equipped for battle. A pool of cold water stood near the fire, in which some of them drank and some bathed, though such was the intense cold, that they soon leaped into the fire again.

Doctor Faustus first stepped into the fire, and tried to catch one of the damned souls by the hair of his head, but just as he imagined he had got him safe between his fingers, he always slipped through and vanished. Finding it, however, too warm to stay in long, he was just turning back, when who should meet him but Beelzebub, with the chair, who invited the Doctor to mount again and set off ; soaring into the higher region, because the sulphur, fire, smoke, hail, and heat and cold together,

were rather too much for Faustus. Besides, the horrid noise, lamentation, and swearing of the condemned souls were beginning to affect his nerves.

Having now been a good while absent from his house, his faithful servant, well knowing the errand which his master was on, began to think he must have met with something more than he liked, and might be detained there longer than he expected ; when, just then, in comes Faustus, borne safely in his chair asleep, in which state he was carried to his bed.

When he awoke in the morning, he lay thinking in bed concerning the tragedy he had seen acted the night before : he now felt certain there was such a place as hell, for he had been there and seen it. He was at least no longer a sceptic ; though after all, the devil had merely played him a knavish trick, deluding him with a sort of phantasmagorian picture, for he had really been admitted into none of his diabolical mysteries, and as he afterwards suspected, had only been tormented with a representation of its sufferings, for the sake of adding to his uneasiness by striving to avoid them. For, had he really visited the genuine Pandemonium, he would not so easily have returned home ; and some remarks to the above purport were found in one of his magical books, from which, with other MSS., this and other passages of his life have been compiled.



DOCTOR FAUSTUS'S TRAVELS THROUGH SOME OF THE CHIEF KINGDOMS,
PRINCIPALITIES, AND STATES OF THE KNOWN WORLD

ABOUT the sixteenth year of his bond, Doctor Faustus felt a great inclination to travel ; for which end he summoned Mephistopheles in order to accompany him. He came, and forthwith took the shape of a horse, only with the addition of wings ; and with the mildness of a dromedary he went whithersoever his master commanded him. Upon his back the Doctor traversed a few countries, to wit, Eastland, Pannonia, Germany, Bohemia, Silesia, Saxony, Meizen, Deuringen, Frankland, Swabia, Beirland, Lultow, Lyfland, Prussia, Muscovy, Friesland, Holland, Westphalia, Zealand, Brabant, Flanders, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Poland, Hungary, and from the last place, back to Deuringen.

He was three weeks and four days away, and did not see so much as he had expected, which induced him to retrace his steps until he came to the city of Trier ; and there he met with nothing very interesting. There was a wonderful palace, curiously constructed of bakstone, and so compact and strong as to stand in fear of no enemy.

Well, he saw the church too, where brother Simon and the Bishop Papa lay buried, and which was built of immense large stones, admirably knit together.

Next he arrived in Paris, a city of France, where the great schools, the disputations, and museums pleased him well. From there he proceeded to Mentz, where the river Main falls into the Rhine ; he did not tarry long, but went to Campagnia in the state of Neapoli, in which he found many churches and monasteries all very lofty, and beautiful

houses that excited his admiration. There was also a magnificent castle, which surpassed all others in Italy for the number of its halls and towers, and the splendour of its decorations. Near it lay Mount Vestius (Vesuvius) covered with vine-gardens, olive-trees, and other frugiferous plants, delightful to the taste. He next bethought him of Venice, and was quite surprised to see so proud a city lying in the midst of the sea, and crowded with a forest of sails, which brought merchandise from far eastern lands to barter with all the world. It was, moreover, adorned with noble temples and towers, whose foundations were in the deep, where Adria is wedded to the Doge.

Thence he visited the learned city of Padua, to hear what was disputing in the schools; and he saw three double hanging towers, and dolphins spouting up water, besides a grand cathedral and a council-hall as beautiful as any in the world. There, too, is Saint Anthony's church, whose grandeur equals any other in all Italy. Journeying forwards, he reached Rome, whose city is watered by a river called Tiberius, and on the side of the river there stand the seven mountains; it hath also eleven gates, and a hill named Vatican, where lieth the tomb of St. Peter, and near it is seen the palace of the pope, very splendid, with a pleasure court all round about. Next to it is the church of the Lateran, wherein is seen the beauty of all holiness, and it is called the apostolic church, whence it is the most celebrated throughout the whole Christian world. Here too were to be seen the ruins of many heathen temples, more awful and numerous than we can describe. After having long contemplated these, Doctor Faustus approached the pope's palace, first rendering himself invisible, by which means he passed more agreeably through a throng of officers and courtiers. As he drew nigh, he could not help expressing his wonder to Mephistopheles, at the prodigious pomp and pride in which his holiness sat arrayed. "Ah, Mephistopheles," he cried, "why could not the devil make me a pope?" Never before had Doctor Faustus seen anything equal to the courteous pride and magnificence of such a scene, added to all the bold and licentious practices exhibited in the lives of the pope and his conclave of princes and prelates, whose excessive arrogance, luxury, incontinence, and gambling quite surpassed his belief. He exclaimed, "Oh, Mephistopheles, I thought I was the devil's own child, but he! he leaves me far behind!" And indeed he felt so much interested, and had heard so much of Rome, that he remained invisible during the next three days in the pope's palace, amusing himself with his magical tricks. So greatly was he taken up with them, that he forgot either to eat or drink during the whole time, always taking his invisible station right opposite to his holiness. One day, as he was thus standing, the pope had occasion to draw the figure of a cross, and in the instant Doctor Faustus appeared, staring him close in the face. The Doctor began to laugh, so as to be heard by every one in the hall. Then he would begin to squeak and to cry, and enjoyed to see them all puzzled to know what it could mean. But his holiness assured his attendants that it was a condemned soul praying for remission of its sins.

As this happened during dinner, and the last course was now coming

in, the Doctor, beginning to feel very hungry, stretched out his hands, upon which the dishes flew towards him, and he and his demon disappeared with them together. They then took their station upon the top of Mount Capitolium, where they dined with no little zest. Thence the Doctor shortly dispatched his demon to fetch him some of the pope's best wine, bidding him at the same time not to forget some silver bowls and spoons. No sooner was his holiness aware of the extent of these thefts, than he commanded prayers and masses for the damned soul to be offered up during the whole night ; which, however, did not prevent the Doctor's feasting and tipping at his holiness's expense. The church plate and other articles which he thus purloined were discovered in the Doctor's possession after his death.

Feeling at length quite refreshed, Faustus once more took flight with his demon, and alighted next at Milan, which appeared to him a pleasant and healthy abode, being much cooler than many other places in Italy. He was delighted with the fine rivers, the noble temples and other edifices, such as the great castle, and the hotel of the eleven lovely women. His next visit was to Florence, where amidst all the wonderful products both of nature and of art, he most admired the beautiful scene of St. Mary's Garden, the grand ornaments of the castle church, and the grand marble doors over the entrance gates, which exhibit copper engravings from the history of the Old and New Testament. The wine too produced there he thought excellent, no less than the skill which the inhabitants displayed both in the arts and in commerce.

Thence he proceeded to Lyons, a city lying between two mountains in Frankland, begirt also with two rivers, and boasting a cathedral surpassing any other of the kind. From here he took wing to Kiel, where he saw what is termed the high canon church, within which it is said that the remains of the three kings who hailed the star of Christ are interred. "Oh, you good men," cried Doctor Faustus, when he heard this, "how have you contrived, since you were born at Palestine, to have moved to Bethlehem? Were your bodies, I wonder, thrown into the sea, and has the great Rhine caught them in his course, and brought them up to Kiel on purpose to be buried?" There too he saw St. Ursula's tomb with seventy-one thousand virgins.

The beauty of the women made a great impression upon him. Going a little farther, he reached the city of Aken, belonging to the emperor, where he saw the grand marble temple first founded by Charlemagne, in order that his successors might there assume with greater magnificence the imperial crown. He next touched at Geneva in Savoy, not far from Switzerland, where the Rhine flows through the city, which his demon informed him was called after a basilisk which had once its dwelling there. Many old rivers and fruitful land were seen around, besides its grand university and its single cloister. Constance was the next place he came to, where he admired the beautiful bridge across the Rhine, and which his demon informed him was called after the city of Constantinople.

Next he alighted at Ulm, where he was greatly pleased with the parish church of St. Martin's, a very magnificent building, begun in the year 1377, and which contains fifty-two altars, besides a beautiful chapel for the

sacrament attached to it. As Doctor Faustus was now preparing to proceed farther, his demon, turning towards him, said, "Let us pass over the castle and episcopal city of Murtzburg, where there are so many orders of minor friars, of St. Benedict, of St. Stephen, and other saints, till we arrive at Nuremburg. This city, you must know, has borrowed its name from Claudius Tiberius Nero, and in the church of St. Lawrence is preserved the mantle, the sword, the sceptre, and crown of Charlemagne. A beautiful golden fountain adorns the market-place, where it is said that the spear which pierced our Saviour's side is now preserved along with a piece of the holy cross. In this there are no less than five hundred and twenty-eight streets, six magnificent gates, two smaller ones, four towers, eleven stone bridges, twelve hills, ten large market-places, thirteen baths, ten churches, and as many preachers, besides other rare and stupendous works."

Next morning, on his arrival at Augsburg, Faustus inquired of his demon the whole history of the city, and from whom it took its name. "It had six names," replied Mephistopheles, "before it received the last from Augustus Octavianus." The Doctor likewise put the same questions to him respecting Regensburg and the other places through which he travelled, being always inquisitive to hear something new. Shortly he extended his tour as far as Constantinople, a city which was named after the great Emperor Constantine. From its grand towers and palaces, it may well deserve to be called a new Rome, and lies pleasantly upon the side of the sea. Doctor Faustus spent several days in admiring the grand sultan's seraglio, and his exceeding pomp and power. One evening, as his Turkish majesty was enjoying his repast, the Doctor played off one of his old tricks, and suddenly the hall of state appeared as if in a blaze of fire, so that every one ran in a great hurry to extinguish the flames, while overhead it began to thunder and lighten in an astonishing manner. At the same time he bedevilled the sultan in such a way that he could neither rise from his seat nor be carried out of the place, which shone far more brightly than if it had been high noon. Then the Doctor made his appearance before the sultan, arrayed like the pope himself, and thus spoke: "All hail, great sultan, who hast been found worthy that even I, your own Mahomet, have made myself visible to you!" Having pronounced which words, he as suddenly disappeared.

Such was the force of the enchantment that the sultan fell upon his knees, and devoutly cried out to Mahomet, praising and thanking him for having deigned to appear to him. The ensuing morning Doctor Faustus paid a visit to the sultan's seraglio, where no one besides the guards are permitted to appear, in the presence of his beautiful wives, and ladies of all countries, who are there imprisoned to suit his choice. But the Doctor threw the whole apartments into so thick a mist, that he himself, in the shape of the prophet, along with his demon, could not be perceived. Here he continued to amuse himself during six days, which together with the mist so much puzzled the sultan, that he commanded formal prayers and ceremonies to be offered up to clear the atmosphere in all his mosques. Meanwhile the Doctor, in excellent humour, was partaking of every pleasure which the world could afford.

When weary of amusing himself at the sultan's expense, he flew aloft in his popish habiliments, high above the seraglio, so as to be seen by all below. After he had taken himself clear away, and the fog had somewhat dispersed, the Great Turk ventured to make his appearance, and then summoning the whole of his ladies together, he very anxiously inquired what could be the meaning that his seraglio had been so long lost in a fog? At this they one and all assured him that the great Prophet Mahomet had appeared to them and commanded them to submit to his wishes, had declared that in future a more lofty and heroic race would thence appear upon the theatre of the world. The sultan took this in the light of a great compliment bestowed upon him, but his muftis would have had him not to give ear to it, maintaining that Mahomet had nothing to do in the business, but that it was a spirit. The ladies replied, that whether he were a spirit or no, he had conducted himself in a very friendly and agreeable manner while with them. These different versions of the story puzzled the sultan a good deal, and after all his inquiries and consultations, he still remained in great perplexity as to what he ought to think of it.

Doctor Faustus meanwhile was pursuing his way to the capital Al-cairo, the same which was formerly called Memphis, and also Chackam, where the Egyptian sultan holds his court, and where flows the mighty stream which, overleaping its channels, fertilizes the whole land. Thence he winged his way easterly, and again towards the west until he came to the city of Osen, in the royal state of Hungary, which same is a very fruitful city, as it contains a pool of water which produces gold and silver and all kinds of metal. This Hungarian city is defended by a powerful castle, and ornamented with other noble works. The Doctor next visited Meedenburgh, and touched at Lubeck, in Saxony. The former is an episcopal see, and it is said to be in possession of one of the vessels in which our Saviour changed the water into wine. Lubeck is also a bishopric in Saxony. From this last he went to Erfurth, where there is an university, and from Erfurth he bent his way back to Wittenburg. Though he had been absent only just half a year, he had seen a great variety of prospects, and studied the manners of different countries.

A QUESTION RESPECTING THE CAUSE OF THUNDER.

WHILE at Wittenburg in the month of August, there blew a great hurricane, attended with much thunder and lightning, as Doctor Faustus was standing in the market-place with several other physicians. These last took occasion to inquire into the cause of this sudden tempest, to which the Doctor replied, "Such a tempest is not always accompanied by the same signs; but when the wind has long been up, the clouds of heaven are driven together, and instead of thunder, they sometimes burst in floods of rain. And about the time that the tempest begins to gather most strength, the spirits of the air mingle in the lower sphere, and encountering each other from the four quarters of the world with fierce strife, such is the echo of the shock that we term it thunder. But when the wind is too powerful, the thunder can

in no way get vent, and if it could so escape, it would be borne upwards according to the direction in which the wind most fiercely blows, because from that side the tempest begins to rise; and in the same way we perceive that it more frequently comes from the south than from the west, the north, or the east."

HERE FOLLOWS THE THIRD AND LAST PART OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS'S ADVENTURES, AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE NECROMANTIC TRICKS WHICH HE PERFORMED IN THE COURTS OF SOME GREAT POTENTATES. IT CONTAINS LIKEWISE HIS LAMENTABLE AND TERRIFIC DEPARTURE AND SAD END.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE RESPECTING DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.

IT so happened that the Emperor Charles, attended by his whole court, had occasion to visit Yksbruck at the time that Doctor Faustus was staying there. The latter being acquainted with several of the free lords and others of the place, for whose pastime he had exhibited different feats of his art, was invited by them to court. The emperor hearing he was there, inquired what sort of a personage he was. When informed that his name was Doctor Faustus, one day after dinner, during the summer, he sent for him into his cabinet, and inquired whether he was really so well versed in the black art as fame gave out, and had brought a familiar spirit under his command? That in such case he, the emperor, would be glad to see him exhibit some proof of his skill, and moreover required him so to do in respect to his imperial crown, which might otherwise endanger the Doctor's safety. Upon this, Faustus entreated his majesty in the most humble manner, as if he wished to excuse himself. "Now hear me once for all," exclaimed the emperor: "I have often wished to learn how some of my great predecessors achieved such wonderful feats, and arrived at such a pitch of fortune and renown, in particular respecting the great Alexander of Macedon, that bright star of heroism and example of true royalty, as we read in history. He it was who amassed such great wealth, power, and dominion, as to throw his successors, and me and my successors, all into the shade. It is therefore my desire that you should forthwith summon from the shades, into my presence, the forms of this famous Alexander and his queen, just as they once appeared in their regal attire; and I will then believe that you are an experienced master of your art." "Most gracious sovereign," replied Faustus, "I am well prepared, and also delighted to think of gratifying your imperial majesty in this matter. The ancient forms of the great Alexander and his queen shall present themselves in as imposing a manner as my art will admit. Yet though their image will appear clearly to view, I must acquaint your majesty that their bodies have not really risen from the dead, because that would be quite impossible. There are, however, a few old experienced spirits who have often seen Alexander and his queen, and who possess the power of assuming their forms, which your majesty shall soon perceive." Having said this, Doctor Faustus left the emperor's apartment in order to consult with his demon Mephistopheles. After a little time he again returned to the emperor, and acquainted him that he could execute what he had undertaken upon one

condition—that his majesty would be pleased to ask no questions, nor even speak, during the whole scene.

The Doctor then opened the door and ushered in Alexander the Great, arrayed exactly in the same uniform, air, and character as he had exhibited during his lifetime. He was a thickset but well-shaped man, with red beard and complexion, and sharp fiery eyes like a basilisk's. He marched into the room in full dress, and armed from top to toe. Advancing courteously towards the emperor, he made him a profound obeisance, on which the emperor rose and offered to embrace him, but the Doctor would not permit it. After Alexander had walked round the emperor a few times, he turned towards the door, when the queen made her appearance, and also saluted the emperor with a low courtesy. She wore a blue dress, richly ornamented with pearls and precious stones. Her complexion was extremely delicate, being of a mingled rose and milk colour; her look was thoughtful, and her face and person were altogether graceful and beautiful. While gazing intently upon them both, the emperor thought to himself, "Now I have seen two beings whom I have long wished to behold, and it is impossible but that it is really so, if the spirit he spoke of has changed himself into such a form, like the woman of Endor who raised the prophet Samuel from the dead."

And in order more fully to convince himself that such was the fact, the emperor further considered within himself. "Now I recollect to have read, that this same mirror of chivalry and royalty had something of a twist in his neck;" upon which he approached nearer to him, and perceived that he actually had a kind of twist, with a wart on his neck; so that having satisfied himself upon this point, directly afterwards his unearthly visitants disappeared.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS NEXT BEWITCHES A CERTAIN KNIGHT BY STICKING A PAIR OF STAG'S ANTLERS UPON HIS HEAD.

WHEN the Doctor had thus, as we have said, so greatly entertained the emperor in the manner he so much wished, towards evening he began to amuse himself with watching the courtiers as they went backwards and forwards to the royal table, first in and then out. While thus employed, he perceived one of the knights lying fast asleep under a window-place to breathe as much air as he could, because the day was exceedingly hot. But I shall not mention his name, as he is now dead, and was besides a free-born gentleman, which had the effect of turning the adventure into greater ridicule. His familiar demon Mephistopheles had a particular hand in this wicked delusion, for he caused a huge branch of horns to spring out of his forehead as he lay asleep in the window-place. After nodding his head a few times, the poor knight began to rub his eyes, to the infinite diversion of the spectators; and at last feeling the horns, he awakened in a great fright. For the window having been closed, he could get his antlers neither backwards nor forwards, which the emperor perceiving began to laugh, while all his attendants were equally amused at witnessing his curious efforts to extricate himself. The whole court soon gathered round, some mocking and some compassionating him, but few being able to

refrain from laughter, until it pleased Doctor Faustus to release the poor knight from his perilous enchantment, and take his departure thence.

HOW THE FOREMENTIONED KNIGHT SOUGHT TO TAKE VENGEANCE UPON THE DOCTOR FOR THE SAID TRICK.

AFTER Doctor Faustus had taken leave of the court, where every one had sought to show him honour, after the example of the emperor, the knight and his friends began to scheme how they might trick him in his turn. He had scarcely proceeded half a mile upon his journey before he perceived seven horsemen make their appearance from an old wood, at whose head rode a knight, who had borne the stag's antlers on his forehead. As the Doctor drew nigh, they raised their hands in a threatening gesture, and spurred towards him at speed, on seeing which he rode away as if to conceal himself in a small clump of trees not very far off. Emboldened by his retreat, they were proceeding to surround him, when suddenly the place appeared filled with armed knights with spears in rest, all ready to run a tilt. At this sight the knight and his comrades turned their horses' heads, and spurred as hard the other way. But their full speed availed them nothing, for in a few moments they found themselves surrounded by a troop of fierce-looking men, to whom they were glad to surrender and solicit the Doctor's mercy.

Upon this the great magician granted them quarter, though not without the conditions of making each of them wear a pair of horns for the space of a month afterwards, while their steeds were graced during the same period with those of bullocks, to the no small annoyance of the grooms, as a mark of the Doctor's displeasure. And this last punishment took such an effect upon the knight's imagination, that he quite lost his courage, and was no longer fit for active service. At the same time, the noise of the affair at court served to spread the Doctor's reputation, and he began to be held in great awe by the knights and squires.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS DISPOSES OF A WAGGONLOAD OF HAY, AND THE HORSES, IN ORDER TO PUNISH A PEASANT.

NEXT happened that the Doctor was journeying towards the city of Gotha, where he had to transact some business. This was in the pleasant month of June, when the countrymen were all busily employed in getting in their hay. As he drew near with some of his companions towards the city gates, being rather merry with wine, he saw a simple-looking peasant whistling his team jollily along. I will make thee change that tune, thought Doctor Faustus, I like not to see a boor so heartily merry. Hereupon he threw himself into the man's way, and crossed him whichever way he attempted to pass, until the poor fellow after some trials, seeing into his malice, began to grow angry, exclaiming, "Wilt not go neither on one side nor th' other? What would be at?" Doctor Faustus, having already drunk rather too much, made him this answer: "Now I shall see whether you are to make way for me, or I for you." The boor, hearing these words, began

to wax wroth, and threaten the Doctor hard, if he were not allowed to pass. "What, thou boor," retorted the Doctor, "dost thou dare to scoff at me? For a little more I would devour thy waggon, horses, and hay and all." "Do that," replied the man, "as soon as thou wilt; if it pleases thee, it pleases me well: eat and be damned!" So forthwith the Doctor began to mistify and delude the poor man's senses, in such a way, that he imagined the Doctor grew as high as a church steeple. And first he laid his hands upon the horses, and next upon the waggon and hay, all which seemed to disappear, faster than a man takes his meat, down the giant's wide and ponderous jaws. At this sight the poor waggoner uttered a dreadful howl, and ran half out of his wits to the house of the burgomaster, where he related the dreadful event in piteous lamentations and dismay. The burgomaster ran along with his officers as fast as possible to the spot, curious to behold so strange a scene. On reaching the place, however, what was the poor waggoner's surprise to find his load of hay and team of horses standing very quietly at the city gates, where he had stopped them!

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS OBTAINED A LOAN OF MONEY FROM A JEW, AND HOW HE GAVE HIM LEG-BAIL, CUTTING IT OFF TO LEAVE IN THE JEW'S POSSESSION.

IT used to be an old saying that the conjuror, "charm he never so wisely," for the year together, was never half a stiver richer in the world for his pains. Now Doctor Faustus began to experience the truth of this, inasmuch as the grand promises made by his demon in their first contract were mere bubbles, well worthy of their proprietor—a liar and the father of lies. For he had led the Doctor to believe that he was compelled into the service and overreached by him, so that vast riches would flow in upon him. Four years of his demon's apprenticeship had yet to run, though he was still not a whit the richer, either in gold or goods, for all that Mephistopheles had done. It was agreed likewise he was to partake only of the best fare that could be obtained at princes' courts wheresoever he should travel, as we have already seen. On this account he had held a variety of disputations with his familiar demon, which generally ended, however, by his inviting some boon companions to come and banquet with him. At length, finding himself in want of ready cash, he was compelled to apply to a certain Jew, with whom in the first instance he agreed for sixty dollars, which he promised to return in the space of one month. This being expired, the Jew went to demand his dollars with the interest which was become due, when the Doctor replied to his application as follows: "Jew, I have no money; and I have no means, just now, of procuring any. However, if you are willing to accept good security, I think we can come to terms. I will give you either an arm or a leg, whichever shall best please you, and which shall be made over to you as a pledge of mortgage; though under this one condition: that as soon as I shall have the money forthcoming, you will be prepared to restore to me my leg." Now, the Jew, being naturally every good Christian's enemy, thought to himself, I am glad of this, but he must be a most singular genius to think of pawning me his life and blood for the sake of money. What can I do with such security as this? But meanwhile

Doctor Faustus, taking out a saw, was very leisurely sawing off his leg, which he handed to the Jew (though it was all mere illusion), repeating the same condition that he was to return it the moment he should obtain the money, as he (the Doctor) knew how to set it in its place again. So the Jew, not a little pleased with his contract, marched off with the Doctor's leg. When he had kept it, however, a short time, he began to think, What shall I do with this rogue of a Christian's limb? If I carry it about with me I shall be poisoned with the stench, besides its being of no further use to him when he shall want it, however good a security, for what more could he give? Being at length quite puzzled in which way to act for the best, one day as he was crossing over a bridge, weary with calculating *pro et contra*, he threw the Doctor's leg into the water, and thought himself well rid of it. Doctor Faustus, fully aware of what had passed, sent notice to the Jew three days afterwards that he was ready to repay him the money. The latter repented now that he had been so hasty, but he went. The first question put by the Doctor was what he had done with his pledge. "What have I done!" replied the Jew: "what could I do with it? It was of no use, and I threw it away." The Doctor on hearing this took the Jew roundly to task, declaring that he must have his leg again, come what would, or that he (the Jew) must look for the consequences. Alarmed at the violence of the Doctor's threats, the unlucky Israelite at length consented to adjust the matter by further advancing sixty dollars, in order to avoid the terrors of the law.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS OUTWITS A HORSE JOCKEY.

IN like manner the Doctor succeeded in imposing upon a horse dealer at an annual fair where a number of merchants and other chapmen used to resort; for he appeared riding into the place upon a handsome and richly caparisoned steed, which brought the most cunning jockeys all about him, and at last he agreed with one to sell the noble-looking animal for fourteen guineas. At the same time he cautioned the dealer how he ventured to ride him to water, as he was a very tickle beast. This only put the jockey upon his mettle, and when the Doctor had adjourned to the inn, he mounted and rode him to the water-side, which he had no sooner reached before the good steed disappeared from under, leaving the poor fellow in the pool astride of a saddle of straw, gazing round in equal terror and surprise. On recovering himself, however, and thinking of his bargain, he hastened as fast as he could into the inn, to find Doctor Faustus, though not knowing whether he was dreaming or awake. He was directed into the Doctor's room, where he found him lying fast asleep. He slept so soundly that the dealer, perceiving he did not offer to rise when he spoke to him, took him by the foot, and giving him a gentle pull, was surprised to find the Doctor's leg hanging in his hand. He uttered a cry of horror, and at the same moment Doctor Faustus jumped up and began to cry "murder!" as loud as he could. The man, without venturing to ask for his money, flung the leg upon the table, and ran out of the place, thinking himself happy to escape the gallows. In this way Doctor Faustus pocketed another sum of money.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS MEETS ANOTHER PEASANT TO WHOM HE SELLS HIS OWN
LOAD OF HAY.

HIS money, however, was all spent before he reached the city of Zwickau, where he was hospitably entertained by the magistrates. Having an eye to more, as he walking out in the evening he met another waggoner driving along his team, of whom he inquired how much he would ask for as much of his hay as he, the Doctor, liked to eat. The man replied that for half a stiver he should have as much as he pleased, believing that the whole was a mere jest. But suddenly the Doctor appeared to be devouring the whole concern, with so hearty an appetite as to excite the wonder of all the spectators. When he had finished about half his meal, the poor waggoner, alarmed lest the remainder should share the same fate, cried out lustily for mercy, and offered to compromise with the Doctor; inquiring in his turn how much he would take to give up his bargain and leave him the hay. At the same time he offered the Doctor a gold piece, which the latter put into his pocket, and permitted the man to drive away. By the time he reached the end of his journey, he found on coming to unload that the whole of his hay was there, for the delusion which the Doctor had raised was vanished.

HOW THE DOCTOR ENDED A DISPUTATION BETWEEN TWELVE STUDENTS.


ONE day at Wittenburg there was a disputation held before the Doctor's house between seven students against five. During the heat of the argument it came into the Doctor's head to play them a trick, and forthwith he cast such a mist before their eyes, that, no longer able to distinguish their opponents, they grew more and more angry, until at length from words they came to blows, which soon brought a crowd of spectators around them, not a little amused at the scene. So completely, indeed, had the malicious conjuror deluded their senses, that they fought and reeled like drunken men. But as this novel *argumentum ad hominem* appeared to be coming no nearer to a conclusion than that of their tongues, the spectators were at length obliged to interfere, and the poor deluded students were each of them conducted to their homes, where on their arrival they recovered their senses and their sight.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS PUNISHED SOME EBRIATED COUNTRYMEN WHO MADE TOO
MUCH NOISE.

ANOTHER day, as the Doctor was regaling himself at a certain publican's, where a number of peasants were assembled who were likewise making merry, he said that they amazed him, and ordered them to make less noise. So far, however, from obeying, they began to sing, and shout, and hoot, and whistle louder than before. Upon this the Doctor observed to his companion, "Now mark ye: I will soon stop their whistles in a way which they little expect." So accordingly, just as the poor fellows were in the middle of a loud chorus, they came to a halt as suddenly as if they had been gagged, each star-

ing at his companion with his jaws extended, without power to utter a word. No longer able to distinguish one another, they rose up and separated one by one, only intent upon getting out of the place as fast as possible. And no sooner were they fairly rid of it, and proceeding upon their way, than they recovered the use of their speech and again recognized one another, happy to escape home again with no other detriment, except the fright.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS HAD AN ADVENTURE AT THE COURT OF ONE OF THE PRINCES OF ANHALT.

 NCE upon a time, in the month of January, Doctor Faustus had occasion to go to the court of the Prince of Anhalt, who showed him all kind of hospitality and kindness. While seated at table, he remarked that the princess looked very thoughtful and melancholy. On this account, as soon as the cloth was removed, the Doctor said, "My gracious lady, I have always understood that gentlewomen of your melancholy temperament required some strange and novel sights to beguile tedious thoughts. I would entreat of your highness to acquaint me what kind of amusement might prove most acceptable to you." The princess made answer, "My good Doctor, I will not pretend to disguise from you that about the middle of last winter I indulged a great wish to partake of some fresh summer fruit and flowers, and now I again begin to wish that they were mine." Doctor Faustus replied, "I can easily gratify your highness in this respect, for in another half-hour you shall be presented with as much of both as heart could wish." As he said this he threw up the window, and placing two silver dishes outside, he again resumed his seat. When the time was come he went to the window, and brought with him the silver dishes, which he laid upon the table. How great was the princess's joy! for one of them was heaped up with beautiful white and blue plums, and the other full of apples and pears, both wreathed with the most odoriferous flowers still wet with the morning dew. Presenting them to the princess, he said, "You see, your highness need not be afraid to eat, they are just arrived from a warm and mellow clime, where the summer is but now upon the wane." The princess took some and relished them extremely, though she could scarcely restrain her wonder at beholding them; while the prince, observing her curiosity, boldly asked the Doctor how he had brought it to pass. The Doctor answered him very courteously, "My gracious lord, you must know that the year is divided between two portions of the world, as in two circles, so that when it is here winter, it is summer in another part; because the heavens are round, and the sun has now arrived at his perihelion in that quarter. For the same reason we have now only short days, and bleak winter all around. But it is not so in the east and the west, as in Zaba, where the summer is now in full glow, and where two fruit seasons load the year. Our night here is their daylight, for the great sun has gone down below this part of the earth. Yet the vast ocean lies higher in the world, and were it not obedient to the supreme command, it would in an instant engulf the earth upon which we now stand. It was to one of those far lands, my gracious prince,

that I just now dispatched my familiar demon, who, to give the imp his due, is a pretty swift-footed spirit, and he can moreover assume any other form he pleases. He it was who brought your gracious consort the dish of fruit at my particular command."

Both these royal personages listened to the Doctor's words with exclamations of wonder, and were greatly delighted at his answering them so frankly a number of other curious questions.



CONCERNING ANOTHER ADVENTURE WHICH DOCTOR FAUSTUS UNDERTOOK TO PLEASE THE SAME PRINCE, FOR WHOM HE BUILT A STately CASTLE UPON A HEIGHT.



AS Doctor Faustus was preparing to take his leave of this court, he said to the prince, "If your highness would grant me the honour of your company as far as the city gates, I think I could show you a castle which has been erected for your highness's service during the last night." Greatly surprised at these words, the prince consents to accompany him, attended also by the princess and other ladies and lords of the court. When they had arrived outside the gates, they beheld upon a mountain, which is called the Rombuddel, a very beautiful castle in the distance, solely the work of this great magician's hand. He then entreated that their highnesses would allow him to conduct them thither and exhibit it more narrowly, to which they easily consented. This castle was so wondrously wrought by the power of magic as to be quite surrounded by a deep lake, in which were all kinds of fish, and water-fowl, such as swans, wild ducks, &c., forming altogether a most novel and enchanting spectacle.

From the surface of this beautiful lake there rose five lofty towers, with two grand gates enclosing a vast court, wherein were found every variety of animals almost unknown to Germany, such as apes, buffaloes, bears, and other foreign species. Birds, too, of the most varied colour and song were seen flitting from tree to tree. When the party had beheld all these rarities, the Doctor showed them into the castle, and invited them to sit down to a repast consisting of all kinds of delicacies, and the most choice wines in the world. Numerous courses were served up to table on the pope's plates of gold and silver, by a crowd of domestics at whose head was Wagenar, affording the richest choice alike in stewed, in boiled and roasted, of flesh, of fish, and of game. In particular the turbot and the venison were esteemed most exquisite, or excelled only by the flavour of the rarest wines. These last were chiefly Rhenish, Spanish, French, Russian, Malaga, &c., besides some of a more delicate kind, amounting to more than a hundred varieties. Such, indeed, was the abundance and splendour of this festival, as to call forth the liveliest expressions of gratitude from the prince, whom the Doctor conducted back to his palace in the same splendid style, flattering himself that he had never before enjoyed so luxurious a banquet. But he had hardly reached his own court when the whole castle on the hill blew up, and disappeared amidst clouds of flame.

After the conclusion of this splendid scene, Doctor Faustus waited upon the prince to take final leave, who then presented him with several hundred dollars, and they parted.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS WITH SOME OF HIS BOON COMPANIONS BROKE INTO THE BISHOP OF SALZBURG'S CELLAR.

HAVING thus taken his departure from court, the Doctor began to wish for more merry company with his old college companions, and he next repaired to Wittenburg. It being fast-day eve, he resolved to disguise himself as Bacchus, and many of the students went to see him. After they had feasted together for awhile, being desirous of witnessing some of his new bacchanalian tricks, he persuaded them to go with him and pay a visit to a certain wine-cellar, where he would present them with something better than they had ever tasted in their lives, and they should no longer envy the nectar of Homer's gods.

The collegians did not require much persuasion, and Faustus seizing a ladder that lay in his court, and exclaiming, "With this we heroes of Bacchus will scale the bishop's cellars!" he ranged the students on either side of it, while, seating himself in the middle, they bore him in triumph to the place of ambush. The same night they made their attack, and succeeding in effecting a breach, they boldly let down the ladder, and descended into the bishop's wine-vaults, where they found a collection of the choicest kinds. The Doctor presided while they filled their cups, tasting and gauging the different vats with the expertness of an exciseman. They seated themselves round a joint stool, trimmed their lamp, and were beginning to make very merry, when the door opened, and the bishop's butler made his appearance. But the Doctor was prepared for him, and seizing him by the hair, he dragged him into the cellars, just as he began to cry *Thieves! thieves!* There they bound him hand and foot, and seating him upon one of his own vats, they drank to the good bishop's health, cruelly compelling him to witness their depredations upon some of his most favourite wines. When they had all caroused to their hearts' content, they broke up, carrying the poor butler along with them, first hoisting him up the ladder, and next binding him across it. In this way they proceeded home again, until, perceiving a high tree at a little distance, for it was moonlight, the Doctor commanded the whole party to halt. Here the unhappy butler, supposing that he was going to be hanged, uttered the most piteous lamentations, which quite moved the heart of some of the collegians, who began to intercede in his behalf. "Nay," quoth the Doctor, "we must hoist him up, he must swing in the tree, howbeit he may save his life if he please; but mount him up there upon the ladder, and leave him among the branches to shift for himself." This being done, to the unlucky butler's infinite alarm and reluctance, they pulled the ladder down again, and with shouts of bacchanalian triumph bent their course home. There the Doctor afterwards gave several treats with the bishop's wine, which he had brought back with him in flasks.

Meanwhile the unhappy butler sat perched during the whole night in the tree, in momentary fear of a fall, and almost starved to death with the cold. When it began to grow light, perceiving that it would be running too great a risk to attempt getting down, he kept watch for the countrymen as they went to work, whose assistance he earnestly entreated, relating his piteous adventure with many sighs and tears.

The peasants being greatly surprised at such a sight, and alarmed at hearing that it was the bishop's butler himself, instantly dispatched one of their number to the court of Salzburg, while the rest proceeded to lend all the assistance in their power. The tidings caused a great sensation at the court; numbers of people hastened to the spot, some with ropes, some with ladders, but all eager to get a sight of the bishop's butler in the tree. Who the thieves were, however, and why they had put him there, he knew as little as the bishop himself, only it was certain, he said, that he had caught them—or rather they had caught him—in his master's cellars, where they had not left a single vat of wine unbroached.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS KEPT ASH WEDNESDAY AND THE APPOINTED EVENING FAST.

UPON the ensuing Ash Wednesday appointed for the evening fast, the forementioned students again went to the house of Doctor Faustus, whither they had been invited expressly for the occasion, after having feasted their friend the Doctor in their own. It was a noble feast, and they did full justice to it, singing and dancing during great part of the night. After the bowl had frequently circled round, the Doctor enlivened the party by some of his magical exhibitions, and the most amusing kind of buffoonery. The most whimsical dialogues were heard proceeding from voices that no one could comprehend. Next a band of music struck up; sometimes an organ, sometimes a harp, a flute, a piano, or a viol; sometimes solo, and at others in concert. When this ceased the Doctor took a number of curiously wrought cups and glasses, which he arranged upon the floor, and which presently began to dance and to strike each other, making the room ring with the sound, until they smote each other into pieces, to the great entertainment of the spectators. After this commenced a monkey dance, in which an old ape figured as the dancing-master, beating time to the music, and drilling the party from time to time with his fiddlestick. At length the night being pretty far advanced with various sports, the Doctor declared that they must stay to supper, to which they would come back the better prepared, after having been at the new comedy. Accordingly on their return the Doctor took a limed stick, which he placed outside the window, and soon it was covered with a number of rare birds, and the Doctor drew it in again. This he repeated several times, until finding himself well stocked with game, he requested the assistance of his guests to wring their necks out, after which operation he handed them to Wagenar in order to have them dressed. By a fresh stretch of his magical art, the Doctor next made his guests appear to each other as if they had all lost their heads, insomuch that they terrified the people sadly wherever they showed themselves; but as soon as the supper was announced, and the guests found themselves seated at table, they each of them assumed their natural features and appearance, laughing and conversing with one another as before. They had not, however, conversed long before they underwent a still more appropriate and amusing metamorphosis, for they were each of them presented with an ape's head and ears instead of their own. Still they

continued the conversation as before, only in a somewhat harsher and discordant tone, questioning and replying in their new character, which produced the most solemn and singular effect in the world. At supper there was also a calf's head set before one of the collegians, and the Doctor requested him to carve it. The moment he began the operation it exclaimed, "Morbio he sio! Oh! how you cut my veal!" at which all the students jumped up in great alarm; but on finding that it was only one of the Doctor's tricks, they began to laugh and resumed their seats. To complete the evening's amusement, he next ordered a sledge in the shape of a huge dragon to be brought to the door, and mounting upon its neck, he invited the students to follow him, who seated themselves on its back, while behind him stood a large old ape, who acted as the guard and blew the horn; and away went the sledge at the Doctor's command, turning in every direction, obediently to the Doctor's voice. Such, too, was its speed, that the students imagined they were flying through the air, and could hear nothing except the sound of its vast wings as they fanned the heavy clouds.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS, ON THE SUNDAY FOLLOWING, CONJURED UP THE ENCHANTED
HELENA.

THE next visit which the forementioned collegians paid their friend the Doctor was to sup with him one Sunday evening. On this occasion they brought their own wine and other delicacies along with them, an arrangement which served to make their company only the more agreeable. Their conversation happening to turn upon the most beautiful ladies who had ever appeared in the world, one of the students said that there was no princess he could so much have wished to behold as the famous Helen of Greece, whose beauty caused the stately towers of Ilium to be levelled with the dust. Doctor Faustus spoke and said, "It is certain she must have been very beautiful, to have been torn from the arms of one monarch to excite the envy and animosity of so many others; and as you all seem to express a wish to know what kind of a beauty she really was, I will, if you please, summon her to appear before us in the same lovely form as when she stood by King Priam on the walls of Troy; for you are aware that I have already gratified the Emperor Charles in a similar manner, by exhibiting Alexander the Great and his queen, not long ago." The Doctor then commanded the whole company to keep silence, and sit quite still, without attempting to approach her when she should appear, and he then left the room. On again entering he was followed by the lovely queen, whose surpassing charms seemed quite to dazzle the eyes of the young collegians, who stood lost in wonder. She was arrayed in a red purple habit; her bright auburn tresses flowed loose over her shoulders; her eyes were of a sparkling black, and her whole features irresistibly attractive. Her brow was exquisitely white and round; her full moist lips redder than the summer cherries; her neck white and elegant as the swan's; her complexion was of a warm sunny brown, and her whole expression of an enchanting kind. In person she was tall and graceful, yet withal finely rounded and somewhat full; in short,

she was beauty without a blemish, beauty that might well rouse a world of princely heroes to arms. She approached as far as the middle of the room, where she stopped and gracefully saluted the noble students, whereupon they would willingly have arisen to express their profound admiration and respect; but suddenly recollecting themselves, and beholding her only as a beautiful spirit, their curiosity ceased; which the Doctor perceiving, beckoned to the fair queen, and she followed him out of the chamber.

When he returned the whole party eagerly crowded round him, entreating that he would permit an artist to be sent for, and once more recall the beautiful Helena, in order to obtain her portrait; but this Doctor Faustus refused to do, and said that he did not like to disturb her spirit in that way, but that he would procure them a likeness, which they might give to some sculptor to take models for them. This he did, and several of them were sent to different places, which were very rarely executed by the artists; but how Doctor Faustus himself first came to obtain such portrait of her, no one of his acquaintance ever knew.

Late at night, when these noble young students went to rest, they were repeatedly haunted until morning with the same bright vision of the lovely Helena; and in this manner the devil often deceives the hearts of men, thus seeking to excite their evil passions by dreams and tokens, followed by wicked and most villanous undertakings, which at length bring their souls into the snares of the Evil One.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS PUNISHED THE SURLINKS OF A BOOR, WHOSE WAGGON WHEELS HE SENT BACKWARD THROUGH THE AIR.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS came to Brunswick, whither he had been invited to the house of a marshal, and this time he went on foot. As he was yet a good distance from the city, he met a peasant with an empty waggon, to whom he said, "Boor, may I ride with you?" and this he inquired in a very friendly tone. "No, you may not," replied the boor; "I have burdens enough to bring from the city; my horses will think them heavy enough without you." Now, the Doctor did not want to ride, but only to try the humour of the fellow, to see what he thought of him; so being determined to reward his uncourteous conduct, Doctor Faustus said, "You base clodhopper! you ass! since you have chosen to show this want of manners, and as I have reason to think that you behave as badly to other people, and would give nobody a ride, I will now visit your rudeness upon your own pate. As you would not let your wheels carry me, you shall carry them as far as from the city gates of Brunswick." Saying which, the waggoner thought he saw his wheels flying through the air back again, while at the same time his horses fell upon the ground, and the unlucky peasant began to bemoan himself bitterly. Faustus gave him to understand that it had all happened through his own rudeness and perverseness, upon which the repentant boor fell upon his knees, and with uplifted hands besought the Doctor to pardon his wickedness, declaring at the same time he had well merited his fate, but that he would never

treat any gentleman so disrespectfully again. Doctor Faustus at last, taking compassion on him, said, "There is no greater fault in you drivers and waggoners than want of courtesy towards us foot passengers, and you shall believe this better another time. For the present you must take some of this sand, throw it upon your horses, and they will get up." This they did, and added the Doctor, "As your fault must not go wholly unpunished, please to go as far as the four city gates of Brunswick, where you will find your waggon wheels, and when you return you shall have the pleasure of driving me as far as I please." With a good deal of pains the unlucky boor accomplished his task, and after parting from the Doctor, he took special care for the future never to behave so uncivilly as he had done on this occasion.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS SENDS A PRESENT OF A BUTT OF WINE TO THE STUDENTS AT LEIPSIC.

THERE were some students from Hungary, from Poland, and Eastland, who had become acquainted with Doctor Faustus at Wittenburg, and who now besought him to travel with them as far as the fair of Leipsic, where they were going to look about them, to make purchases, and to receive certain monies at the same. So he consented to make one of their society. Upon their arrival, they proceeded to the university and other places in the city; after which, as they were wandering about the streets, they came to a wine-vault, where they saw a number of persons trying to heave a large vat out of the cellars, which they could not do. Doctor Faustus seeing this, began to laugh heartily, and said, "How come you to stand gaping at one another there—such a number as you are? I know a man who could do it all himself, if I were to send for him." The workmen, hearing this, began to wax wroth, and retorted upon him as such persons generally do, not aware at the same time to whom they spoke. But the chapman himself here stepping forward, said to the Doctor and his workmen, "Come, as this is the cause of your dispute, it may easily be decided. Let the first man who can hoist the cask out of the cellar himself, carry it away with him for his pains; it shall be his." Doctor Faustus readily accepted the offer, and setting himself astride upon the wine-vat, as if it had been his horse, he forthwith mounted out of the cellar, to the great astonishment of the beholders. But the chapman was most alarmed, when he thought on the terms which he had proposed, as he conceived the thing to be quite impossible. The Doctor had taken him at his word, and he must keep it, for the great conjuror marched away with his prize, the best part of which he presented to his friends, who had many a merry bout, and drank the Doctor's health at several parties, where the wine circled quickly round.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS LECTURED UPON HOMER AT ERFURTH, AND SUMMONED THE SHADES OF THE GREECIAN HEROES TO APPEAR BEFORE HIS AUDIENCE.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS dwelt during several years at Erfurth, where he lectured at the high school, and met with many adventures, as there are now living, at the time these pages are

inditing, a number of persons who can testify, who often ate and drank at his table, and witnessed many wonderful proofs of his power. There too he held classes, to whom he expounded the work of the princely Greek poet Homer, which discourses among other matters of the ten years' siege of Troy (caused by the beautiful Helena), the history of the princes and heroes of Greece and Troy, such as Menelaus, Achilles, Hector, Priam, Alexander, Ulysses, Ajax, Agamemnon, and other celebrated chieftains.

Now, all the collegians and other persons to whom he thus described the persons and actions of the heroes, were so greatly delighted, that they longed also to behold them, and at last beseeched their preceptor, if it were possible, that he would grant them such a proof of his friendship and goodwill. Doctor Faustus hearing this, gave them to understand that at his next lecture he would have no objection to summon all such among these deceased heroes as they more particularly desired to behold. This notice procured him a very large audience, particularly of the young students and other people of the city, who have a greater curiosity to witness this species of sorcery than to see and to learn anything that is good. At the appointed hour, when the Doctor appeared and commenced his lecture, he saw a much larger audience than usual, or than he could indeed have expected, which led him to observe in the middle of his lecture, "My dear students, as I perceive that you are all intent upon beholding these famous warriors of whom our poet thus speaks in his history, and desirous to learn how they lived and fared; you have only to look towards the door, and your wishes will speedily be gratified." After he had said this, in a few moments he marched a throng of ancient heroes in all their panoply of war, advancing towards the lecturer in regular order, but casting contemptuous glances on all sides of them, as if indignant at what they saw. They were followed by the great one-eyed giant Polyphemus, with a long flaming beard, and with a piece of a man in his mouth, a sight which made the students' hair stand on end, and such was their alarm that they were very nearly leaping off their seats and running away.

At this sight the Doctor burst into a loud laugh, and called over all their names one after another. And, after having summoned them to appear in review before him in this manner, he commanded them to take themselves off in the same order, which they were all compelled to do, except the fierce giant Polyphemus, with his huge eye flaming out of the centre of his head, who still kept his place. He declared that he must eat two or three little men before he went, which threw all the students who sat near him into an agony of fright, especially when they saw him shake his huge infernal beard, as thick as a weaver's beam, upon the ground, a sight which shook the whole assembly like an electric shock. But Doctor Faustus, fixing his eye steadily upon him, beckoned with his finger, and the terrible giant with many threats followed him out of the room. On his return, the Doctor concluded his lecture in a manner highly gratifying to the whole audience, who were likewise not a little rejoiced at having escaped with the mere fright and anxiety of being eaten up alive by the most dreadful giant whom history ever commemorated.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS WISHES TO BRING THE LOST COMEDIES OF TERENCE AND OF PLATO ONCE MORE TO LIGHT.

SOON after, being further promoted to one of the professorships in the same university, it became a question among the philosophers, how far it would be useful to make a version of the comedies of Terence from the Latin tongue, and to print the same in aid of the *belles lettres* already established for the benefit of youth. For certain it is, these comedies show us a picture of all conditions of man, and also of all good and evil characters, whose qualities are so particularly described that we seem to see into each of their hearts. In like manner their thoughts and sentiments are made as clear to us as if the poet had read them; and what is more, we find in what manner the human mind is moulded, and how it acts with respect to other minds and circumstances, all which may be gathered from patient reading. There is no less an account of their lives and actions, as we see the same in men to this day, though it was written several hundred years before the birth of Christ.

How much then is it to be lamented that these excellent comedies, to the number of one hundred and eight, were so unluckily wrecked at sea! a loss at which Terentius so greatly bemoaned himself that according to Ausonius he took to his couch and died. A similar mischance is also related of Plato, whose writings were not less than those of Terence, and were considered as good standard books for schools; because there were at least forty-one comedies, all of which perished either by water or fire.

Now, Doctor Faustus hearing so much of these conversations, and how greatly these mighty poets were regretted, while at the same time he knew more upon every subject mentioned by them than they themselves ever did, began to make extracts from the lost comedies, which attracting the attention of the philosophers, they inquired with great surprise, "How is it possible that you come to know what was contained in those rare comedies?" To this he answered, "That they were neither drowned nor burnt," and added, "I am now prepared to restore all those poetical productions, which have long been supposed lost, in all their pristine excellence to the light." This important proposal from the learned Doctor Faustus was submitted to the head professors and rectors of the college, who caused the following letter to be sent in answer to it:


"SIR DOCTOR FAUSTUS,—

"The proposal forwarded by you to us professors is received, but according to our college formularies we cannot make use of the same. But as soon as you can furnish us with the copy written in your own hand, we shall then first examine it; and if we find that such poetical writings contain nothing detrimental to our holy religion, we shall gladly send them to press, and we ourselves inspect the proofs, making the necessary corrections with our own hands."

Doctor Faustus, however, on receiving this answer, no longer thought of prosecuting his design, being quite conscious that the poetical works which he might substitute would be no less injurious to the moral discipline of the students than to our holy religion itself. Insomuch that in this instance Doctor Faustus did not succeed in attaining the wicked

object which he had plainly in view. The MSS. which on this occasion he had submitted to the learned professors were copied at his instigation by certain notaries and proctors, whose clerks knew how to write the Latin tongue, and these the Doctor would have contrived to disseminate through the schools.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE, SHOWING HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS ENTERTAINED THE GUESTS AT A CERTAIN HOTEL.

T the city of Prague is a publican's house known by the sign of the "Anchor," where the Doctor one day called as he was upon a tour. Seating himself among the travellers, in a short time he thus accosted them: "Gentlemen, would you like to partake of all kinds of foreign wines in the world?" The whole party with one accord cried out, "Yes, yes!" "Then will you first like to taste the French, Spanish, Rhenish, Malaga, or any other kind?" continued he, "whichever you most approve."

Upon this, one of the guests exclaimed, "Doctor Faustus, whatever wine you please to furnish, Doctor, we shall find some means of disposing of." Whereupon he begged them to provide him with plenty of bottles and glasses, and he would supply the rest. This being done, he bored several holes through the table, and placing a funnel in each, he held the bottles under it, and decanted as much wine as they would contain. As he laid them down one after another, the delighted guests began to laugh heartily, and heartily did they regale themselves.

While thus engaged, the host's son entered the room, and said to the Doctor, "Mr. Doctor, your horse is run rampant, and is eating yonder as if he were stark mad! I would rather feed twenty horses than one such as he, for he has eaten almost a manger full of corn, and he is still neighing and wincing for more." Doctor Faustus seeing the fellow's fright, burst into a loud horse laugh, in which all his companions joined. "But you ordered me," exclaimed the man, "to give him as much as he would have, so I shall e'en go on feeding him, though he cost you all the oats I have in my house." Whereupon the Doctor, ceasing to laugh, replied, "Nay, do not so, for I am sure he must have eaten enough: you may go on feeding him till to-morrow before he will have done; for my demon Mephistopheles is a greedy beast." After a good deal of bantering of the same kind, in which the evening passed away, and it was now nearly midnight, the Doctor's horse was heard to neigh so sharply, that it was heard through the whole house. Then Doctor Faustus said, "Now I must be going, and so, my merry gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning, I believe." But seeing him in so good a humour, the guests surrounded him, insisting that he would stay a short while longer, and keeping fast hold upon him, he consented to beguile another hour with them. When this, however, expired, his steed began to neigh more shrilly than before; yet still his master sang and drank away another hour at the company's request; after which, hearing a still louder neighing for the third time, he would tarry no longer. So the whole party accompanied him to the door, whither Mephistopheles was led round from the stable by the host's son, and leaping upon his back, Doctor Faustus rode at speed away.

When he had gained a short distance, his steed rose with him into the air, at so brisk a pace that he was very speedily out of sight. Before break of day he had arrived at the city of Erfurth, where he transacted what business he had in hand, and brought the most recent tidings from the imperial court.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS OPENS A PUBLIC INN ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

BEING now on his return from Prague and from the Austrian court towards his native place, and having likewise received a number of rich presents from different lords and princes in the imperial service, the Doctor began to regret the merry company which he had enjoyed at Prague, and which he now wished to meet with once more. To this end he engaged a house, and soon invited them to come and take up their quarters with him for a while. They came very willingly, not only for the purpose of revelling, but in order to see, if possible, some more amusing sights, as it turned out they did; for as they entered one after another into the place, they could see neither fire, nor smoke, nor signs of eating and drinking. Still they made no remarks, but were very merry, thinking to themselves that the Doctor knew better than they could teach him how it behoved him to treat his guests.

So when they had all arrived, he entreated them not to take it in ill part, but to seat themselves, which they did. He then knocked upon the table with his knife, and a person made his appearance as if he had been his servant, and inquired, "Master, what are your commands?" Doctor Faustus replied, "Can you be handy and quick?" "That can I," said the other, "quick as an arrow out of the bow." "No, no," retorted the Doctor; "get thee back to thy old post; thou wilt not suit my turn." And the servant went.

Again he struck the board with his knife, and another made his appearance, with the same inquiry in his mouth. To him Doctor Faustus said, "Tell me now, how swift art thou afoot?" He made answer, "Swift as the wind." "That," replied his master, "is a pretty sharp pace; nevertheless it will not do for me; so away with thee back again!" The third time Doctor Faustus hit the table with his knife, and forthwith a third messenger put his head into the room, but with an ill surly look. He said, "What want you with me?" The Doctor answered, "How quick may you be?" "Quick as thought," returned the other. "Then thou art the right man for me," exclaimed Doctor Faustus, and he rose and left the room along with him. He next dispatched him with orders to bring the best wine and dainties in the world, and to return as quick as thought, in order that he might feast his excellent guests.

The table being spread, the Doctor asked his friends if they pleased to wash, and then seat themselves round. This they did, and instantly the lacquey reappeared with two assistants, who placed nine dishes, three and three, upon the board, all of which had covers, as was the custom at court. Under them were found all kinds of delicate meats and game, with fish, stuffed meats, puffs, pastry, &c., mixed with a

variety of boiled and roasted in every form, and most delicately dressed. There were seven and thirty different dishes, besides those brought for the dessert. The plate and cups and spoons were in abundance; and whenever the guests were about to fill their glasses, their host inquired what kind of wine or malt liquor they would like. The same was instantly brought to the dining-room window, as fresh as if it had just been drawn from the cellar. In order to heighten the pleasures of the feast, a variety of new tricks were played off, in which one of his attendants showed wonderful dexterity, so that it was quite impossible for any earthly conjuror to cope with him. For he could himself carry on a conversation like a whole party, and perform a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, such as the flute, the harp, and the viol, while no performer was to be seen besides himself. In a word, there was nothing wanting that could serve to enliven the scene. And so amusing did it appear to the Doctor's guests, that they kept up the spirit of the feast until it was clear daylight, when each retired to his own dwelling.

HOW A CERTAIN MONK WISHED THE DOCTOR TO MAKE CONFESSION AND TRY TO OBTAIN ABSOLUTION.

THREE wonderful adventures and mad tricks made the Doctor famous not only throughout Erfurth, but through the whole land. On this account many noblemen, and other distinguished personages in the neighbourhood, began to court his acquaintance in the hope of seeing or hearing something entertaining, which they might afterwards relate by way of novelty to their friends. For the same reason, the assemblage of the people became so great, that some were anxious lest the young students might give themselves up to this dangerous kind of necromancy, as they are too apt to be led away by such seductive practices, supposing them to be more amusing than dangerous, and not aware how nearly they are connected with their final salvation. Yet about the same time there were not wanting a few sensible men, who, seeing the danger, applied for advice to a certain Doctor Eluige, belonging to the order of Nuinefreres, being a man of singular skill, and well acquainted both with Doctor Luther and Doctor Lange, who were likewise as well known to Doctor Faustus. They declared that it was their unanimous desire that he would earnestly exhort the latter to think of abandoning, while there was yet time, that wilful levity and diabolical practice in the black art, which might produce such direful consequences; and even to use severe threats if they could perceive that there was any well-founded hope of snatching him out of the devil's clutches, like a brand from the burning; if, indeed, the old tempter had not already proved too strong for him.

So this good monk undertook the task, and at first he spoke very civil and friendly to the Doctor. By degrees he changed his tone, and spoke out right hard and strong. He drew a fearful picture of the wrath of God, and the eternal damnation which hung over him; for so far he seemed, he said, to have apprenticed himself to the devil, and to have hardened himself to his infernal purposes. He further said that he knew he was a very learned man, who might have stood on a much

better footing both with regard to worldly honours and celestial grace; and that he ought still to abandon his wilful levity, through which he had been seduced in his youth by the devil—a liar and murderer from the first; and then fall down and confess his sins before the throne of Heaven, praying incessantly for the blessing of divine grace, the doors of which stood ever open, ready to receive repentant sinners into rest.

Doctor Faustus listened most attentively to everything that the monk said, until he had made a full end of his discourse. Then he made answer, "My very good sir, I can well believe that you have my good at heart, and I also well know all that you have here stated to me. But I have implicated myself too deeply; I have made a conveyance to the devil, which has been ratified with my blood, that I shall be his property, soul and body, in perpetuity; and how can I then absolve myself from the penalty of my oath?" The monk answered him, "So be that you pray and cry unto the Lord for grace, show true remorse, and make expiation—confess all your sins before Him, in order to gain absolution—and ever afterwards refrain from all species of sorcery and diabolical communications—you may rely on your future safety. Take heed to oppress and injure no one, and we will then assist you by offering up constant masses for you in our monasteries, insomuch that you shall soon be brought from under the dominion of the devil." "Not so," replied Doctor Faustus: "once lost and always lost! I say, sir, my engagements lay too strong a hold upon me. I have wilfully despised the mercy of the Deity, I became arrogant and atheistical, and relied more upon the devil than upon my Maker. Wherefore it is impossible for me to return to Him, or that I can ever recover the grace which I held in contempt.

"Besides, it would not be just nor honourable to have it said that I had forfeited my word and oath, even to the devil, especially where it had been ratified with my own blood, and while he has performed his part of the bond to me. I shall therefore give the devil his due, and behave as handsomely towards him as I can. "When the good monk heard these words he grew very indignant, and spoke: "Rush on thy own perdition, thou cursed child of the devil, since you will not even consent to let us attempt your salvation by force of fast and prayer!" After this the monk waited upon the rector of the university and upon the magistrate, to whom he communicated the whole of the Doctor's proceedings; and Doctor Faustus, in consequence thereof, was banished from the city of Erfurth.

CONCERNING FOUR CONJURORS, WHO HAD THE ART OF BEHEADING EACH OTHER, AND RESUMING THEIR HEADS, WHICH DOCTOR FAUSTUS LIKEWISE LEARNT HOW TO PRACTISE AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE.

HE next proceeded to the city of Frankfort-upon-the-Maine, where his demon Mephistopheles informed him that at a certain hotel near Jew's Street there were four conjurors, who brought large crowds of people to see them hew off each other's heads, and adjust them again as easily as upon a barber's block. Doctor Faustus was very indignant at hearing this, conceiving himself to be the greatest

magician of the age. So he hastened to the spot in order to see them exhibit ; and there they stood prepared to decapitate one another, while one acted as the barber to put them into joint again. Beside them was placed a vessel containing a liquor which they called the stamen of life, and into which the chief conjuror, who performed the operation, threw a plant called the lily, which directly began to blow. Upon this, he seized hold of the second conjuror and smote off his head, which he handed to the surgeon-barber, who, dipping it in the liquor, promptly adjusted it to the bust ; when the lily suddenly disappeared.

In the same manner he operated upon the next, and upon the third, both heads being smitten off and again glued on in a very few minutes. At length it came to the turn of the head conjuror himself, who underwent the same operation, at which sight the Doctor, being jealous of his great skill, and the contemptuous arrogance which he displayed, just as the barber was in the act of fitting on the head, ran to the table where the vessel stood, and struck off the head of the lily, before any one was aware of what he was about. He then broke the knife to shivers ; a sight which threw the rest of the sorcerers into the utmost consternation, and they had in vain recourse to their usual arts for the purpose of rejoining the head of their great leader. Doctor Faustus thus cut him off in the midst of his sins, maliciously consigning him to the infernal regions, in order that he might experience the same fate as he was himself doomed to—a reward such as the devil bestows upon his disciples.

Yet his brother conjurors were at a loss to account for the disappearance of the lily, the Doctor not being visible at the time ; so that they still continued fumbling with the old sorcerer's head, which would stick on in no position.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS REJECTS THE ADVICE OF AN OLD MAN WHO SOUGHT TO RECLAIM HIM FROM HIS IMPIOUS AND ABANDONED LIFE ; AND HOW HE WAS TREATED BY MENISTOPHELES.

THERE was a very pious neighbour of Doctor Faustus, an old man, who, being concerned to see the strange bad company which was always going in and out, one day asked the Doctor to take a humble meal with him.

After this he made him a long and earnest discourse out of Scripture, for which he thanked the old man, and took his leave, declaring that he had been much edified, and would try as far as possible to profit by it, as he began to grow more serious the nearer his earthly term approached its expiration. Upon reaching his own house, he reflected deeply on the advice he had just heard, fully sensible how fearfully he had implicated both soul and body in the snares which had been laid for him, and wholly given himself up to the powers of darkness. Still he resolved to follow the old man's good advice, when, just as he was thinking of prayer, his evil demon appeared, and grasping him by the neck as if he would have strangled him, he inquired who had compelled him to sign himself over, or who had drawn the bond and delivered it, but himself ? " Did you not swear," continued the demon, " to become alike the enemy of God and man ? did you not sign the bond with your

blood? and yet are you not now thinking of following the counsels of that doting old man, and to become a good Christian, when it is too late? Know you not that you are mine; that I may fetch you whensoever I will? and I am now come hither to make an end of you, unless forthwith you repeat your oath anew, and sign your name with your own blood. Unless you moreover swear that you will never permit any monk or other Christian to aid and abet you in rebellion against your liege master—swear this, or the next moment you shall be torn into a thousand pieces.” Doctor Faustus, being greatly terrified, without more demurring renewed all his promises, and gave a fresh bond signed with his blood; documents which were discovered among the Doctor’s other papers in his house after his death.

After the delivery of these fresh deeds he became the good old man’s mortal enemy, and persecuted him in every way he could; but his Christianlike deportment and frequent prayer, along with his holy life, defied the power of the Evil One to injure him. On the evening, however, of the second day, as he was retiring to rest, the old man heard strange noises in his house, which seemed to follow him into his chamber, and continued a long while; and this was Mephistopheles, who wanted to frighten him to death. At length the old man, not a whit afraid, began to scoff at the wicked demon, and said, “Oh, what stupid music is that you make there, for I think it is like that of a proud angel who has been driven out of Paradise!” and with such kind of reproaches he succeeded in driving the demon out of his abode. On his return, when the Doctor inquired how he had fared with the good old man, the disappointed demon was compelled to answer that he could not succeed with him, nor inflict even the least wound, because he found him armed (he meant with prayer), “for which reason he only ridiculed me, which enraged me exceedingly, in particular as he reproached me with my fall.” And in the same manner the Lord will take care to protect all chaste and holy sort of men, who watch and pray, and always put their trust in Him.

CONCERNING A NOBLE LORD AND LADY, WHO BY MEANS OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS WERE HAPPILY UNITED IN THE BONDS OF WEDLOCK, DURING THE SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF HIS INFERNAL BOND.

AT the city of Wittenburg there resided a certain young student, of a noble and ancient family, the initials of whose name were N. N. Now, this young nobleman was deeply in love with a beautiful lady, also of high birth, who happened to have a great number of other lovers. Among these were many lords of the land, but to none of them would that cruel lady grant any return of love; and to none did she show herself so extremely averse as to this same young lord, who was well acquainted with Doctor Faustus, having frequently eaten and drunk at his table. Such, indeed, was the strength of his love, and so great was his disappointment, that he suddenly grew very ill, and pined himself away almost to nothing. When Doctor Faustus perceived that this noble young gentleman was so sadly sickened as to be unable to help himself, he one day asked his demon Mephistopheles

what it was that could cause it, and what he could be pining about. The demon then related to him the whole affair, upon which the Doctor went to visit the poor young gentleman, and acquainted him with the source of all his suffering, at which the unhappy lover showed great surprise. But Doctor Faustus consoled him, and said that he must not take it so much to heart, for that he would prove his friend in the matter. Moreover, if he would trust in him, that proud lady should fall to the share of no one but him, and accept his hand with her own good will. And according as the Doctor promised, so it happened; for by force of enchantment he softened her heart, and made her fall so desperately in love with this young nobleman, that she wished him never to be out of her sight, and would pay no attention to anybody else. Doctor Faustus informed the young gentleman that he ought to decorate himself in the best style, and go to an assembly where the lady would be present with other young women, all eager to dance, and that he would accompany him. At the same time he gave him a ring, which he told him he must slip upon her finger as he was dancing with her, upon feeling the touch of which she would be sure to love and be constant to him and no one else; but that he would have no need to make any proposal or talk of marriage, as she would be sure to introduce the subject herself. Before they set off to the ball he sprinkled a few magical drops upon the young man's features, which improved them and his whole appearance very surprisingly. On their arrival he contrived it exactly as the Doctor had directed him, and upon touching the ring as she was dancing with him, the young lady suddenly felt her heart transfixed with Cupid's bolts, and she could not obtain a wink of sleep during the whole of that night. Early in the morning she sent a message for him, and declared the everlasting love and attachment which she felt for him, at the same time offering her hand if he would be her husband. He upon this revealed the passionate affection he had so long felt for her, and taking her at her word, the marriage was shortly afterwards solemnized, to the infinite contentment of both parties. The young nobleman showed great respect to the Doctor ever afterwards, and bestowed many presents upon him in consequence.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS EXHIBITED A VARIETY OF HERBS AND FRUITS, ABOUT CHRISTMAS, IN HIS GARDEN, DURING THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS BOND OR COMPACT.

DURING Christmas-time there assembled at the city of Wittenburg a number of young women, some of whom were of distinguished families, and whose sons, brothers, or nephews were students at the university.

These last being acquainted with Doctor Faustus, in order to enliven the visit of their relatives, besought him, one and all, to give him his company, which he did. In return he invited several of these young noblemen and their female relatives to feast with him at his house, and they accepted his invitation. As they approached his house they were surprised to see that, though there was then a heavy snow, the Doctor's court and garden bore not the least traces of the wintry season, but were quite green and blooming, as if in the midst of summer. On all

sides appeared the finest herbs and fruits, and the fresh grass was interspersed with a variety of flowers in full blow. There was also a beautiful vineyard, abounding with clusters of fine ripe grapes, figs, raspberries, and abundance of red Provence roses. They were as sweet to the smell as to the eye, and looked so fresh and sparkling with the dew, as to raise an exclamation of wonder and delight. They looked, indeed, too tempting to be long resisted; but whenever the guests ventured to pluck any, that moment, instead of finding a grape or a rose between their fingers, they found that they caught hold of their neighbour's nose. This always raised a great laugh at their expense, so that it was long before they could resolve to leave the Doctor's house, such was the entertainments of various kinds which they there met with.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS INCREASED THE NUMBER OF HIS INTRIGUES DURING THE TWENTIETH YEAR OF HIS TERM.

WHEN Doctor Faustus now began to reflect that he had already reached the twentieth year of his engagement, and that it was fast approaching its termination, he sat thinking day by day how he could best turn the short time which he had left to the most pleasant account. With this view, besides his very luxurious mode of living, he summoned seven infernal princesses to attend upon his board and couch, each of whom he imagined looked more beautiful than the others, and he could hardly express his astonishment on beholding them. He likewise traversed a variety of countries with his familiar demon, in order to collect specimens of the most lovely women upon earth, among the choicest of whom was one Englishwoman, one Hungarian, two Swabian, one French, and two from Italy, whom he valued much more highly than the sultan's whole collection, which he had seen, or than that of any other great amateur of the age.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS IS PRESENTED WITH A RARE TREASURE IN THE TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF HIS TERM.

IN order that the devil might omit no earthly means of holding Doctor Faustus fast to his word, his demon Mephistopheles discovered to him a vault in an old ruined chapel, about half a mile from Wittenburg, in which there lay concealed a great treasure. Upon delving a little below the surface, Faustus met with an innumerable heap of gold and silver coins, besides a quantity of diamonds and other precious stones, the splendour of which shone as strongly upon the eye as a burning torch. When with some difficulty he collected them all together, on again inspecting them, he found only a vast heap of charcoal. At this sight he swore in the most indignant terms, and questioning his demon, declared that he was not a man to be thus deceived. Mephistopheles, smiling, requested him only to bear them to his own house, where he found they resumed all their pristine value and splendour. His servant Wagenar proved after his master's death that this treasure exceeded in value many dozen of guineas.

CONCERNING THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS, IN WHICH HE LEAVES HIS SERVANT WAGENAR HIS HEIR.

DURING the period of his four and twenty years' engagement, the Doctor hired for his page a young student whom he met with at Wittenburg. He had been witness to the whole of his master's proceedings. He was himself an idle varlet, who, instead of applying to his studies, thought only of begging and borrowing; but one with whom no honest people wished to have dealings.

So this said Wagenar became Dr. Faust's varlet, and conducted himself so much to his liking, that after having been some time in his service, he was inclined to adopt him for a son. And as the time of the Doctor's contract was fast drawing to a close, he sent for a notary and several students of his acquaintance. He then left his house, goods, &c., to his servant. Item, a sum of 13,000 guilders at once. Also an estate, value 8,000. Item, 9,000 in ready cash. Item, a large golden chain, ornamented with a huge diamond, estimated at 3,000 crowns. Item, the whole of his gold and silver plate received in legacies from different noblemen; and in particular what he had brought with him from the pope's and the sultan's courts, estimated at the least at 40,000 guineas. Item, various movable articles of furniture, &c., which however were not found, having been made away with at hotels, and other houses, where he had been accustomed to treat the students. Other particulars of the contents of this will will be seen in the following chapter.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS SPEAKS WITH HIS SERVANT WAGENAR CONCERNING HIS WILL.

ABOUT three days afterwards Doctor Faustus called his servant Wagenar, to whom he promised that after his decease he should have a demon to attend upon him, and that he should likewise be bound to appear in whatever form he might judge best. Whereupon his faithful servant replied, "My good sir and father, I think I should like him to appear in the shape of a monkey, only much larger than the common ape." From this time forth there daily appeared to him a demon exactly of this kind, who leaped with incredible celerity upon all his errands, besides playing a variety of odd tricks. Doctor Faustus said, "As you know, Wagenar, that my demon Mephistopheles will no longer be bound to me, this is his successor whom I shall leave with you, though he is not to enter your service or perform any menial offices until after my death, when you will no longer see Mephistopheles. And as you will have to bind yourself to him by regular conveyance, as I have done to mine, on this account you shall call him the *Averhaan* (by which name he was accordingly known). I have further to entreat that you will not make known any of my secret arts, gifts, or sorceries, before I shall have departed this world. Afterwards, however, you will be at liberty to collect, arrange, and describe the whole of them, in a regular history, an undertaking in which your demon *Averhaan* will assist you, and in such particulars as shall happen to escape your memory, he will take care to recall them to mind. For the world will

assuredly require at your hands an account of my actions and adventures; so look well to it."

His faithful Wagenar promised to do so, and to fulfil the least of his last instructions; after which, taking him by the hand, he thanked him heartily for all the benefits which he had conferred upon him, and more especially for having so kindly provided for him in his last will and testament. And in short, he faithfully promised his excellent master to follow him in a little while, along with his demon *Averhaan*.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS, DRAWING WITHIN ONE MONTH OF HIS DEPARTURE, BEGINS TO LAMENT OVER HIS DIABOLICAL ENGAGEMENTS, AND CAN TAKE NO REST.

DOCTOR Faust's term was now faster and faster drawing towards a close, for he had reached the very last month of the four and twenty years, on the expiration of which he was to deliver body and soul into the possession of Satan, as it has heretofore been stated. About this time he began to grow much more uneasy and suspicious, almost like a robber or assassin who is fast approaching the hour of his execution, and hears his sentence still ringing in his ears as he lies in prison. At length, growing more anxious, he began to sigh and moan to himself, and would frequently clasp his hands together in agony, insomuch that he seemed to be quite pining away and despairing. He was rarely to be seen, and no longer summoned his familiar demon even to appear, and could no longer bear his company, whereas he had before considered him as his trusty servant, whom he frequently called into his presence. So sorely, indeed, was he dismayed, that he no longer sought to restrain his direful lamentations and fears, hoping that they might serve as a warning to other wicked and misguided men; some of which were found written down after his death, as follows: "*Ach! ach! ach!* what a desperate hard fate is mine! Oh, revenge, wrath, mercy, grace, what shall I say, what shall I do? To what a bitter destiny am I consigned! Oh, gracious, how fast time flies! Yet what is the use of all my vain lamentations? nothing in all the wide world can help me. Oh, I am an unlucky man!"

HOW DOCTOR JOHANNES FAUSTUS FURTHER COMPLAINS OF BEING CUT OFF IN THE FLOWER OF HIS DAYS, AND CONDEMNED TO DIE SO VIOLENT AND DIABOLICAL A KIND OF DEATH.

H, thou unhappy Faustus!" he continued, "thou most deceived and miserable man! What a strange unsafe situation, what a sad dilemma thou art in! O Lord, I am going, I am going soon! and what a sad death I am going to die, such as no man in the world ever died before! Alas for reason, my foolish reason, my doubts, my wilful speculations and wicked free will! Ah, blind and heedless dolt that I was! I have sold life, body, and soul to eternal dole and wretchedness. Ye worldly pleasures, into what a pitiable scrape have ye brought me! Now the scales are fallen from my eyes. Alas for my misguided spirit! what have all thy speculations and vast knowledge, both of science and the world, brought me to at last? Oh, luckless

wretch! Oh, my unsteady temper and wilful moods! Oh, my disappointed hopes!—but I must not venture to think of that. Woe, woe, above all other woe! lamentation like no other lamentation! Alas! alas! and woe! how in the name of all the saints shall I ever get rid of this devilish anxiety? where shall I hide myself? how shall I keep out of his clutches? Nay, it is foolish to try to fly,—I am already taken!" In this manner the luckless Faustus went on complaining both night and day, so that it was with great difficulty that he could even speak.

HOW THE BASE DEMON REPROACHES THE UNHAPPY FAUSTUS WITH GIBING AND MALICIOUS WORDS.

IN the midst of this his woeful plight and most tragical lament, the demon Mephistopheles once more appeared unto his master Faustus. He advanced towards him with a mocking air, and spoke in a most contemptuous and ironical tone, as follows:

"Since you have so well studied the holy Scriptures as to know that you ought to have worshipped the Lord alone, to have served Him only, and loved Him with all your heart and soul, without turning either to the right hand or to the left, and without making to yourself any graven images; and since you basely turned faithless to the duties which He enjoined, falling away from Him, and hardening yourself in your own evil doings, denying Him, and conveying over your own soul and body into my charge; you must now, therefore, prepare to fulfil your bond. All that you can do, at best, is to console yourself with some such sorry song as the following, of which the devil do you good:

"Hast thou remorse? be still,
Now thou hast won the will;
The fault is all thine own,
So be thy patience shown.
You must your smart with grinning bear,
And to no man speak word of your despair.
It is too late to think of God,
Who mocks you with His wrath and rod.
Your luckless lot was your own doing,
Yet now you're lost, you will be rueing;
Pray be more patient and resigned,
And go to hell with happier mind."

"Therefore, my dear Faustus," continued Mephistopheles, "it is not good to go feasting with great lords, and dabbling in the same dish with the devil, for you now see that they smite you upon the cheek, and it would have been far better if you had kept at a more respectable distance from them; but your arrogant evil heart carried you away, and you reap a just recompense. Yes, you despised the knowledge you obtained from Scripture, and, summoning the devil to your assistance, you thought it all very well during the last twenty-four years. You were simple enough to take all for granted that I said, and only smiled when the devil winked at you, until by such cajolery he came to hang a bell about your neck, as they do round a cat's.

"The truth is, my dear Faustus, there is no trusting to the devil's promises; moreover, you were bad in grain, and you are no better at last than you were at first. You are like the cat too that is fond of

mice, and fond of mice it will remain. Moreover, what is it that your overweening pride and arrogance have not made you commit? In all your travels and transactions you made boast of the devil's friendship, and rejoice to think that he will never desert you, though in fact he is less powerful than an abbot or even a monk, as the Lord is supreme over all. The labourer, you know, is worthy of his hire; and as you have sowed, so you must reap; therefore be assured that you will meet with your reward. Lay this my counsel and instruction to heart, Faustus; for it is as true as that you are lost, and may sing to that tune as much as you please.

"Yet you ought not so readily have trusted in the devil, as you well knew that he was a liar, a deceiver, and a murderer from the first. You should have been a little more cautious in time; for a gallows' repentance is but an unpleasant thing, and you cannot even pray for repentance before you swing.

"But he who will let lodgings to the devil must make his account in having a sharper for his guest; for truly there is required more for the dance than a red pair of shoes. Had you kept the laws of Heaven before your eyes, and put your talent out to good interest, you would not have needed to dance the sort of minuet which you must now learn, and become sport for the devil. He that will deal, however, with him, has needs to drive a hard bargain, and is then even sure to come off with the worst. You have signed away your soul with your own blood, without heed of Heaven or of yourself."

After the demon Mephistopheles had long tormented the unhappy Doctor in this manner, he as suddenly disappeared, consigning him over to his own inexpressible wretchedness, trouble, and despair.

NOW HERE FOLLOWS THE CRUEL AND FRIGHTFUL END AND DEPARTURE OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS, FROM WHICH EVERY CHRISTIAN MAY SEE HIS OWN DANGER, AND TAKE TIMELY WARNING.

THE whole twenty-four years signed in the bond were now quite expired. During the last week of his term, the demon Mephistopheles again made his appearance. In his hand he held the fatal deed of conveyance signed in the Doctor's own blood, and holding it up, he said that his master the devil would himself come in the course of the next day to fetch his debtor's body, and that he must therefore hold himself in readiness. Doctor Faustus ceased not to whine and moan during the whole of the ensuing night, whereupon his demon again came to him and spoke, "Why, dear Faustus, all this complaining? what avails such pusillanimity? knew you not that your life and soul were long since forfeited, and that at all events you must die once, though you had yet an age to live? Besides, the Turks and Jews, and other unchristian kings and heathens, must all die, and be condemned everlastingly as well as you. Come, take courage: it will perhaps not be quite so bad as you imagine; and the devil has promised that you shall still keep your life and soul to be held under his lease and sway." With such comfort did his demon Mephistopheles strive to cheer his master; but it was false as it was hollow, and quite at variance with

the holy Scriptures. And the Doctor saw clearly enough that the only manner left of paying off the account against him was with his own neck; for had not his demon declared that the devil himself would come to fetch him, even the next night?

For this reason he resolved to send tidings to those masters, students, and other boon companions with whom he had kept company, and entreat that they would be pleased to join him in a pleasure party, as far as the village of Himlig, about half a mile from Wittenburg, where he proposed that they should sup together. To this invitation they replied that they would willingly assemble for that purpose; and accordingly a sumptuous feast was ordered to be in readiness, with abundance of delicacies and wines.

When they met, the Doctor seemed to welcome his friends in great good spirits, but his heart was inwardly heavy and sad. He bade them, however, to be seated, and to enjoy themselves that evening along with him, as well as remain there the whole of that night, as he had some important business on which to consult them. They promised, and sat down to feast with him; on the conclusion of which, as they were about to take a farewell glass, and Doctor Faustus had settled the score, he begged the students to retire into another room with him, as he had something rather particular to communicate to them. So he showed them into another chamber, and then began to address them as follows.

THE LAST APPEAL OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS TO HIS STUDENTS.

“**M**Y very loving and gracious young lords and masters, hear the cause for which I have summoned you together; namely, that which during many years you are acquainted with, as to what kind of a man I have been, expert in what kind of arts and sorceries, only to be acquired under the tuition of the devil, to which devilish inclination and pursuits I have been brought by keeping bad company, and all sort of dissipation connected with such society, in which also I have acted the chief part. This, my dear young gentlemen, comes of walking according to our wicked flesh and blood, our own impious and abandoned will, and giving way to those speculating and diabolical thoughts, which at length led me to consign myself over to Satan, after the expiration of four and twenty years, both with life and soul.

“Now, the said years are already arrived at an end even this very evening, so that my last sands are running quickly out before my eyes, when he will come to claim me upon the strength of my bond signed with my own blood for life and soul, which I have twice over conveyed to him. Wherefore, my dear masters, I have thus affectionately entreated of you to come and be present at my latter end, and to take St. Jan's departing glass with me, while at the same time you will please to keep secret my departure hence. I would likewise require of you, my gracious young masters, to salute on my part my other friends and acquaintance, assuring them of my very brotherly regard for them, that they may so too regard my memory kindly, and not reproachfully, soliciting their forgiveness in everything where I may have come short or offended

them. In regard to my most wonderful adventures and performances during the space of twenty-four years, such will be found after my catastrophe accurately recorded and described in my own house. And now let my cruel approaching end serve as a faithful mirror to you, my young gentlemen and masters all, that you may keep the commandments of the Lord in view, and love and pray to Him as becomes you to do ; to pray, I say, that He will please to protect you from the devil's wilcs and guiles, upholding you that none may fall away from Him, as I, poor impious damned man, have so sadly done, denying the cross, the sacraments of our Saviour, and even the Supreme Ruler of the world Himself. Be cautious also how you are led astray by bad company as I have been, but go constantly to church, and manfully resist the devil with a firm faith in Christ, leading an upright and godly life, to the edification of all your neighbours.

"Finally, it is my earnest prayer that you will all go to bed and try to sleep as usual. Moreover, you must not alarm yourselves, whatever kind of rout and uproar you may happen to hear, as you may rest assured that you will receive no degree of injury. Do not even attempt to rise, for it can do no manner of good ; and if you should find my dead body in the morning, please to inter it speedily without any ceremony, inasmuch as I die a base and unchristian death. Yes, I die like a most unchristian wretch, feeling only a sort of sham repentance, and not possessing faith half sufficient to inspire me with sincere prayer ; besides knowing that the devil will have my life, which indeed I would freely resign to him if I could by any means contrive to preserve my soul. I have only once more to entreat that you will make yourselves easy and retire to rest ; therefore I wish you a very good night ;—but for me, alas ! a very bad and frightful one."

This explanation was made by Doctor Faustus with a free and resolute air, in order not to alarm or cast down the spirits of his friends, who, however, could not sufficiently express their surprise and consternation at his having carried matters to such a pitch. For they had never conceived him capable of such excessive foolhardiness as to venture life and soul in pursuit of his vain sorceries and speculations. On this account, having a sincere regard for him, they began one and all to lament over his hard fate, and they said, "Alas ! dear Faustus, into what a cursed dilemma you have brought yourself ! and all by keeping the matter so long secret : why did you not unfold it to us ? Ah, we would soon have rescued you from all his infernal snares, with the help of our learned divines and other doctors ; but now it is all too late, you are too deeply inveigled, both life and soul."

Doctor Faustus made answer : "Reveal the matter, dear friends, I dared not, though believe me I was often on the point of doing so, wishing much to consult you, and to retrace my evil steps and do penance for my sins. But I was seduced from one kind of sorcery to another, and whenever I made good resolutions to repent, that great Satan forthwith made his appearance, as he will again do this very night, and threatening me, always said, 'I will make an end of you, I will tear you piecemeal the moment you talk of turning to Heaven for help.'" Upon hearing this, the students replied that as there was plainly no

other help for him, he ought forthwith to cry out with all his strength and heartily to the Lord, and to His dearly-beloved Son Jesus Christ, praying for the remission of his sins, in which good office they would gladly join him, and cry, "Alas, alas! be merciful unto me, poor sinner! and bring me not unto judgment, for too well I know that I cannot stand before it. What though the devil may come and claim this my mortal body? it is only Thou who canst defend and protect the immortal soul."

Doctor Faustus admitted the wisdom of this measure, and that he ought not for an instant to cease to pray; but at the same time he could not go through with it, as it happened also to Cain, who said that his sins were too great to be forgiven; and the Doctor could not help exclaiming within himself, that he was bound by his own bonds, and had carried matters too far to retreat.

So the students were at length compelled to take leave of the unhappy Master Faustus, which they did with many tears, all retiring to the same chamber, and leaving the Doctor by himself. They retired to bed as they had been directed; but not one of them could close his eyes, for they lay waiting fearfully anxious for the catastrophe.

This happened between twelve and one o'clock the same night. First there was heard a high wind, which blew round all quarters of the house, as if it would have carried it from its foundations, at which the students leaped out of bed in great alarm. But they ventured not out of the chamber, striving to encourage each other; but the terrified host himself actually leaped out of his own house into one next adjoining. The students' chamber was next to that of Faustus, and they could plainly hear a grievous piping, hissing, and whining, just as if the house were full of snakes and other poisonous reptiles. Next they heard the Doctor's room door give way, upon which repeated cries of "Help, help!" were uttered in a half-drowned voice, which grew fainter and fainter. Soon, however, all was still and silent as before. When at length it became broad day, the students, who had never closed their eyes during the whole of that fearful night, went in a body to the Doctor's chamber. But there he was no longer to be seen, though they found different parts of it sprinkled with his blood, and traces of his brains were also seen upon the walls, as if, after wringing his neck round, the devil had dashed his head from one side of the room to the other. His eyes too appeared to have started from their sockets, and a solitary tooth was found lying here and there, which furnished a cruel spectacle indeed. Seeing all these symbols of his fate, the students began to weep and lament him afresh, and nothing was heard for some time but their mingled moans and sighs.

At length, after a long and weary search, they found his corpse lying at a distance from the house, sadly mutilated and disfigured, in particular about the face. The foresaid students and masters who had been present at his departure, after interring his body in the same village, again returned with heavy hearts to Wittenburg. First they went to Doctor Faust's house, where they found his servant Wagenar, who was greatly grieved and anxious also about his master's death. There too they discovered this his own history drawn up and described, in the third per-

son, by the Doctor's own hand, as already stated, with the exception of the account of his final departure and end, which was added by the said masters and students, though the whole work was arranged and remodelled by his servant Wagenar, so as to form a new book. On the same date likewise the figure of the enchanted Helena, whose beauty the Doctor had conjured up from the shades to give zest to his earthly pleasures, again vanished from the earth. And long afterwards the strange noises and disturbances which were heard at all hours in the house where he had lived, prevented any one from residing in it. Moreover Doctor Faustus himself appeared to his faithful Wagenar in the night, and then communicated a number of secret and abstruse matters, and he was seen out of the windows often reading to a late hour.

In this manner here ends the history of the famous Doctor Faust's sorceries, from which each and every good Christian may reap instruction, and more especially such as may happen to be of a like bold and arrogant mood. From him let them take example, and learn to fear the Lord their Maker; to avoid all manner of sorcery and conjurations, also speculating too deeply in matters where the devil is always eager to take advantage of the weakness and short-sightedness of man,—in fine, to avoid having any hand in his works, which the Lord's commandment has strictly forbidden; never to invite or entertain him as a guest, and give ear to his false flatteries, as Doctor Faustus unhappily did. Holding up his sad fate as in a mirror, let every Christian, instead of slipping his neck into the noose as he did, and thus consigning over his own soul to the false Tempter, keep his eye steadily fixed upon heaven, and honour, love, and worship its supreme Ruler with all his mind, with all his heart, and with all his soul.

On the other hand, he shall as earnestly forsake and eschew all the evil works and influence of the devil, so that through the Redeemer he may obtain his own eternal salvation, to be secured only through His suffrage and death. Such a portion I wish may be the reward of every Christian from the very bottom of my heart.—Amen.

POPULAR TRADITIONS

COLLECTED AND NARRATED BY

OTMAR.*

AMONG those modern German writers, so justly eulogized by Madame de Staël† for their anxiety in investigating and preserving the literary reliques of their country, we shall first touch upon the labours of the above author. These, it would appear, were some of the earliest instituted during the last century, which afforded an example for researches of a similar kind. They were speedily followed by other efforts of congenial spirits, whose veneration for their national literature and antiquities has rendered their names so popular at the present period; by those of Gottschalck, of Büsching, and of the Brothers Grimm.

In the collections of the latter authors, frequent reference occurs to the stories contained in the work of Otmar, who, as a foremost gleaner in this wide and fertile field, has enriched his pages with some of the boldest and most characteristic features of the "Olden Times." Several of them, indeed, have been borrowed and imitated by succeeding writers (few equalled or improved), in their different collections, and present us with subjects of a very striking and diversified class—convivial, chivalric, terrific, and amusing. Specimens of all these are to be met with in the following selections. In truth, no collection of popular stories better deserves to form the groundwork of a succession of national traditions and tales, such as is here proposed, embracing as it does a space of four centuries (from 1200 to 1600), and for the most part boasting the merit of oral and local communication, received upon and referred to the peculiar traditionary site, by the relater's own industry and perseverance.

"The popular stories here offered to my countrymen," observes the collector, "are not the effusions of fancy, not mere historic remnants of the manners of the Middle Ages adapted to garnish a modern romance, often founded only upon some current tradition of little worth. They are real tales of the people, collected among them with much care, as they were fast dropping into oblivion, and are here narrated in the most simple and faithful language."—*Preface*, p. iv.

"Simple and unimportant as the subject may at first appear, it will be found upon a nearer view well worth the attention of philosophical and historical inquirers. All genuine popular tales, arranged with local and national reference, cannot fail to throw light upon contemporary events in history, upon the progressive cultivation of society, and upon the prevailing modes of thinking in every age. Though not consisting of a recital of bare facts, they are, in most instances, founded upon fact,

* *Folkungen, Nachersählt Von Otmar*, with Plates. Bremen, 1800. His real name was Nachtigal.

† See her "Germany," Vol. II. chap. "Novels."

and in so far connected with history, which occasionally indeed borrows from, and as often reflects light upon, these familiar annals—these more private and interesting casualties of human life. Their poetical origin, frequently a corruption of the old ballad, does not impugn their veracity, inasmuch as the earliest history and the laws of nations themselves are known to have been first recorded in poetry. Hence heroic poems, the earliest annals of a country's glory, will be found the most frequent store-house of the national tale and the ballad; the *Iliad*, the *Edda*, and the *Nibelungen* having equally given birth to prose fiction founded upon facts borrowed from poetry, and infinitely diversified.

"The popular tale may, therefore, be most aptly illustrated by terming it the memory of some event preserved in its contemporary character and ideas, though divested of its native poetical ornaments. In this form, its earliest origin and ramifications in different countries, growing gradually more obscure, it again furnishes materials for the poet or the historian, as appears sufficiently evident from Greek and Roman history, no less from their mythological outset, than from scenes and events recorded by their subsequent historians, by Thucydides and by Livy.

"It is thus that popular tradition, connected with all that is most interesting in human history and human action, upon a national scale, a mirror reflecting the people's past worth and wisdom, invariably possesses so deep a hold upon its affections, and offers so many instructive hints to the man of the world, to the statesman, the citizen, and the peasant.

"The voice of the people is heard in deep and earnest discourse; its peculiar features and disposition are strongly marked: here it is dissolved in unaffected tenderness, there it rises into ferocity or borders upon despair. Sometimes it accosts us in joyous and playful tones, at others it is as bitter and satirical; now it bursts like a torrent against its feudal oppressors, and again subsides into servility, wretchedness, and craft. Often it groans under the united weight of superstition and of chains; again looks out on nature with a more clear and cheerful eye, presenting us with congenial pictures of rural festivity and repose.

"Signs of approaching changes, no less in manners than in states, may likewise be traced, floating down this popular current of opinions, fertilizing the seeds scattered by a past generation, and marking by its ebbs and flows the state of the political atmosphere, and the distant gathering of the storm.

"National traditions further serve to throw light upon ancient and modern mythology, and in many instances they are known to preserve traces of their fabulous descent, as will clearly appear in some of the following selections. It is the same with those of all nations, whether of eastern or western origin, Greek, Scythian, or Kamtschatkan. And hence among every people just emerged out of a state of barbarism, the same causes lead to the production of similar compositions, and a chain of connection is thus established between the fables of different nations, only varied by clime and custom, sufficient to prove not merely a degree of harmony, but secret interchanges and communications.

"And though it be impossible to trace their course, it is certain that a variety of popular sayings and traditions early spread over different

countries, where they became naturalized, and have been considered as national for centuries. Others, which are purely so, have, on the other hand, been confined to a narrower sphere, and are generally of an inferior character, failing as it were in the strength of pinion to soar beyond their native boundaries, boasting less of that mercurial spirit which gives wings to more golden thoughts. The choicest productions, indeed, may thus be said to become the property of various nations; they travel far, everywhere claim a home, and seem to lose their origin in the mists of antiquity.

"Not so, however, with the more local spiritual world of water-fairies, of dwarfs, of wild hunters, and of were-wolves,* with a long appalling list of robber knights, who cast more gigantic shadows as their sun went down; all of whom, as if spellbound, continue to haunt the native spots and solitary places assigned to them by immemorial tradition. Obedient to the same superstitions that embodied and commemorated them, they seem to refuse, with a sort of national partiality, to wander far from their appointed walks, to 'pass the nocturnal pale,' or to become domesticated in foreign regions."—*Preface*, pp. x., xi.

These, though not abstractedly the most excellent, are some of the most favourite and valuable traditions belonging to Germany. They do not indeed, like others, tend to illustrate the history and migrations of different people, they disturb not the caverned slumbers of the great Barbarossa, nor consecrate Charlemagne's holy crusades against the Saxons. They are the peculiar heritage of certain districts; they exhibit many beneficent and even humorous traits; their agency is for good as well as for evil; and in so far they differ from the sterner character of the old northern legends, and from other branches of the Scandinavian, Danish, Scotch, and Irish, all of whose invisible agents are gifted with little benevolence and less mirth. *Their* appearance almost invariably announces fatal events; they have all a funereal aspect; they come to alarm and prepare us; and they are all seen by a species of second sight that bodes nobody any good. They are not half allied to us like the German dwarfs and fairies, or the still more sociable house-goblins; they are not even like Shakespeare's and Milton's more fanciful world of spirits: but dim disembodied essences whose proportions we cannot measure; real ghosts, demons, giants, sorcerers, and ugly Scotch dwarfs, who surprise us among hills of mist, or beside the solitary tarn where the water-spirit crouches in wait for her prey.

"Thus," as it is justly observed by the writer before us, "popular traditions take their colour from the aspect and character of the country. Amidst deep dark woods, impervious to the sun's rays, upon solitary heaths, and wild waste marshes, whose floating mists darken the face of the sky and cast a gloom over the eye and over the soul, must we not expect to find the pictures there delineated alike stern and mournful? So the secret caverns, the dizzy precipices, and the frowning ruins of the robber castles fill the minds of the neighbouring people with

* A peculiar but well-known species of wolf in Germany (and elsewhere), which assumes the human shape in order to gain access to and prey upon the fold. *Vorbi grahn*—the modern priesthood of France and Spain.—Ed.

wonder and with awe. For here were the dread mysterious oracles heard of old, at whose voice a temple of human bones rose, for a sacrifice, into the air, and priests hastened to immolate thousands of their brethren, as their gods thirsted afresh for their victims' blood.

"What must be the character of a people's traditions, whose earliest festivals consisted in violence and bloodshed; whose succeeding centuries passed in a series of mutual wrongs and oppressions, continued down to a period when their children, yet alive, recollect the accounts given by their grandsires, of fierce wolves and bears entering the houses and tearing the mother, or the babe from the mother's arms; or of the descent of the robbers from their mountain castle?

"What a contrast here offers itself to the rich sunny sky, well-peopled cities, and fertile fields, streams and groves and gardens, fit residence for the gods! Here a joyful feeling communicates itself, as if for breathing, through the heavens, air, and earth. And must not such a clime give birth to pictures of human nature, of natural agencies and natural scenery, of like fervid and animated colours? Will not gladness and happy fancies and good humour mingle largely with the favourite traditions of such a country, and are not such the fictions of Italy?

"Yet this their natural aspect is modified by a variety of circumstances; the improvement or the decline of society, different government, wars and commerce, gradually forming a new people, and arraying their ancient traditions in a new dress. At one period those of Italy bore a more striking resemblance to what the fictions of northern nations now are; they were fierce and wild and gloomy as the human beings, the woods, and mountains of the country that gave them a 'local habitation and a name.' Hence the popular traditions of the Minotaur, the fawns, the heaven-scaling giants, and of passionate rapacious gods, who seduced women, ravaged countries, and called for human sacrifices at the hands of Pelops and of Œdipus. Such too is the origin of dread Medea, of Circe and of Titan, no less than of the giant and robber-queller, Hercules, the Furies and the Harpies, the robber-scaring Pan, with the whole mythological race of thieves, of godlike men, and of human deities."—*Preface*, pp. xxi., xxii.

And nowhere is this variation in the tone and colouring of ancient traditions more observable than in Germany. Many have assumed a more mild and cheerful character with the progressive cultivation of the people, affording a richer variety in every branch for specimens of their traditionary narratives. Such as we have here offered from the collection before us will be found, we trust, both of an amusing and diversified character, and divested of some of the more heavy and voluminous commentaries and dissertations of purely national application, with which, like most others of the kind, the original work (at least to the eye of an English novel-reader) is sadly overlaid.

As the first of a series, holding forth an example to succeeding collectors, most of whom have drawn largely from its stores, we have here entered more at length into the subject than we propose to do in subsequent specimens; in which, however, we shall always faithfully adhere to the views and illustrations afforded by the respective collectors.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS

From the South side of the Harz Mountains.

THE HORSESHOE ON THE CHURCH DOOR.

(A Moral Tradition.)

COUNT ERNEST of Klettenberg* once rode at speed upon a fine Sunday morning, not to church, but to meet a large convivial party assembled at Elrick. A number of knights had been invited, for it was a hard drinking match, and a golden chain was the prize for him who could stand up last, to decorate himself with its honours. Many hours did these wine-proof knights remain unvanquished, until victory finally began to show itself less doubtful, and first one and then another champion fell under the irresistible strength of the mighty goblets, amidst the triumphant laugh of stouter revellers, and were borne from the scene of action. At length there were only four champions left to contend with each other, all noble; and nobly did they maintain their ground. Three of them, however, were obliged to support themselves against the wainscot, and congratulated themselves that they were still able to guide the cup to their trembling lips. But Ernest of Klettenberg stood bolt upright upon his feet, and victoriously snatching the gold chain which lay upon the table, he shook it high in air, and hung it round his neck.†

In order to exhibit himself as sole victor over all his competitors, he walked as he could out of the room, and ordered his horse to be saddled. Four grooms succeeded in placing him on the saddle, to ride through the crowd of eager spectators, still gathering more and more numerous about him, and proceed towards his own domain of Klettenberg.

As he rode apace through the suburbs, he heard the good priests ringing for vespers, and as he got nearer, they were singing hymns to the holy Virgin. It was in the church of St. Nicholas, and in his confusion the good knight rode through the gates, and away through the open church doors, till he arrived opposite the altar, before the whole

* Most probably the same noble knight whose monument is shown in the monastery church at Walkenreid. It is placed in a kneeling position, in the act of prayer, doubtless as an expiation for errors and offences similar to that recorded against him in the above tradition, though not in the tenour of the following one. "At the close of the wars with the tenants, during which the monastery of Walkenreid, among many others, was destroyed, the knight ordered all the rebels in his district who could be taken to be brought to the large pond near Schiedungen, in order to receive judgment. Most of their judges were of opinion that they ought to be immediately executed, with the exception of Counsellor Wiegmannshausen, who declared in favour of a penalty in money, which the count adopted, and by which he replenished his exhausted finances. He thus secured the double object of saving his tenants' lives and of receiving three gold pieces a head from every peasant."

† As an apt illustration of this drinking party, I may here cite a passage from Becker's "History of the Grand Master in Prussia, 1798." In the year 1351 the Grand Master Winrich of Kniprode celebrated his instalment. To this festival each guest was expected to bring a silver basin with eight flasks, each of which he was bound to empty at a single draught. The stout toper, Guy of Brassenheim, emptied the spacious basin, three times full, at a draught, and was immediately nominated by the grand master one of the castle chieftains for his prowess.

congregation. The hymn of devotion suddenly ceased, and was converted into a cry of terror and surprise. But on rode Count Ernest, as if nothing unusual had occurred; though his crime was not long suffered to go unpunished. For spurring onwards up the steps of the altar, behold a miracle!—the horse's four shoes fell from his feet, and down he sank, deeper and deeper; with his sacrilegious rider—doubtless into the infernal gulf.

As an eternal warning and memorial of this event, the four horse-shoes were nailed fast to the church doors, where they long remained, and were admired for ages, no less on account of their immense size than for the dreadful tradition connected with them.*

JACOB NIMMERNUCHTERN, OR JACOB OF THE BOWL.

JACOB, in spite of his name, was once a tight and tidy thriving rustic, who flourished in a small hamlet of Thuringen, possessed of an inheritance that had gone down from father to son through a long line of ancient villagers. Stout and well-built as a castle wall, of irreproachable reputation, quiet, husbandly, and laborious, he was loved and respected by all his neighbours, until a fearful reverse came across him, and no robber knight was ever so dreaded as he. By the oppression of the young Lord Guy, a second Nebuchadnezzar in his way, he was driven from house and field, and, from a friendly, open-hearted landsman, became a wild, drinking, swearing, and tearing tyke; finally a fierce avenger of his wrongs, who steeped his hands in blood. His adventures will afford all ranks of people an instructive lesson.

One day as the industrious Jacob was yoking his corn-waggon for the last time to go to field, he heard his great house-dog Packan (Hold-fast), a very trusty and serviceable hound, barking violently in the road. He hastened out, with a cudgel in his hand, and saw his noble dog sinking under the gripe of two others as large as himself, until Jacob smiting them hard with his staff, his own dog fought himself loose, and even boldly pursued his enemies. But in the same instant appeared the young Lord Guy, with a whole pack of hounds and a number of followers, all swarming round him, just as his cruel neighbour Maria shouted to Jacob to take care, and then informing his lord that he was pursuing the dogs, bestowed her malediction upon the whole race of boors. The inoffensive Jacob was surrounded, and cruelly beaten for having driven off the hounds. After this he was dragged half dead to the castle of the savage man, who inflicted the pretended punishment with his own hands. The castle was situated in the woods, about a mile from the village, belonging also to this hunting lord.

It was in the time of the club laws, when the too powerful knights, taking advantage of the impotence of their princes, acknowledged no laws, loudly proclaiming their rights but never their duties, while the

* In the foregoing story the English reader cannot fail to be strongly reminded of the celebrated Scotch drinking song of Burns, entitled the "Whistle," founded likewise upon northern tradition, with the difference, in this instance, that the prize contended for is a gold chain.—*Ep.*

oppressed tenant obtained no kind of right, which was thus monopolized by the landlord. As bondsman and a responsible character, the latter was courted and respected by the real possessors of the soil, and could do anything with the poor rustics at pleasure. Accordingly Jacob's case was heard, and commiserated by none; none undertook his defence; and five months he continued to languish in prison, a prey to cold, hunger, and vermin. His dungeon was called the hound-lock, though thus appropriated to human wretchedness; a piece of mouldy bread was the highest happiness it afforded.

Yet worse than all this were the insults of the knaves, who caught the contagious example set them by their master. To these were added the bitter and heartless jibes and mockery of the knight's only daughter, the vain and haughty Catherine. She was thus the favourite of her father, rode with him every day to the chase; and whenever she came opposite to Jacob's dungeon, which had a small grated window in the iron door to admit air and food, she encouraged one of the fiercest hounds to run at the prisoner, as he stood at the door, inquiring with an insulting laugh, seconded by Lord Guy himself, "If the hound wished to drive the hounds away?" alluding doubtless to Jacob's pursuit of the lord's two hounds with his dog, at the time he was secured. Often too she would ask him how he would like to have such a lady for his wife, or for his son's, as they seemed to think the poor Maria hardly good enough; besides many other sarcasms equally unbecoming her sex and youth.

Jacob bit his lips and said nothing, only once when she threatened to have him cast down the precipice round the castle, in order not to deprive the hounds of their bread, he felt a sudden transport of indignant revenge, and vowed to break his prison-house, feeble, naked, and worn down as he was. On a stormy night towards the end of winter, he first began to make an attempt upon the old and in some part dilapidated walls, which by repeated and incessant exertion at length gave way. He crept through the opening on his hands and knees, with much difficulty cleared the castle ditch, which was covered with ice, and at length found himself free.

But whither to turn his steps? There was no magistrate to whom he could apply for refuge from the oppressor, who would redress his wrongs; there was no justice for such as he. His only chance of escaping from the vengeance of Lord Guy and his haughty daughter lay in speedy flight, far from his paternal village; for he fancied he saw streaks of light, and heard shouts and the baying of hounds in pursuit of him. Years must pass over his head ere he ventured to indulge the thought of returning to his home, when the vengeance of the savage lord should be laid asleep, or he himself laid asleep with his fathers.

He could not, however, resist his desire to behold for the last time his once-loved home, his wife, and his two sons, both stout young-men, of whom he had not heard a word during his long captivity. He should weep and rejoice with them over his wrongs and over his escape; he should warm his stiffened limbs in a human dwelling; clothe himself in clean garments; and then, armed with a single bear-spear, fly to the forest.

Gulded only by the light of the moon, he speedily reached the village, and in a few minutes stood with beating heart before his own fields, but heard neither the baying of his faithful hound in reply to his calls, nor the sound of a human voice. He cleared the hedge in an agony of impatience, ran forward, found his house door open, but neither wife, nor sons, nor any living thing to welcome him. All was empty and deserted; chair, bed, and table, there were none; only the bare cold walls falling to pieces. Jacob shuddered, struck his forehead, and then threw himself upon the ground, where he lay buried in thoughts of agony and revenge for some hours. At length the bitter cold and gleams of coming day aroused him. He shook himself, doubting whether he still existed. He felt all round the walls, as if to ascertain that it was really his own dwelling. Almost frozen to death, he had nearly fallen as he again attempted to walk. With tottering steps he passed his deserted door, his garden, his little field, away into the open waste of the wide world before him.

Now he heard the well-known voice of the village watchman crying "one," and the first beam of hope lighted up his countenance. He heard the baying of dogs, and soon he distinguished that of his own faithful Holdfast. Jacob wistled, and soon the dog came bounding to his side, whining with delight at this sudden appearance of his master. Jacob caressed his old half-starved companion, and hastened with bolder step to gain the mountain; for he was no longer quite alone,—his faithful dog would not desert him.

Before sunrise he already found himself in a wild secluded spot, where he discovered a still more secret and secluded cavern, at the foot of Rothenburg, upon the Kyffhausen Hills, already familiar to him, before his captivity, even from his boyish years, for their hiding-places. It was now day, and Jacob stretched his weary limbs to warm them in the sun, and for the first time during seven months beheld the trees and fields under the refreshing light of heaven.

Soon the pangs of hunger assailed him, and his poor dog looked up in his face wistfully. By chance he cast his eye upon an old mendicant, winding his way down the hill-side into the road, apparently with a well-filled wallet. Jacob had never solicited bread in his life, though he had often distributed it to others; but now he hastened with his dog down the mountain. He found the old beggar-man lying down on the road-side, hailed him, and entreated he might have a piece of bread, for his dog and for himself. The beggar turned his head round at his voice, and in his features Jacob recognized, with more than a father's delight, his eldest son, near five and twenty years of age. Both gave a shout of triumph at the same moment: they had met in spite of the malice and oppression of their enemy.

Jacob first gave his dog to eat, then devoured a few mouthfuls in silence; drank sparingly from the proffered flask; and beckoned his son, without speaking, to accompany him back to his cave. Yet he greedily listened to everything his son said, and on reaching the spot learned the full extent of his misfortunes.

Only a few hours after Jacob's capture, Lord Guy's overseers entered his house, and drove out his wife and sons, scarcely permitting them to

take with them enough to shield them from the weather. An envious neighbour possessed himself of his little ground, one who had formerly been his lordship's groom, and was engaged to marry one of the village girls named Maria. But Lord Guy, out of his mere tyrannical pleasure, resolved that Jacob's son, who was attached to one of the loveliest and most virtuous maidens in the village, should wed the girl he did not like—Jacob's avowed enemy, by whose family she supported herself slighted. And on Jacob's capture she was permitted to seize his corn and goods, as a penalty for the lord's hounds that had been bitten by Holdfast. On the following day, as the proud lord's daughter Catherine rode through the hamlet, she took a fiendish pleasure in permitting her minions every license and ill usage towards Jacob's wife and his son's intended bride. "Both fell victims," continued Jacob's son, biting his lips till the blood sprang, "to our fierce malignant destroyers; my mother died three days after you disappeared, and my—my—" he could not pronounce her name, he drew his hand over his eyes, he gasped for breath; "she too followed her within two months afterwards to the grave. My brother Kurt has enlisted in a troop of lancers; but my enemies were nearer at hand, and I turned beggar."

Jacob started and groaned as his son brought this sad story to an end; he threw himself on the ground, gnashed his teeth, but spoke not. Again he rose and gazed wildly round, cursed Lord Guy and all his race in his secret heart, but could not speak.

Absorbed in thought, he at first determined to take his own life, which the next moment became dear to him in hope of revenge. Days were spent thus, for his despair was yet too strong to permit him to decide upon any prudent plan, though he swore that his revenge should be dreadful.

In the meantime Friede was employed in begging; and one day he returned with an account that Lord Guy and his followers were all up in chase of them; that their cave was no longer safe, for that their enemy had sworn to beat up all Rothenburg and the Kyffhausen Hills on the following morning. This roused Jacob; and ere nightfall he was on his way with his son and dog towards the still darker and deeper fastnesses of the Hartz, near Stoltberg; and thence in a few days he pushed forward into the thick and then impenetrable mass of woods by Lora. Here, after long wanderings, he fixed upon a safe abode, which might defy whole years of painful pursuit and researches on the part of their enemy.

Between the mountain heights of Lora and the solitary hamlets of Wüllferoda and Lollstädt there lies, surrounded by dark thickets and overgrown with thorns, a deep rocky glen, on either side of which there open frightful precipices, where none but the experienced guide dare venture to pass over the narrow ledge which separates them. At the other end of the fell he found a steep cliff, upon reaching the summit of which with difficulty, there appeared two spacious cavities, through which was a passage of some feet wide, communicating with another line of rocks below. The remote part of this secret defile opened upon a wide chasm thick grown with bushes, on one side of which was the entrance to a smaller cavity leading to another larger cave. These last

were then unknown, even to the oldest inhabitants of the district of Lora; and the foot of man has since rarely ventured to enter their defiles, though the mountain is now less wild and woody, and the paths more apparent than of old.

Here Jacob resolved to take up his abode; hither his son Friede brought their daily provisions, tools of various kinds, and new clothing. His father in the meantime broke in Holdfast to his new destination, cleared a footpath along the ridges of the cliff, and dreamed of revenge. Curses on the tyrant Guy were his wakening thought; curses on all these castle rulers, who trample their tenants under the corn they grow, were his sole evening prayer. He was long at a loss how to frame his scheme of vengeance, yet he persevered, and cast about on all sides for further assistance to promote it. If he slackened, an inward voice seemed to rouse him afresh, in the name of all the wrongs perpetrated upon his wife and children, and he often added fuel to his fire by drinking. His son was ever welcomed when he returned with the strongest liquors, and he entreated him to bring more to hoard up against their future wants. And Friede continued to beg from house to house, often obtaining wine or brandy from the more charitable, on the plea of providing medicine for a sick father, who was sinking fast under a lingering disorder in a wretched hovel in the woods; but as Friede so frequently preferred the same prayer in behalf of strong liquors for his aged father, the neighbouring people at length christened the invisible old beggar by the name of Nimmernuchtern, Old Swill-bowl.

When Jacob found that he had now obtained provision sufficient for some months, he sent his son forth again with a command that he should not return without his brother Kurt, from whom he expected additional support and courage in his plans, and he remained with his hound Holdfast alone; for he had concluded to become a robber in order to secure vengeance, as he found he could never bring down his proud spirit to beg his bread.

Better to accustom his powers to such a task, he began, with the help of his bear-spear and his trusty hound, to support himself solely on the flesh of wild animals. To ease his impatience for entering on his great work of vengeance, he fell upon the flocks and herds of the nearest castles and cloisters, insomuch that he shortly became, with the help of Holdfast, the pest and terror of the country round; for the dog soon took a delight in hunting the flocks himself, frequently bringing numbers of them so near the robber's quarters that he could easily destroy them at night.

In order to lighten his labours and remove all chances of detection, he wrapped himself in a black frock and conducted his depredations at midnight, and for emergencies, in which it was necessary to inspire dread, he prepared a large mantle of cow-hide, upon which he fixed a ram's head, the horns of which served for a mask to disguise his real features. In the jaws he placed a light obtained from old dead wood, which he knew how to make more vivid or to extinguish as he pleased. As he proceeded equipped in this manner, with his great black hound before him, that never gave mouth, but rushed silent as death upon its

prey, it was no wonder that he should be mistaken by the trembling hinds and villagers, in his black apparel, for the great adversary of light. All flew before him, and he never once had occasion to apply for assistance to his sheep's head with a fiery mouth.

When the people found, however, that the black demon did not actually devour them, they grew a little bolder. One or two even spoke to him at a distance, and declared that though he must doubtless be a devil, yet he was a very good-natured one of the kind. One dark night Jacob overtook a shepherd in the woods, driving a dozen fat wethers before him. In a voice of thunder he called out, "Where are you going with them?" "To the Abbot of Elend," replied the trembling hind. At this Jacob blew fire out of his mouth, and said, "But I am the devil himself, and both abbot and sheep are mine!" The shepherd crossed himself and prayed. Then Jacob added, "Oh, you say your beads, so I cannot touch you; but get along and tell the abbot that his brother Satan has taken the sheep." At this proposal, though the poor fellow's hair stood on end, he demurred a little: "Ah, my good devil, be merciful, and give me at least a ticket to show my master and the good abbot, or they will never believe me!"

"I say, tell the abbot," replied the devil, "that he shall see me at his chamber window exactly at twelve o'clock to-night, and present him with a fine piece of roast beef in return." So the hind was fain to give his charge into the care of Holdfast, who drove them in the direction of the robber's cave, while the trembling shepherd proceeded to inform the abbot and his flock of the misfortune that had overtaken his own, not omitting to deliver the devil's message that he would pay him a visit that night. The poor monks were immediately roused from their beds, and all the monastery summoned to the abbot's chamber; consecrated water was sprinkled all over, and the usual adjurations against spirits adopted, after which they awaited with no slight anxiety the arrival of the fatal hour. It came, and with it Jacob in his most imposing costume; his black cow-skin crowned with the great ram's horns, spitting fire, while his large swart hound stood by. In a few minutes the devil disappeared, which the good monks attributed to the efficacy of the holy water, which the exorciser did not spare. No one ventured to partake of the roast beef which he had left behind him, and it was given to the hounds and ravens.

Jacob had now recovered his former strength, or rather it was doubled by this new mode of life, and he now sighed for more important undertakings, which might tend to forward his ultimate views. He already aspired to mount horse, and the noble hunter belonging to the lord's proud daughter came directly into his mind, as he used to see him prancing past the grate of the prison. Black as night and swift as a dart, he had been long accustomed to the mountains, and he promised himself a grand triumph when the proud lord and his daughter should behold him mounted upon their favourite steed, and galloping off.

About midsummer he disguised himself in the dress of an old woman and sought the neighbourhood of the castle. It was not long before he beheld his deadly foe mounted on her black charger, and her savage father riding by her side. Away they rode through the fields, and gar-

dens, and standing corn of the tenants, leaping and breaking through the copses and hedges. At twilight on the third day of his watch he found his opportunity: he saw the bold lady give her horse to two grooms; he was covered with foam, and the grooms led him into an open meadow to walk him round till he was cool. In going to bring corn and water, they left him tied up to a tree near the wood, and it was now the old woman crept softly towards the spot, caressed the noble steed, caparisoned him with the saddle and bridle that lay near, mounted his back, and made at full speed for the woods of Lora. He had quite disappeared before the grooms returned, who, imagining that he had broken his hold, searched all the neighbouring places for him in vain. The indignation of the lord and his daughter was terrific; but while all were busily employed in making inquiries, Jacob had time to reach the woods, the mountain, away along the well-known path up the cliff, nor stopped till he found himself at the entrance of his spacious cavern. Here he had made ample provision for the noble steed, and his sole care for days afterwards was to attend him, to accustom him to the precipitous paths, before which he at first trembled, and to train him to bear a part in the great task he had at heart. In two months he succeeded in training him so well and using him to every call and motion of his hand, that he would ascend the steep without a rider, stand still at a word, lie down and spring up again at pleasure, and scour the whole mountain round, like his master.

The day now drew near, according to Jacob's reckoning, when just a year before he had been beaten and imprisoned by the savage lord. He resolved to celebrate this anniversary by appearing before him and his haughty daughter, mounted upon their favourite hunter. For this purpose he arrayed himself in his best attire, the best he had ever worn when a tenant, and mounting his horse, rode away towards the lord's castle. When arrived opposite to it, he blew loudly an old hunting horn which he had found in the woods, and the strange tidings were quickly brought to the proud inmates' ears that a boor had appeared riding the Lady Catherine's steed and blowing upon a horn, high treason throughout the whole of the Lord Guy's domains; but they had hardly caught a glimpse of Jacob, who curvetted in great style before the castle, before he again disappeared, calling aloud to some tenants near him that Jacob would pay them another visit in the morning. It came, and found Lord Guy and his followers all ready mounted and ready for pursuit. Jacob appeared, their bloodhounds were let loose, but only a few of the first riders kept Jacob and his dog in sight, and lost him on the skirts of the woods near Lora. Some of the strongest hounds, however, pursued him to the very entrance of the cavern, where Holdfast, who had grown wild and fierce, fell upon them like a tiger, and while engaged with them his master approached with his bear-spear and put most of them to death.

It soon spread through the country round that Jacob had entered into a league with the devil, and could make himself invisible at pleasure; but Lord Guy regarded him as a human enemy whom he swore to pursue unto death, careless how far he perjured his soul. Many an ambush did he lay; and one day in particular, smarting with rage under some fresh insult he had received, his finest hounds having disappeared,

he awaited him attended by more than twenty horsemen who had taken the same oath, concealed half-way between the castle and the woods. This time Jacob had a very narrow escape. He imagined his enemy to be much farther off, and was engaged in teaching his horse to spring forward and run towards him at the sound of the horn, and to make a charge as if in battle. Suddenly he heard the deep baying of his hound announcing his foes, and he had with difficulty sprung on his saddle before his enemies rushed forward and tried to surround him. Still he was too quick, for he gained upon the foremost, who had at first brushed close up to him, and imagined they had him safe. Again he disappeared in the woods of Lora, though the lord and two more still keenly pursued the track. They held on; Jacob was again in view, nearer than before; they gained upon him, they reached the foot of the cliff within a few yards of him, when up went his horse like a hawk, and seemed to be swallowed up in the centre of it. "There!" cried George, his lordship's favourite squire, "did I not say he was invisible? The world ends here: they may follow him into the next who list with the help of a broken neck. For one I will not serve in the devil's kitchen." But his lord heard him not. He spurred his steed up the heights; it stumbled, threw its rider, and then followed Jacob's steed down into the cavern. He thus became possessed of a good saddle, of which he was greatly in want.

From this period no one ventured to follow Jacob into his stronghold. All drew back at the sight of the yawning precipice; and for a period he was permitted to pursue his devastations among the neighbouring herds belonging to both cloisters and castles, on horse and foot, sometimes arrayed like the devil, and accompanied by his large black dog, that drove them together, and attacked or tore them at his beck. He particularly lessened the number of his enemy's flocks, and none of the shepherds dared to keep their ground when they beheld Jacob in the devil's shape at a distance. Yet this was insufficient to satiate Jacob's revenge; its shafts must reach the heart of the haughty lord himself, and his daughter. Hitherto he had haunted only the outskirts of the castle: he now determined to penetrate its walls. He shortly ascertained that Lord Guy had never left his couch since the day he fell from his horse. Jacob paused. "No," he said, "he would not disturb a sick man upon his bed; he would turn his attention to his heartless and cruel daughter." On a misty autumnal night, dimly lighted by a waning moon, he stood before the haughty Catherine in his devil's form; for while a prisoner he had discovered the exact situation of her apartment. Fiercely did he awake her, and her honour now paid the forfeit of her former bitter sarcasms and cruelties. "You have kept your promise," he then exclaimed, "and I am avenged. This day two years with bitter mockery you vowed you would become my wife. I am Jacob, he whom you called the hound, and threatened to precipitate from the castle heights!" The next instant he had disappeared.

Yet even this disastrous scene would have been forgotten, except from feelings of vengeance, by the relentless and unfeeling Catherine, could she have kept it secret. But Jacob recollected the fate of his wife, and his son's betrothed wife; their wrongs were known, and he published the disgrace of the high-born, cruel Lady Catherine. It was bruited

abroad, and the proud lord heard it. His rage knew no bounds, but as it could not reach the criminal, it turned upon his daughter, whom he now detested as much as he had formerly loved. He accused her of having been seduced, of having kept it secret from him, and wilfully brought lasting dishonour upon his name. He was just on the point of having her immured in one of the castle vaults for life, when she suddenly eloped with an old lover, none other than the husband of her father's mistress.

Towards the close of the ensuing winter Jacob's sons returned to their father's cavern, expert robbers. They had recognized each other in the troop of lancers; the French and the Swabians being then at war; and they rifled everything which as defenders of their country they were bound to protect. In this service they acquired as much villany in one year as they could under their father in ten. They brought along with them two enormous black bull-dogs, which they had stolen from one of their most celebrated captains, who had trained them up to man-hunting. Jacob related to them how far his revenge had transported him; and was not a little astounded when his sons assured him that all he had communicated to them were mere trifles, the result of intoxication, and that in fact he was then so tipsy as hardly to be able to speak. They told him of the far more glorious license permitted in war; of excesses not only permitted, but lauded and rewarded; such as burning, spoiling, razing cities, destroying, deflowering, and the waste of all kinds of property, besides torturing, cruel deaths, &c., the daily employment of our lancers.

At first Jacob shuddered as he listened to them, but by degrees his repugnance vanished, and, encouraged by his sons, he determined to imitate upon a small scale, what he heard of on the grand theatre of the world.

Friede and Kurt soon provided themselves with horses and arms in the best style of the times. Wherever the six ferocious outlaws, three human and three brute, all black as night, appeared, they were called by the surrounding peasants "the *swart gang riders*." In the meantime Lord Guy had recovered from his fall, though he ventured not beyond the precincts of his castle, having heard that Jacob had sworn to have his life. In order to rouse the lord of the forest from his lair, the swart gang set fire to the old wood round the castle, determined to bring their enemy into the open field. The flames consumed a portion of the out-buildings; still their master did not make his appearance: only a few days before this event he had died of rage and disappointed revenge. Jacob's task of vengeance was thus accomplished, yet he now swore eternal hatred against all the neighbouring lords of the soil. The swart gang soon became the terror of the surrounding country; though they neither destroyed nor injured the peasants, but feasted upon the herds and flocks of the nobles, and frequently set fire to their barns and corn-fields. Whole districts were up in pursuit of them, but all to no purpose. Long did the secret cavern in the heart of the cliff, which concealed these night troopers, remain undiscovered. For the chief part of their pursuers held them in such awe as to imagine that they must either be demons or in league with the devil; though the peasantry

residing nearer them conjectured the real truth, declaring that no other than the banished family of the Swillbowls were the leaders of the swart gang. But these last were not displeased at the appearance of this scourge of the more powerful landowners, which inflicted no sort of injury upon the people, opposing itself to the tyranny and oppression of the stewards who for centuries had considered the property of their poorer neighbours as their prey. Many regarded it as a judgment from Heaven which inflicted such kind of retaliation upon the heads of their masters.

In time, however, Jacob and his sons, living on nothing besides raw flesh and the strongest drink they could obtain, became cruel and ferocious as wild beasts, and instigated by fresh pursuits and provocations, they entitled their depredations by the name of revenge, and like their hounds thirsted only for blood. At length they betook themselves to the high roads, particularly that leading through the Golden Green, levying heavy tolls upon all tradesmen and passengers, whom on the least resistance they did not scruple to dispatch. But this public invasion of life and property speedily brought down upon them the incensed overseers and landmen of the surrounding districts: of Quastenburg, Rothenburg, Kyffhaus, Lachsenburg, and many more. They formed regular troops against the black bandits; and these last, alarmed at their numbers, found themselves compelled to retire from the open roads into the recesses of the mountains. They again sought their ancient cavern, appearing only arrayed like demons during the night; but they could not always refrain from committing excesses, even against the peasantry of the Golden Green, whose houses they broke open.

Here, however, they met with some colonists from the Netherlands, who occupied farms in these fruitful valleys, and who had sense enough to recognize in these demoniac shapes, mere human beings. With their aid the swart gang were one day decoyed into a house, where they were at length taken. For they had taken care to construct a concealed pitfall, into which the half-intoxicated robbers fell, and were secured, to the great joy and triumph of the surrounding country.

Just before Jacob's execution, he was induced by the threats of his judges and the whole collected people, to confess the place of his retreat. In it were found the robbers' three black horses bound to their cribs. And down to the present day does the half-dilapidated and choked-up cavern retain the name of the *Robber Swillbowl's Stable*.*

* That the modern race of German robbers have not in the least degenerated, would appear from the name of Ricchelman, who was lately apprehended in the town of Bremen. "He is not only," says a modern journal, "a well-informed, but a very polite man, and truly elegant in his manners. His deceptive arts were carried to a rare degree of perfection and finesse. All the authorities with whom he had to deal have one after another become the dupes of this extraordinary being. At length, however, fate decreed his arrest, after he had made preparations to be conveyed by a vessel from Hamburg to the Brazils. Ricchelman was born at Hildesheim, and is the son of a postmaster. He is so notorious for his thievish propensities that he has justly been called the Cartouche of Germany. He appears to possess the necromancy of ancient times, and has the art of disguising himself so effectually as not to be recognized. When the French were at Bremen, he escaped in the dress of a gendarme. His appearance is frequently so sudden and perplexing, that the peasants have pronounced him invisible. The genius of the man is so extremely subtle, that it has been alleged that he often went to hear trials merely to amuse himself and to laugh at the judges."

* On board of the vessel which was to convey him to the Brazils he had concealed a quantity of gold, but nobody knew where. He had his passports, certificates, and all other documents

LORA, THE GODDESS OF LOVE.*

THE goddess, Lora, gave her name to the mountain fastnesses, so entitled, amidst the Hartz. Before the appearance of the Saxon-queller, Charles, when the mountain heroes refused to be baptized by his holy St. Winfred, save in their blood, the place was held in great reverence by the old Saxons. To this deity they dedicated a vast and dismal wood, whose strange monumental relics seem yet to lead us back into a former world of magic and gigantic power. There still remains some record too of another wood, filled with numberless flights of wild birds, and this was called Ruhensburg, situated between Rheinhardt's Berg, Bleicherode, and Castle Lora, beside some scattered groups of trees, among which rise to view neat hamlets rendered fruitful by the waters of the Wipper, which lends animation to the delightful prospect, bounded in the distance by the abrupt points and terrific fragments and precipices of the Brocken.

Here, in the centre of a dark wood, the young hunters were accustomed towards the fall of the year to offer up to the goddess the first fruits of their chase. And in spring the young heathen girls assembled with dance and song, bearing garlands of flowers, in honour of the Queen of Love.† Her high priest then advanced, and selecting the most beautiful garland, with strange ceremonies adorned the head of the gifted maiden whose domestic virtues of faithful love and unbroken troth to her vows had most signally triumphed.

Middle-way upon the mountain, where Lora was more particularly revered, sprang up a fresh fountain, to which unhappy lovers, especially young maidens who had lost their betrothed in battle, were in the habit of resorting, in order to quaff peace of heart and oblivion of their love. Upon the summit of the same mountain, a noble Saxon lady, whose lover had been slain fighting against the Franks, built Ruhensburg (Peace Castle), near the Fountain of Oblivion, where the grove enclosing the spot still bears the same name.

The castle received its name on account of the goddess having deigned to send the lady a new lover, worthy of the former, into this grove, who consoled the weeping fair one, and restored her peace of mind. But the sacred grove was equally terrible to all faithless, unbelieving heathens. It was here Hermtrud expiated her crime with her life. She had plighted her vows to a noble young Saxon, who had been compelled to leave the arms of his betrothed for the sanguinary field. At their parting she vowed with hypocritical tears to prove eternally faithful to him. Yet, a few days afterwards, the goddess Lora beheld the perjured and heartless maiden in the arms of Herman. The guilty one had concealed herself in the Buchen, a thicket not far from Castle Ruhensburg. Here Lora alarmed her by sending a stag, which dashed

necessary for his safety apparently in the greatest order. It is said he has numerous adherents all along the borders of the Wever, where the inhabitants seldom venture out of their houses in the evenings."—*Bremen Gazette*.

* In some other of the provincial idioms, the name is spelt and pronounced Lara.—*Or*.

† The annual festivals still prevalent in many parts of Germany and of England, in which the village girls assemble with garlands of flowers to dance upon the greens, and at wakes and fairs, are evident remains of the religious superstition, above-mentioned, of our ancestors.—*Ed.*

at full speed through the spot in which she lay. Hermtrud rose and fled, rushing in her confusion through Lora's sacred grove. Then the mountain trembled, the earth cast up its flames and consumed the unhappy Saxon maiden where she stood. The priest came to the spot, collected her ashes, and buried them in a small hollow at the foot of the mountain. In the gathering gloom of night, the moans of the faithless girl may yet be heard, as if warning perjured lovers from encountering the religious terrors of that sacred grove.

Winfred, the terror of the Saxon deities, destroyed, with the aid of his fierce Franks, the walls of Ruhensburg, and Lora's tutelary genius disappeared. Still, her expiring powers achieved the following exemplary revenge. Winfred, named the Converter, was hastening across Reinhart's Mountain to rejoin his triumphant friends, when chariot and horses suddenly stopped short and stuck fast in the mud. Here he would doubtless have sunk deeper and deeper, and disappeared, had not speedy cries to the holy Virgin saved him just in the nick of time. As a monument of his miraculous escape, he raised three crosses in commemoration of the Holy Trinity, where they are now to be seen on the exact spot where the earth gaped to swallow him up. He moreover vowed in his distress to build a chapel to the Virgin, close upon the skirts of the goddess Lora's wood. The place is still known by the name of Glend, alluding to the holy Winfred's Christian distress on that occasion.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS

From the Golden Green.

THE KNIGHTS' CELLAR IN THE KYFFHAUSEN.*

HERE was a poor, but very honest, contented, and merry kind of man, in the village of Tilleda, who happened to be giving a christening treat, for about the eighth time, to some of his neighbours. Desirous of showing all respect to the party at the christening, he set before them the best country wine he possessed, which being quickly dispatched, his guests seemed to be looking for a little more. "Go, then," said the father to his eldest daughter, a young girl about sixteen years old, "go, and bring us some better wine from the cellar." "From what cellar, father?" inquired his daughter. "What cellar, child?" repeated her father, merely in jest; "why, the great wine-cellar belonging to the old knights upon the Kyffhausen!"

With perfect simplicity the young maiden took a firkin in her hand,

* The Kyffhausen, or Kypphausen, Mountain commands a view of the Brocken, of the Golden Green, of that of Altern, Langerhausen, Wallhausen, Rosla, Holberg, &c. It takes its name from the old castle, which still excites our wonder amidst its ruins. It is called Kyffhaus, a word that without doubt was equivalent to Streiburg with the ancients. Kyffmachen, i.e., to fight, to quarrel—*Germanice*, Streiten, Zanken, which has also been turned into Keifen. At the foot of this immense mountain are situated the little city of Kalbra, and the villages of Tilleda and Sütendorf, both mentioned in this tradition.—OTMAR.

and proceeded towards the mountain. About middle-way, seated in an old deserted path leading down towards the spot, she found an aged housekeeper dressed in a singular quaint fashion, with a large bunch of keys hanging at her side. The young woman paused, not a little surprised at the sight; but the old lady inquired of her very kindly whether she had not come to fetch wine from the knights' cellar. "Yes, I am," replied the timid girl; "but I have got no money." "Come with me," said the old housekeeper, "you shall have it for nothing, and better wine than your father ever bought in his life." They both then proceeded along an old deserted road, the old lady inquiring very particularly by the way what the appearance of things then was in Tilleda—who was alive and who was dead. "Once," said she, "I was as young and pretty as thou art, before I was kidnapped and carried underground by the knights, or rather night-riders, who stole me away from the very house that now belongs to thy father. Shortly before this, they had also seized four young ladies of these parts, who were often afterwards seen about here on their four richly-caparisoned steeds. They were entrapped and carried off in open day by these mountain knights, as they were coming from church at Kelbra. They made me, as I grew older, into the housekeeper, and entrusted me with the keys of the cellar, which you see I still wear."

By this time they had reached the cellar door, which the old housekeeper unlocked. It was a fine spacious cellar, and on both sides it was well laid out with rows of vats and butts. Most of them were either quite or more than half full; and broaching one of them with great dexterity, she took the little firkin and filled it up to the brim. "There," she said, "take that to your father, and whenever he may happen to be giving a treat, you may come again; only see that you tell no one, besides your father, where you have it from. And moreover take heed that you sell none of it, nor give it away, for in neither case will it be worth anything at all. If any one venture hither to obtain wine for sale, let him be warned, his last bread has been baked. Now go!" So the girl returned with the wine to her father, and the guests found it excellent, without knowing anything as to whence it came.

Henceforward as often as there was a party invited to the house, Isabel went to fetch wine in the little kilderkin from the Kyffhausen. They did not, however, long continue to enjoy the benefit of it; the neighbours began to wonder where the poor gentleman met with such excellent wine—none equal to it in the country. The father would inform nobody, nor would Isabel betray the secret.

Unluckily, just opposite to them lived the landlord of the village inn, who dealt as largely as he could in adulterated spirits. He, among others, had also had a taste of the knights' wine; and thought he to himself, "My friend, you might mix this with ten times its body of water, and sell it for good wine still. Where the devil can you contrive to get it from?" He resolved to watch; and he followed the daughter as she went for about the fourteenth time with her little firkin towards the Kyffhausen Hills. He hid himself, and saw her come the exact way from the old cellar, with her firkin quite full, shortly afterwards.

Accordingly, next evening he set out himself, having first rolled into a little cart one of the largest empty barrels he could find, intending to fill it with the same precious kind of liquor. He thought it would be easy to convey it downhill ; and he made a vow to return every night until the cellar became empty.


As he approached the spot where he had marked the path the day before, the sky suddenly began to grow dark and lowering. The wind rose and whistled portentously of the gathering rain, which soon fell in torrents. The tempest carried him and his hollow tub from one side of the road to the other. At last, down the hill he went, and continued to fall deeper and deeper, until he finally found himself lodged in a burial-vault.

Here there appeared an awful procession before his eyes : a regular funeral, with a bier hung with black, and his wife and four neighbours, whom he recognized easily enough by their gait and garments, following in its wake. At this sight he very naturally fainted away ; and on recovering some hours afterwards, he still found himself in the dimly-lighted vault, and heard right over his head the old familiar steeple bell of Tilleda striking twelve. Now he knew that it was the witching hour, and that he was lying under the church and the burial-ground of the village in a gloomy vault. He was certainly more dead than alive, and scarcely ventured to breathe.

But see ! a monk now approaches him slowly down the narrow steps, opens the vault door, and in perfect silence puts some money into his hand, and then taking him in his arms, he laid him down at the foot of the mountain. It was a cold frosty night.

By degrees the good host came a little to himself, and crept without either wine or wine-cask as far as home. It struck one just as he reached it ; and he felt himself so unwell that he found he must take to his bed. In the course of three days he died, and the money which he had brought home, given him by the ghostly monk, was just sufficient to defray his funeral expenses ; his wife and the four neighbours, as he had seen them, following him to the grave.

PETER KLAUS THE GOATHERD.*

 IN the village of Littendorf, at the foot of a mountain, lived Peter Klaus, a goatherd, who was in the habit of pasturing his flock upon the Kyffhausen Hills. Towards evening he generally let them browse upon a green plot not far off, surrounded with an old ruined wall, from which he could take a muster of his whole flock.

* Similar tales of enchantment, in which dwarfs, goblins, and fairies are the agents, are current among the Hartz Mountains, a portion of which are likewise under the tutelary genius of the great Emperor Barbarossa. Here he holds his subterranean court, seated upon his marble throne, half entranced, or listening only to the strains of wandering harpers, whom he still delights to befriend, and inquiring ere he relapses into sleep, What century it is ! Singular adventures, of which the miraculous lapse of time forms the chief feature, are referred to the same mountain, situated in the bosom of the Hartz Forests, among which the above is decidedly one of the best. The same incident may be found embodied in a number of German ballads and traditions, and it is most probably connected with the story of the "Seven Sleepers" current in the fifth century, and subsequently adopted by Mahomet, as well as by all the Mahometan

For some days past he had observed that one of his prettiest goats, soon after its arrival at this spot, usually disappeared, nor joined the fold again until late in the evening. He watched her again and again, and at last found that she slipped through a gap in the old wall, whither he followed her. It led into a passage which widened as he went into a cavern; and here he saw the goat employed in picking up the oats that fell through some crevices in the place above. He looked up, shook his ears at this odd shower of corn, but could discover nothing. Where the deuce could it come from? At length he heard over his head the neighing and stamping of horses; he listened, and concluded that the oats must have fallen through the manger when they were fed. The poor goatherd was sadly puzzled what to think of these horses, in this uninhabited part of the mountain, but so it was, for the groom making his appearance, without saying a word, beckoned him to follow him. Peter obeyed, and followed him up some steps which brought him into an open courtyard surrounded by old walls. At the side of this was a still more spacious cavern, surrounded by rocky heights which only admitted a kind of twilight through the overhanging trees and shrubs. He went on, and came to a smooth-shaven green, where he saw twelve ancient knights, none of whom spoke a word, engaged in playing ninepins. His guide now beckoned to Peter in silence to pick up the ninepins, and went his way. Trembling in every joint, Peter did not venture to disobey, and at times he cast a stolen glance at the players, whose long beards and slashed doublets were not at all in the present fashion. By degrees his looks grew bolder: he took particular notice of everything round him; among other things observing a tankard near him filled with wine, whose odour was excellent, he took a good draught. It seemed to inspire him with life; and whenever he began to feel tired of running, he applied with fresh ardour to the tankard, which always renewed his strength. But finally it quite overpowered him, and he fell asleep.

When he next opened his eyes he found himself on the grass-plot again, in the old spot where he was in the habit of feeding his goats. He rubbed his eyes, he looked round, but could see neither dog nor flock; he was surprised at the long rank grass that grew about him, and at trees and bushes which he had never before seen. He shook his head and walked a little farther, looking for the old sheep-path and the hillocks and roads where he used daily to drive his flock; but he could find no traces of them left. Yet he saw the village just before him: it was the same Sittendorf; and scratching his head, he hastened at a quick pace down the hill to inquire after his flock.

All the people whom he met going into the place were strangers to him, were differently dressed, and even spoke in a different style to his

nations from Bengal to Africa, from whom it has received a different dress. The "Seven Sleepers" was further translated into the Latin tongue by order of the old French historian Gregory of Tours; while the same story, referred to the eighth century, and to a more northern origin, as we are informed by M.M. Grimm, is to be found in the *Gesta Longobardorum* of Paulus Diaconus.

It has been adopted by Tieck, though, perhaps, with less effect than in the present instance, in his tale entitled "Elfin Land;" and is finely developed in the "Dean of Santiago," a Spanish tale from the Conde Lucano, which has been translated in one of the leading journals of the day.—See "New Monthly Magazine," August 1824. Also notes to "German Popular Tales," p. 257.

old neighbours. When he asked about his goats, they only stared at him, and fixed their eyes upon his chin. He put his hand unconsciously to his mouth, and to his great surprise found that he had got a beard at least a foot long. He now began to think that both he and all the world about him were in a dream; and yet he knew the mountain for that of the Kyffhausen (for he had just come down it) well enough. And there were the cottages with their gardens and grass-plots, much as he had left them. Besides, the lads who had all collected round him answered to the inquiry of a passenger, what place it was, "Sittendorf, sir."

Still shaking his head, he went farther into the village to look for his own house. He found it, but greatly altered for the worse: a strange goatherd in an old tattered frock lay before the door, and near him his old dog, which growled and showed its teeth at Peter when he called him. He went through the entrance which had once a door, but all within was empty and deserted. Peter staggered like a drunken man out of the house, and called for his wife and children by their names; but no one heard him, and no one gave him any answer.

Soon, however, a crowd of women and children got round the inquisitive stranger with the long hoary beard, and asked him what it was he wanted? Now, Peter thought it was such a strange kind of thing to stand before his own house, inquiring for his own wife and children, as well as about himself, that, evading these inquiries, he pronounced the first name that came into his head: "Kurt Steffen, the blacksmith?" Most of the spectators were silent, and only looked at him wistfully, till an old woman at last said, "Why, for these twelve years he has been at Sachsenburg, whence I suppose you are not come to-day." "Where is Valentine Meier, the tailor?" "The Lord rest his soul!" cried another old woman leaning upon her crutch, "he has been lying more than these fifteen years in a house he will never leave."

Peter recognized in the speakers two of his young neighbours, who seemed to have grown old very suddenly, but he had no inclination to inquire any further. At this moment there appeared, making her way through the crowd of spectators, a sprightly young woman with a year-old baby in her arms, and a girl about four taking hold of her hand, all three as like his wife he was seeking for as possible. "What are your names?" he inquired in a tone of great surprise. "Mine is Maria." "And your father's?" continued Peter. "God rest his soul! Peter Klaus, to be sure. It is now twenty years ago since we were all looking for him day and night upon the Kyffhausen, for his flock came home without him; and I was then," continued the woman, "only seven years old."

The goatherd could no longer bear this: "I am Peter Klaus," he said, "Peter and no other." And he took his daughter's child and kissed it. The spectators appeared struck dumb with astonishment, until first one and then another began to say, "Yes, indeed, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, good neighbour, after twenty years' absence, welcome home."*

* In this very popular German tradition the reader will easily recognize the original of one of Mr. Washington Irving's most pleasing productions, "Rip Van Winkle," which, however, it may be added, contains much additional cleverness and amusement.—ED.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS

From the North side of the Hartz.

THE MONK OF CONRADSBURG'S TALE.

THE monks of Conradsburg* were a jolly well-faring people, not overdone with hard work. This gave their great adversary the devil, however, a fair opportunity, a handle to work them by, which he did not neglect. Their noviciates only were subjected to labour, and for some years after taking their vows were compelled to restrain their passions, especially when they were observed, strictly within rule of the order. But as they gradually grew into power, and exercised some influence over the affairs of the monastery, they amply repaid themselves for this their period of probation, by indulging all their wishes. Yet they were always ready prepared with the Lord's name in their mouth for every emergency: give them a quarter of an hour's preparation, and the day was their own.

In particular those who were selected to discharge the out duties† of the establishment, to levy the quit-rents, fines, and contributions, found themselves in a very comfortable situation. They lived much according to their fancy, like free citizens, and deprived themselves of no kind of gratification. One of their chief characteristics was that of decoying simple women, who believed them according to their own representations to be the lords of church, power, service, and absolution.

Among these very lucky, self-complacent, pious men, who were either gracious or severe according as they judged best, was also Brother Marcus, one of the most popular and reputed among their spiritual lords. He enjoyed the office of warder of the lands and forests, which extended many miles round the monastery. One of those woods lay close to Stangerode, and it is to this day called the Monks' Wood.‡ Now, as Marcus happened to have too sociable a taste to confine himself to the company of young-trees, he so contrived to manage matters at an election, with the abbot, as to be chosen to fill the office of gathering fees in some adjoining villages, finding this the most convenient method of forming such connexions as he most approved. In this way Brother Marcus spent his time, journeying from house to house, and tarrying long or short just in proportion as he liked the treatment he received from the good housewives, sometimes a week, sometimes a month at a time.

Among others whose acquaintance he thus cultivated, was the young and sprightly wife of an honest man of Stangerode, named Hartung,

* Conradsburg, situated near Endorf and Ermsleben, in one of the most romantic and fertile districts of Germany, is now incorporated with the Prussian territories; but during the middle ages it was under the dominion of a large monastery.

† They enjoyed a number of privileges in Conradsburg, besides others in Endorf; in which last place, however, the monks' tax of the *Kutter Zins* (cowl rent) was evaded.—OT.

‡ The same wood now belongs to the church of Altarode, which is considered the *Alma Mater* church of Stangerode.—OT.

whose house lay on the skirts of the Monks' Forest. Certain days in every month he was obliged to be absent from home, being then engaged in providing himself and his neighbours with salt, which he brought from Halle.

During some little time past, Hartung found his wife Isabel quite altered. Once she had been a sharp, active, housewifely woman, and now she complained of taking the least trouble; all kind of work became exceedingly disagreeable to her; and instead of welcoming her good man home as usual, and sharing in all his labours, she fairly turned her back upon him, scolded him when he came in, and scolded when he went out. She began to lament her hard lot, the low drudgery to which she was consigned, and the little estimation in which her services were held. "Such hands," she declared (they became softer and whiter every day), "were not made for labour." Her husband stared at her with all his eyes, and could by no means make out how she possibly became imbued with such maxims, nor what she meant. He was inclined to lay the blame upon some mischievous meddler; but he had no idea that he was so very near him.

In fact, Isabel made the poor man's house so uncomfortable, that he could no longer live with his wife and children, but went out and rambled round the country, full of vexation and dissatisfaction. In such a mood his brother-in-law Hierscho and his next neighbour Probst, one day joined him. At first poor Hartung wished to avoid them, and would not enter into discourse. But they who had for some time back heard a report of a bleating ghost, which haunted the Monks' Wood and made towards Hartung's court, had determined to watch, and plainly traced him into the house; and they now came to say that the source of all his sorrows was no other than Marcus, the monks' taxman. They proceeded to state that during his late visit to Halle they had twice seen a monk creeping upon his hands and knees at the back of Hartung's barn; that he concealed himself in some hazel-bushes, and set up a long continued bleating like a calf, to which Isabel replied by imitating the barking of a little dog, intended as a signal, and then opening him the door. Probst here added, that he had vowed to be the death of Marcus, as he had found he was laying snares for his two unmarried daughters, and had been heard to say that he should shortly have the younger of them in his power.

It was some time before Hartung could be brought to credit these charges against the holy man; but when he did he appeared equally ready to put the monk to death. On the 20th of November Hartung seemed preparing himself for a fresh journey, and on the evening of the same day he learnt that Marcus, in consequence of these tidings, had shown himself on the skirts of the Monks' Wood. Shortly after the hour of midnight he left his own court, but had hardly gone a mile before he turned into a shady part of Welbeck Forest, well known to him, and joined his neighbours, already lying in ambush.

They had not waited long before they heard the bleating of a calf, which came nearer and nearer, and then the barking of a little dog. Soon by the light of the moon they saw their enemy appear in the shape of a dark animal, creeping upon its hands and knees, bleating

and bellowing towards Hartung's house. The door opened, and the calf went in; and the three neighbours, leaving their hiding-place, proceeded to dig a large hole in one corner of the garden, under some thick hazel-trees, and when they had finished their work they proceeded, arrayed in white sheets, into the house. They entered by the back door without being perceived, and hastening into his own chamber, the good man found Marcus asleep in his wife's arms. She concealed herself under the clothes; but Hartung, scarcely giving the monk time to awake, hit him a blow upon the head with his axe, which killed him on the spot. He was immediately carried out and interred in the grave which they had just dug for the purpose.

Hartung then harnessed his waggon and proceeded very quietly towards Halle, in order to bring back his accustomed load, nothing having yet given rise to the least suspicion. The good monk, to be sure, was missing, and not to be found, in spite of the inquiries of the whole monastery. For he was just then in great request, and esteemed by the whole order as the most worthy brother that could be found to fill the vacant office of kitchen and cellar-master, which the next monastic election was to decide. In the meanwhile his brethren consoled themselves for his non-appearance by listening to the amusing histories, which were quickly circulated, of his nocturnal excursions and intrigues, to some of which he had doubtless fallen a martyr.

About the third day after the murder of poor Marcus, the whole village of Stangerode was excommunicated, and declared a place calculated only to inspire feelings of dread and abhorrence. For, of a truth, the bleating continued louder than before, nor did it haunt the Monks' Wood only: the hobgoblin got into the houses, and ran both at men and women; many of the inhabitants, and in particular Hartung and Isabel, were frightened out of their senses, and their houses too, while others hastened to Conradsburg in order to bring a priest to lay the unquiet spirit of the calf.

The priest came, encountered the bleating Marcus in the wood, and with the help of holy water drove him before him. Still he could get him to proceed no farther than the hazel-trees; there he kept his ground in spite of all adjurations and sprinklings. At length, after long consultation, it was given out by regular notice, that on St. Thomas's Day there would be a solemn procession of the whole monastery towards the fatal village of Stangerode. The abbot commanded strict search to be instituted, and particularly under the hazel-trees. They began to dig, and there found the body of the slaughtered monk, with the instrument of his destruction, not Hartung, but Hartung's axe, buried at his side. The body was conveyed back in solemn silence to the monastery, where it was freshly interred with all due ceremony.

All Stangerode was now under the greatest alarm at having thus wilfully provoked the wrath of the Lord. It was in momentary dread, not without reason, of being destroyed by fire and brimstone, of being excommunicated, or swallowed up alive. But whether it was that in the good monastery of Conradsburg further inquiry was judged inexpedient, as Fame with her thousand tongues had already bruited the matter far and wide, or whether the culprit could not be found, or that the holy

brethren speculated upon filling up the empty spaces in the saints' and martyrs' calendars for future centuries with their own names, it is certain that the upshot of their whole judgment upon the nefarious place resolved itself briefly into the following sentence :

"Whereas one of the holy monks of Conradsburg, being officially engaged in the discharge of his public duties according to the rule of his order, has been scandalously and criminally interrupted, attacked, and cruelly murdered, while in fulfilment of such trust, by some person or persons unknown ; it is hereby enacted, that the village of Stangerode shall, in consequence, be fined in perpetuity in the penalty of a new cowl tax, and that each of the fourteen houses (all of which the place then consisted) shall be first amerced in the sum of a silver penny. That such cowl tax shall be annually levied upon St. Thomas's Day in a public assembly, and to be paid under penalty of one barrel of herrings and a cask of wine for every minute that such payment is delayed after the hour of sunrise ; and that such forfeits be brought in penitent procession by the inhabitants of Stangerode to the monastery of Conradsburg."

The spirit of Brother Marcus was thus propitiated, he was avenged upon the wicked inhabitants where such a deed had been perpetrated, and from that day forth, St. Thomas's Day, he no longer appeared in his real form, but merely in the shape of a dumb hound or calf. And even to this day, though more rarely in proportion as infidelity begins to prevail, he still permits himself to be seen between the days of the 20th of November and 20th of December, by moonlight, either bleating like a calf or baying like a hound. But seers only can distinguish him ; though all may plainly enough hear him bleat, and sometimes feel him too, like the burden of a hundredweight upon their shoulders. At other times he comes in the shape of a nightmare, and presses the poor sleeper down so heavily upon his couch that he can scarcely get his breath.*

CASTLE. DUMBURG.†

NO traveller approaches the dismal ruins of the Dumburg without a feeling of involuntary awe. If night happen to overtake him near this melancholy spot, he becomes anxious, he shudders, and shrinking as it were within himself, tries to pass more rapidly along. For when the sun is sunk in the west, and he treads over the site of the ancient castle, he may hear deep sighs, stifled groans, and the rattling

* For the sake of illustration, we shall here add a few remarks connected with the above tradition. It is most probably referable to the fifteenth century ; though it differs from the rest of the old popular sayings or traditions, which seldom preserve local names uncorrupted, having different ones in different versions of the same tales, while the names of Hartung, Hierscho, Probst, &c., are yet dwelt upon by the people in their narrative without any alteration in them. This clearly proves that there is some real historical fact which laid the groundwork of the present story, and impressed itself even in some minute particulars upon the memory of the people.—OT.

† Dumburg, whose massy walls still bid defiance to time, is situated between the monasteries of Hedersleben and Adersleben, to the east point of Hahels, a wood belonging to the principality of Halberstadt, between Kachstedt and Gruningen, which once formed a portion of the Harz.—OT.

of chains from the hollow graves and vaulted passages below. Then about midnight there will appear to his view, through the thin moon-shine, the spirits of those ancient knights who erst swayed with iron sceptre all the trembling land. In fearful fiery guise rise up twelve long white figures out of the mouldering vaults, the ruins of a thousand years, bearing along a gigantic coffin, which they set down upon the old walls and then silently vanish away. Then also the skeletons and skulls scattered along the cliffs may be seen in motion; but not a voice is heard.

Robbers are known to have long haunted the regions of Dumburg, who ravaged the country, and despoiled or murdered poor wayfaring men and merchants whom they met proceeding from Leipsic to Brunswick. These treasures, with those of violated churches and convents, they heaped together and buried in caverns deep underground. The deep wells were filled with corpses of the slain, while the frightful castle precipices were often heard echoing to the groans of dying wretches, dying the worst of deaths, that of hunger; and long did these infernal retreats of the robber chiefs remain undiscovered, till at length they provoked the vengeance of the allied princes of the adjacent districts.

These despoiled treasures—gold, silver, and precious stones—are still said to lie in heaps in some of the secret undiscovered cellars and vaults belonging to Dumburg. Seldom is it permitted the casual passenger to behold them—to find a single entrance, though the long-fallen doorways can yet be traced. Spirits of monkish days, and also real monks, have been more than once seen winding down the silent passages.

One evening a poor woodman, engaged in felling a beech growing behind some of the rocky ruins, saw a grey monk come forth and walk slowly into the forest. The woodman hid himself behind the tree; the monk went by, and then returned towards the caverns. But the rustic was too quick for him: he slipped after him, and watched him standing at a little door which none of the villagers had ever discovered. The monk tapped softly, and said, "Open, little door!" and the door sprang open; "Shut, little door!" and the little door closed. Trembling from head to foot, the woodman had hardly presence of mind enough to mark the spot with some twigs and stones piled upon each other. From this time he could no longer eat nor sleep, such was his curiosity to inspect what it was the cellar contained with the wonderful door.

The next Saturday evening he prepared himself; and when the sun had risen on the ensuing morning, he proceeded with a rosary in his hand towards the identical caverns. Shortly he stood at the door, his teeth chattering in his head; for the ghost in the monk's dress still haunted his fancy. But no ghost appearing, he tapped with trembling hand at the little door, but ventured to say nothing. He first listened, and listened long, but heard nothing.

At length he began to pray with all his heart and strength to all the holy saints, and to the Virgin, and then knocked quickly, without knowing hardly what he did, saying, "Open, little door!" Though his voice was weak and low, yet the door sprang open, and he saw before him a small twilight passage. He ventured in, and very soon the path brought him to a spacious well-lighted vault. "Shut, little door!" said he, quite unconsciously as before, and the door closed behind him.

He proceeded doubtfully forwards, and beheld large open vessels and bags filled with fine old dollars and heavy gold pieces. Caskets of rich pearls and jewels were also there; very costly tabernacles and heathen images placed upon noble tables, which excited the poor man's utmost astonishment. He crossed himself, and wished he were a thousand miles from the enchanted spot, yet could scarcely resist the temptation of appropriating some portion of these useless treasures, were it only to buy clothing for his poor wife and eight children, who were almost in rags.

Shutting his eyes, he stretched out his hand, and took a few gold pieces from the bag which stood next him; he then felt to see whether his head was still fast upon his shoulders, and at last ventured to open his eyes. Next he proceeded to the dollars, took two handfuls, thrust some silver plate under his arm, and turned round to go. "Come again!" cried a hollow voice from the depths of the cavern; the whole place seemed to whirl round with the poor woodman. "Little door, open! Open, little door!" he cried, as he reached the spot in haste. The door opened, and then, "Shut, little door!" he added in a bolder voice, and it closed behind him.

He ran home as fast as his heels could carry him, said nothing about his new fortunes, but piously went to the first convent church, and offered two-tenths of all he had brought with him to be given as alms to the poor. The following morning he went to town, and purchased some new dresses for his wife and children, of which they were much in want. He said he had luckily found, while delving up the roots of a beech-tree, an old dollar and two gold pieces, which he employed to buy them.

On the ensuing Sunday he proceeded with quicker step towards the little door in the cliffs; repeated the former process, filled his pockets fuller than before, and turned to go. "Come again!" cried the same deep voice; and according to invitation, he went the third Sunday, and met with as good a reception as before. He now began to esteem himself a rich man; but what was he to do with his riches? He bestowed two-tenths, to be sure, upon the church and the poor; and he had no resource but to bury the rest over again in his own cellar; applying to it only, like a sensible man, when his family was in want. Still he could not resist his inclination to measure his amount of treasure; for as it happened he had never learnt to count.

So he went to his neighbour's, a thriving wealthy man, but one who pined for more amidst his abundance; garnered up his corn, defrauded his labourers of their just hire, oppressed the widow and the orphan, distrained upon his tenants, though he had no family of his own. From him the woodman borrowed a measure to mete out his gold.

Now, the said bushel had several chinks in it, through which the miser was in the habit when buying to shake a good deal of corn, filling up again from the poor salesman's heap; and when selling, to shake it back into his own; for he was wealthy, and none ventured to gainsay him. In one of these said chinks some bits of gold happened to stick fast, and escaped the attention of the woodman when he meted out his gold. But on returning the measure, the hawk-eye of the miser was

not so easily deceived. Off he went in search of the poor woodman, whom he found at work as usual in the forest. "What were you measuring this morning in my bushel?" was his first salutation. "Chips and beech-nuts, to be sure," was the reply. Shaking his head, the usurer displayed the precious fragments he had found, and at the same time threatened his neighbour with justice and the rack, unless he confessed everything connected with the affair. In this case he promised to reward him, and pressed the woodman so hard that he was compelled to reveal the whole secret, not omitting the fearful words.

From this time forth the vile usurer did nothing but devise methods and consult the woodman how best to transport the whole treasure, at one time, from the hidden places to his own house; and next how to proceed in search of new. He had set his heart upon having the whole; had made his calculations and fixed the manner in which he would purchase daily one hide and one acre after another; or, in default of purchase, to threaten and to swear his neighbours out of their rightful possessions, until he became master over all. In this way he imagined he might soon be able to possess himself of the adjacent villages, and becoming a great lord of the manors, perhaps receive from the emperor letters patent of nobility, and render himself undisputed despot of the country round.

The woodman did not at all approve the idea of his wicked neighbour going in person to the ruined castle. He even entreated him to desist from his design, described the great danger, and illustrated it with a thousand hapless examples of the fate of gold-diggers. But what argument will restrain the hand of avarice from dipping into an open money-bag? By dint of threats and promises, the woodman was induced to bear the miser company as far as the door; farther he would not go. So he was to take his station there, and receive the bags which the usurer proposed to bring out, and to conceal them among the surrounding bushes. He was promised one-half, and the church one-tenth (he would not agree with the woodman for two) for this service, while the village paupers were all to have new clothes. This was all the miser would do; though in fact he had concluded within himself, that the moment he could dispense with the woodman's services, he would find an opportunity of tripping him down the deep well under the castle walls, to give the poor nothing at all, and present the church only with a few light pieces, which he was then weighing in his own mind.

On the next Sunday everything was prepared, and ere sunrise the miser was on his way, with the woodman at his side, towards Dumburg cliffs. On his shoulders he carried a three-bushel sack, with some twenty smaller ones in it, a large grubbing-axe, and a spade. Once more the woodman warned him earnestly against all such proceedings, but all in vain; he then entreated him to recommend himself to the holy saint; yet all in vain. The wicked miser walked on, grinding his teeth and blaspheming within himself.

They now approached the door, and the woodman, who did not at all like the adventure, but whose fears of the rack were stronger than those of the ghost, kept at as decent a distance as he well could, to receive the sacks. "Open, little door!" cried the corn usurer eagerly,

longing to behold the gold. It opened, and in he went. "Shut, little door!" again he said, and the door was shut. Scarcely had he reached the vault, and saw the bags and caskets full of sparkling gold and precious stones, feeding his greedy eyes upon them for a moment, than he seized his sacks, opened one, and began to fill.

Then came, heavy and slow, from the farther end of the cavern, its fiery eyes fixed upon the miser, a huge black hound. It came and lay down, first upon one and then another of the gold-bags, until it had gone over the whole. "Away, thou rapacious man!" sounded in the miser's ears, and the black hound grinned horribly in his face. Half dead with terror, he crept upon his hands and knees towards the door. But in his alarm he forgot to say, "Open, little door;" repeatedly crying out, "Shut the door, shut the door!" thinking of the hound that was slowly following him; and the door remained closed.

Long did the poor woodman with beating heart await the miser's return. At length he approached the door, and thought he could hear stifled sighs and groans, mixed with a deep hollow howling, and then all was still. He now heard them ringing for mass at the neighbouring monastery. He crossed himself, took his rosary, and prayed. Then he tapped at the door, "Open," he said, "little door!" and it opened. What a sight! there lay the bleeding body of his bad neighbour, stretched lifeless upon his own sacks; and behold, farther in the cave, the whole array of bags and caskets filled with gold and diamonds began to disappear; down they all went, deeper and deeper, before his eyes, into the bowels of the earth.

THE WILD HUNTER OF HACKELNBERG.*

HAR around this castle, among the mountains of the Hartz and in the Thuringian forests, appear the Wild Hunter of Hackel-nberg. His favourite haunts, however, are in Hackel, from which he derives his name, and more particularly in the district of Dumburg. He is often heard at midnight, as he drives through storm and rain, or in the dim moonshine, when the heavens are overcast, he chases with his swart hounds the shadows of wild animals he once destroyed, through the clouds. Most frequently the chase goes over Dumburg, straight athwart the Hackel towards the now ruined villages of Ammendorf.†

He has never been seen except by a few Sabbath-born children. Sometimes he meets them as a solitary hunter with a single dog, at others borne in a chariot with four horses, attended by six large hounds.

* It is related by Hondorff (in his "Theat. Hist." p. 188), that in the year 1272 a certain necromancer, who arrived at Creusnach from the Netherlands, one day in the open market-place struck off his page's head, and after leaving the body for the space of half an hour upon the ground, he again united it to the trunk. The page then rising with his dogs into the air, gave the huntsman's cry, and rode about as if engaged in the chase. A similar exhibition in the clouds was displayed by Doctor Faustus to the Italian ambassadors; and it is likewise said to have been in the power of J. Scotus of Frankfort, of Zoroaster, and of Robert of Normandy.—GÖRRES, *Deutschen Volksbücher*, p. 220-1.

† Upon the limits of the village of Hakeborn, not far from the little town of Egeln.—Ot.

All, however, may hear his fierce progress through the rushing air, the hoarse cry of his dogs, and the tramp of his steeds, as if dashing through the moor waters, and often, too, his wild *hu! hu!* as he speeds along, preceded by his guide, the large horned owl, with her solitary whoop.

There were once three travellers who sat down to refresh themselves, not far from Dumburg. The night was gathering fast, the moon shone fitfully through the fleeting clouds, and all was silent around as the tomb. Suddenly was heard a rushing like a strong current over their heads. They looked up, and a great horned owl flew over them. "Ha!" cried one of the travellers, "there is the Stut-ozel, and the wild hunter of Hackelnberg is not far." "Let us fly, then," exclaimed the second, in great alarm, "before the monster overtake us." "There is no time," said the other, "and you have nothing to fear if you will not provoke him. Lie down on your faces while he passes over us, and say not a word; remember the fate of the shepherd."

The travellers laid themselves down among the bushes; the loud rushing of the hounds, as if trampling down the grass, and high above them in the air the stifled cry of the hard-pressed animal, mingled from time to time with the fierce sound of the hunter's *hu! hu!* Two of the travellers pressed closer to the ground, but the third could not resist his desire of seeing what passed. He glanced sideways through the bushes, and saw the shade of the dark hunter, urging on his dogs as he speeded by. As suddenly again everything was still. The travellers rose trembling from their hiding-place, and gazed wistfully towards Hackelnberg; but all had vanished and was seen no more. "But what is the Stut-ozel?" inquired one of them after a long pause.

"In one of the convents at Thuringen," replied the other, "there once resided a nun of the name of Ursel. This creature being of a violent temper, beat the sisterhood, and often interrupted their hymns with her harsh sharp voice; so that they soon gave her the nickname of Tut, or Stut Ursel. But they bitterly repented having done this after her death. For always after eleven o'clock at night, she appeared in the shape of a screech-owl, and thrust her head into the choir of the church, destroying the harmony of their hymns with her harsh tones, stammering worse than before. The same occurred in the morning at four o'clock, as she never failed to join in their choral songs.

"With trembling limbs the sisterhood supported this situation for a few days; but on her fourteenth visit one of the nuns whispered her next neighbour in great alarm, "Now I am sure it is the Ursel!" The hymn ceased, a sudden terror seized on all; their hair bristled up, the colour forsook their lips, and they all ran out of the church during service, shrieking, "It is the Ursel, the Tut Ursel!" and no threats or persuasions could induce them again to enter it, until the persecuting spirit of Ursel was banished from the convent walls. One of the most celebrated exorcists of his time was sent for from the borders of the Danube, belonging to an order of Capuchins, and by dint of fast and prayer he succeeded in expelling Ursel in the shape of a great horned owl, and driving her among the ruins of Dumburg.

"At that time the wild hunter was passing over Hackelnberg, and hearing the *hu! hu!* of the great horned owl as he drove along, he

found it so well adapted to his own cheer for his hounds and horses, that he entreated to have her company in the chase, and they were never afterwards separated. And away they speed, pursuing their prey through storm and rain and cloud, rejoicing to be freed from the close convent walls, and listening to the mountain echoes of their own wild shouts and songs, mingled with the cry of their hounds, and the sighs and pantings of their prey.

"Such," said the traveller, shuddering, "is the story of the Stut-ozel; but what became of the young shepherd who hailed the hunter as he passed?" "Listen to his strange adventure," was the reply. "This shepherd once heard the wild hunter drawing near the place where he fed his flock. He gave the hounds a cheer, and called out, 'Good luck to Hackelnberg.' The wild hunter checked his speed, as he shouted with a voice of thunder, 'Hast thou helped me to urge my dogs? so shalt thou have a share in the quarry.' The poor hind shrank trembling away. But Hackelnberg flung after him a half-devoured thigh-bone of a horse, which smote him as he sat in his sheep-cart, so severely, that he has never since been able to hold himself upright, or to move backwards or forwards."*

* It is most probable that some great hunter who rode in the middle ages gave occasion to the preceding tradition, belonging likewise to the family of the nobles of Hackelnberg or Hackelberg. The last distinguished Nimrod of his race was Hans Von Hackelnberg, who ended his days in a hospital, during the sixteenth century, at a place not far from Hornberg, which lies on the borders of the duchy of Brunswick. Upon his grave-stone in the churchyard of that place is engraved the figure of a full-equipped knight, mounted upon a mule. Travellers passing through Wulperode used to stop to admire the heavy armour of Hans there exhibited to view. But the helm alone now remains, the rest of his accoutrements having been transferred to Deersheim.

In regard to the strange manner of his death, the following tradition has obtained currency; and this, as being historically connected with the foregoing, may here be added.

Hans Von Hackelnberg, the ducal master of the forests in Brunswick, appeared to live only for the chase. In order to indulge this propensity he bought or hired a number of neighbouring chases, and devoted the whole of his time to the hunt, traversing with his followers and his large stag-hounds all the fields, forests, and mountainous districts round the Hartz, year after year, both by day and night. He once passed the night in Hartzburg; and there he dreamed that he saw a terrific wild boar, which he attacked, and after a long struggle he fancied that he was overcome. As he waked, the dreadful apparition seemed still to haunt him; he could in no way vanquish its impression, though he was the first to laugh at the occurrence.

Wandering a few days afterwards among the Lower Hartz, he encountered an immense boar, the exact image of that he beheld in his sleep—in colour, in size, and in the length and strength of his tusks. But Hans knew no fear, and was the first to begin the battle, which was equally ferocious, crafty, and unyielding on both sides. It long remained undecided, and it was only by employing his utmost dexterity and courage, when nearly reduced to the last extremity, that Hackelnberg succeeded in laying his enemy low. Long he gazed at his savage foe as he lay dead at his feet, and then stamping upon his head with all his force, he cried, "No, thou hast not, and thou shalt not tear me, as thou tore me in my dream!" Such was the violence with which he struck him with his foot, that one of the sharp tusks pierced his foot, and wounded him in the foot. At first he thought little of the wound, and even continued the chase until late at night. When he reached his castle, however, his wound grew so much worse for want of proper care and bandages, that he was compelled to hasten towards Wolfenbittel to gain assistance. But the motion of the car so greatly aggravated the symptoms, that it was with the utmost difficulty he reached the hospital at Wulperode, in which he shortly after his arrival died.—Or.

THE WOLF STONE.*

IN and about the Brandsleben Woods, which were once united to the district of Hakel and the Hartz, there once dwelt, ages ago, an unknown personage, no one having ever discovered who he was or whence he came. This, however, gave the inhabitants of the neighbourhood very little concern, as he was sufficiently designated for their purpose, by the name of the Old One. He often came into the village without exciting observation, in order to give such assistance as he could, out of mere good-will to the working classes. He was particularly fond of taking upon himself the tending of the flocks, an employment at once easy and useful, when their natural guardians the shepherds were prevented, at sheep-shearing or at other times, from discharging their office. In this way he went from one flock to another, according to a fair distribution of labour.

In the flock of the shepherd Melle a pretty parti-coloured lamb was one day missing. Now, the unknown had often very urgently entreated to have this lost lamb given him, and repeated his prayer every day, and always in vain. The shearing-time came on, and Melle requested the Old One's assistance. He gave it with pleasure, and watched his flock; but when shepherd Melle returned home and took muster of his flock, he found neither the old man nor his favourite lamb; both were missing.

The unknown had quite disappeared; no one could learn any tidings of him. After a good lapse of time, one day the old gentleman appeared very suddenly and unexpectedly before him, as he was pasturing his flock in the vale of Katten. "Good day, Melle," said the Old One; "thy pretty lamb sends thee greeting." At this sarcastic salute the shepherd looked very black and surly, and replied by seizing his crook in order to inflict a well-merited chastisement.

But behold! in a moment the old unknown assumed another form, and sprang upon Melle in the shape of a large wolf. Frightened beyond all description, Melle quite lost his presence of mind, such was the ferocity of his enemy. But his dogs came to his assistance, and rushing upon the wolf, after a long struggle they compelled him to take to flight. Away went the dogs after him, through wood and valley, until they again came up with him, and brought him to bay close to the village of Eggenstadt. Melle, who had a little recovered from the first shock, followed their track, and cried in a loud voice, as he approached and found him surrounded by his dogs, "Now thou shalt surely die!"

Then as suddenly the Old One stood before him in human shape, and entreated hard that he would spare him, vowing to God that he would never more meddle either with sheep or lamb, and that he would make also ample compensation. But he could not propitiate the insulted and angry shepherd: he fell upon the Old One with his hedge-chopper; but, lo! the unknown had disappeared.

The shepherd, however, remarked a new-sprung thorn-bush at his

* Near Eggenstadt, a village in the district of Magdeburg, situated not far from Sommersenburg and Schomingen, a large stone is to be seen upon a green towards Sechhausen, which the people call the *Wolfstein*, in regard to the following tradition.—Or,

side, which availed the Old One nothing. He began lopping the branches with all his might, and was very speedily eradicating it altogether. The unknown was only just in time to save his stamina, by turning once more into a human shape, and then fled for his life. But the obstinate and unrelenting Melle was not thus to be thwarted of his revenge. As he approached nearer his enemy, the wolf again attacked him ; again the dogs came, and he fled. This time he was not so lucky, for one terrible blow of Melle's chopper, as he turned round upon the dogs, laid him dead upon the spot.

An old ruined fragment of rock still serves to mark the place where the were-wolf was slain, and it has ever since been known by the name of the Were-wolf's Stone.

FREDERICK GOTTSCHALCK*

IS the author of a collection of about fifty national traditions, comprehending one or two tales of a somewhat more modern and extensive kind. These, however, he has not arranged with the same local truth and accuracy as the preceding ones of Otmar. Neither has he embodied the whole of them with equal simplicity and taste, at least if we may be permitted to form an opinion from some versions of the same stories which had been previously handled by that writer. Such duplicates, indeed, among German collectors are of no rare occurrence, insomuch as to call for some little discrimination in referring a story to its first relater, the merit of which in general falls to the portion, as in the retailing of other anecdotes, of the one who is ingenious enough to array it in the best dress. Occasionally, too, the same tales assume so very different a tone and character, that more especially should they happen to be amusing ones, the selector must be cautious lest, like his originals, he treat us to two or more specimens of the same. There nevertheless are always a limited number of curious and original stories to be obtained from the several selections, which, bearing least resemblance to one another and to the mass, will afford us a tolerable degree of variety; while it is quite natural that an exquisitely amusing or interesting tradition should be imitated and contended for with as much zeal as the cities of Greece contended for the poem of the Iliad.

In Germany, however, whose enlarged and liberal principles of criticism are well deserving of the gratitude and imitation of other nations, similar claims and inquiries are almost invariably prosecuted with equal ardour, good humour, and good faith. Indeed, they exhibit an ennobling picture of the republic of letters; they admit a community of literary rights and interests, a sort of national partnership in all their works; lending and borrowing from each other with perfect openness and freedom, and with slight acknowledgment of the mutual obligations due.†

Agreeably to this liberal and useful system, we observe that the collector before us remarks at the close of his elaborate preface, with the perfect *naïveté* of a good German, "And here I cannot deny myself the gratification of giving a place to the following annotations, from the pen of my highly esteemed friend Privy Counsellor Beckerdorff, who has had the goodness to offer them to my acceptance, with singular and welcome courtesy, as an accompaniment to the first portion of my work."—*Preface*, p. xi.

That the difficulties to be encountered in compiling a work of this

* "Popular Traditions and Tales of the Germans." Collected by Frederick Gottschalck. Halle. 1814. Also "History of the Feudal Castles and Mountain Fortresses of Germany." 5 vols., bds., 1810-21, with plates.

Caspar Frederick Gottschalck was born at Sondershausen on the 15th day of July, 1772. He resided at Ballenstedt, with the title of Assistant Counsellor to the Duke of Anhalt-Bernburg.

† Göthe and Schiller were engaged conjointly in many of their labours, and the former would appear, in some instances, to have been indebted to the dramas of Lessing, who likewise composed one upon the subject of Faustus, though of very different character and pretensions.—*Ed.*

nature are not wholly, like the stories, of an imaginary description, may be gathered from the following passage from the German collector's preface, which his English translator here ventures humbly yet broadly to advance as some apology for unintentional errors and omissions with which he fears his work will too much abound: "As to myself, I hesitate not to avow that I am convinced that a complete collection of the Popular German Tales, arranged in a regular chronological and local series, will continue to remain a *desideratum*, until the whole shall be brought together from a variety of sources, and shall thus be found ready prepared for the eye of some future benefactor of our national popular productions, which may then be embodied in a progressive chronological and geographical view, forming a popular history highly curious and interesting." *—*Preface*, p. x.

THE WITCH-DANCE ON THE BROCKEN.†

HIGH above the surrounding hills of the Hartz is seen a mountain, whose towering peak commands a view of more than fifteen miles. This is called the Brocken, except when mention is made of those old enchantments and wizard rites which were ages ago, and are even still, said to be celebrated within its solitary domain, when it more properly takes the name of the Blocksberg. Upon its cold and

* That such a work would indeed prove truly valuable, no less to the antiquary and the man of taste than to the novel reader and the peasant, there can be very little doubt; but as Gottschalck justly observes, where is the author to be found?—Ed.

† Perhaps, says the Author, a collection of German popular stories can hardly be more appropriately commenced than with a tradition of so ancient and favourite a character, so very generally diffused, and in every sense so well entitled to the name of a national tradition, as the above.—GOTTSCHALCK.

Its origin may be traced to the history of Charlemagne. Equally inspired with religious and heroic views, he first opened the theatre of war in Germany, where he was opposed by the Saxons with all the rage of barbaric freedom united to idolatrous hatred of the new religion sought to be introduced. Resolved both upon their conquest and conversion, Charlemagne was involved in a fierce war, which was prolonged during three and thirty years. At length, indignant at their long resistance, he put all indiscriminately to the sword who refused the rite of baptism; but the moment he engaged in other wars, the Saxons as often resumed their sacrifices to idols in their woods. When driven from these, they sought the still wilder retreats and fastnesses of the Hartz Mountains, in particular the Brocken, at that time almost unapproachable. At the period of their festal rites and sacrifices, Charlemagne stationed guards at the passes of the mountains, though the Saxons succeeded in celebrating them, by adopting the following contrivance. They arrayed themselves, like goblins, with the skins and horns of beasts, with fire-forks in their hands, and those rude instruments which they used as a protection against wild beasts, and during their sacrificial rites as they danced round the altar. Thus armed, they put the whole of the terrified guards to flight, and proceeded to invite the people to their festival. Hence, its celebration on the First of May, on the wildest region of the Hartz, with the snow yet lying on the Brocken, naturally enough gave rise among the Christians to the belief of witches riding that night upon their broomsticks, to add to the infernal mirth and mystery of these heathen rites.

In fact, the early Christians uniformly viewed idolatry as the worship of demons, and firmly believed that the devil himself, in spite of Charlemagne's Christian guards, found his way through the air to give zest to the party assembled, in honour of him, upon the top of the Brocken. Such superstition received force from the appearance of the terrific and fantastic figures haunting the mountain previous to the festal day, and which, seen by the soldiers, were reported with a variety of diabolical ornaments and additions. The First of May is supposed to have been selected as a welcome of the approaching year; and the rites, always under diabolical patronage, celebrated in honour of the goddess Ostera; while the custom, still prevalent in many parts of Germany, of adorning the houses and churches on that day, is doubtless some remnant of the heathen festival.—See GOTT. *Folkemärchen*, pp. 8, 9, 10.

sterile summit, inlaid with a thousand million glittering specimens of rock-stone, the devil is in the habit of holding an annual assembly, most splendid of its kind, on the night of the last day of April, namely, on the well-known Walpurgis Night, consisting of all the witches and sorcerers on earth. After the tolling of the midnight hour, his guests flock in from all sides, conveyed by their usual equipage of horned beasts and birds, goats, rams, owls, &c., bearing them through the air upon brooms, pitchforks, and giants' bones, while the devil is kind enough, on his part, to bring many of his guests along with him. The company being met, a grand bonfire opens the scene; the dance goes round, the whole air is lit with firebrands; and fire-stirring and blowing, shouting and dancing, with fireworks of every kind, continue until the guests are well weary of the show. But then first feeling himself inspired, the devil mounts his devil-pulpit, and begins to blaspheme all the holy saints and angels, on the conclusion of which he gives a supper, consisting wholly of sausages, which are served on the witch altars. The hag that is unlucky enough to arrive last is condemned by immemorial custom, for neglect of duty, to die a cruel and ignominious death, serving at once as a warning to late visitors and to lend animation to the scene. For after a warm embrace from the regent of the under-world, she is suddenly torn in pieces by the rest; her flesh is strewn as an example on the altar, and displayed as one of the master-keys of the devil's banquet.

At the first blush of dawn the whole of the gentle sister and brotherhood disperse in all directions in search of other windfalls, until a future meeting. In order that this same unholy alliance may produce no mischief either to man or beast, in the course of their annual excursion, the neighbouring dwellers of the Brocken take care, on the approach of the dread Walpurgis Night, to draw the sign of three crosses over the doors of their houses and outhouses, being firm in their persuasion that both they and their families can by no other means be secured from the ill designs of the wicked spirits who are then on the watch to enchant them.*

THE MEADOW DANCE.†

IN the same valley as the last mentioned, near Aschersleben, lies a verdant strip of land, known by the name of the Dancing Meadow,—a name which the following tradition will serve to illustrate.

Ages ago the blooming daughters of the neighbouring burghers were often in the habit of assembling on a summer's evening; when the weather was fine, to enjoy one another's society in this enchanting vale, during which the dance was never forgotten. Besides, it was a custom

* An old ballad from the same story is given by Büsching in his *Folksagen*. Leipsic, 1812. Its origin is likewise more particularly investigated in a tour through the Hartz and the Hessian district. Brunswick, 1797.—GOTT.

† The same story is also to be found in Otmar (Nachtigal in Halberstadt) as well as related by Krieger. See the "Alexisbad in the Lower Hartz." Magdeburg, 1812. 8vo., c. 316, first edition.—GOTT.

for all the young brides, on the day before their nuptials, to meet here the playmates of their infant years, whose circle they were about to quit for ever, and to join in a parting dance along with the bordering tenants of the well-known scene. And long did this celebration of youthful joys continue uninterrupted, until the time of its being profaned and violated by one of the adjacent lords of Raubburg.

A party happened to have met on the second evening of these rural ceremonies previous to a wedding, and were on the point of escorting home their rich and beautiful betrothed late on a clear moonlight night, with all the mirthful triumph of dancing, innocent gaiety, and song. Not the whole of the guests, however, were destined to reach their home. Two of the most beautiful maidens disappeared, and notwithstanding the most active exertions on the part of their friends and relatives, no trace of them could be discovered,—their seats remained that night vacant in the domestic circle, and within a few hours all was confusion, no less among the parents than in the surrounding abodes. Many weeping eyes were kept awake; their lovers swore the deadliest revenge, for they found reason to suspect that under the veil of night a grievous wrong had been premeditated, and perhaps accomplished, which left them nothing but the hope of revenge.

And in part their fears were well grounded. Some domestics in the service of the chief of Arnstein, becoming acquainted with the hour of the intended festival, had the audacity, for the purpose of amusing themselves and indulging their master's propensities, to lie concealed in an adjacent thicket. Under cover of the night, they succeeded in seizing upon two of the dancers, who, happening to stray from their companions, had approached nearest to them, and they were instantly conveyed, amid shouts of surrounding revelry and rejoicings, unheard, into the neighbouring Hartz Mountains, until a fit time should occur to convey them to their ultimate destination in Raubburg.

Scarcely had the sun streaked the horizon on the following morning, when a number of the citizens, whose anxiety had kept them awake, were seen assembled before their doors, in order to advise with the suffering parents on the best measures to be adopted. Soon they learnt that a secret messenger, who had been dispatched upon some private affair, and was returning ere daybreak over the mountains, had heard sufficient to prove the forcible abduction of the young women, although he had lost the track of the robbers among the hills. There was reason, however, to conclude that they must reside somewhere upon the Arnstein, but their haunts were still a secret. The magistrates upon this, being made acquainted with the facts, instantly solicited a meeting of the relatives of the abducted parties, along with all the elders of the place, while they attempted in the meantime to preserve calmness and moderation in the minds of the incensed citizens. The chief part of the assembly were for instantly arming the whole of the inhabitants capable of bearing arms, in order, if possible, to surprise and destroy the hated and notorious Castle Arnstein, which, they said, ought long since to have been levelled with the ground. But besides the uncertainty of the information received, it was justly remarked by the magistrates who presided that it would require months of open and decided

hostility to capture so powerful and well-provisioned a castle as that of Raubburg, whence the formidable enemy made his depredations, while, moreover, the present case called for instant redress.

At length, after a long and stormy discussion of the most efficacious means of obtaining it, during which the heads of the more bold and indignant had leisure to grow cooler, it was agreed to adopt the last suggestion of one of the oldest magistrates, who explained to the council the superior opinion he entertained of a *ruse de guerre*, by which he trusted that the freedom of the abducted party would be more speedily accomplished.

In the first place, every one must return quietly back to his own house, concealing his feelings of indignation and revenge as well as he could. Then, just as if nothing extraordinary had occurred at the late festival, as if the absence of none of the party had been noticed, or that their return was quietly expected, another nuptial evening should be as soon as possible announced, with even more of bustle and splendour than the former; all the neighbours to be invited to the dance, and information sent by trusty messengers to the adjacent villages around.

Accordingly these same tidings reached the ears of the lord of Arnstein, who, on receiving an invitation along with his knights and squires, loudly ridiculed the stupidity of the poor citizens, who thus actually threw their daughters in his way. Then, amidst oaths and laughter, a still more extended incursion than the former was determined upon, the whole of the party present declaring that they would this time each and every one seize on his individual prey after the close of the dance.

About twilight on the appointed day the meadow was seen covered with beautiful groups of dancers; yet with all this no virgins this day trod the scene,—they were safe in their parental mansions. It was the stout citizens, and next to them their eldest boys who were arrayed in women's attire, with newly sharpened weapons concealed under their clothes, all intent upon avenging the honour of their daughters, their sisters, or their betrothed, and for ever in future to secure it. They began the dance with sounds of revelry and mirth, yet somewhat subdued to the tone of womanhood, while their hearts throbbed for vengeance, until the approach of midnight, when their trusty scouts brought word of the near and yet nearer advance of the lord of Arnstein, softly approaching towards the spot.

Now the dancing party seems to break up, concluding with the old national figures,* and singing, and apparently drawing homewards. But behold! the next moment the chief of Arnstein burst into the midst of them, followed by his knights and pages, on horseback and on foot, all eager to join in the pursuit, of which they vainly hoped that their former depredation was only a poor specimen.

They let him advance; and the chief no sooner found himself in the midst of the dancers than he threw himself from his steed in order to

* Named the *Grossfateranz*, one like that of most other countries which closes the festive scene, partaking of freer characteristics than are exhibited in the previous figures, reminding us of the origin and elements, as it were, of the art itself. This, it is well known, is really only the symbol of courtship, throughout its various characters and gradations; and the more polished the people, the more polished and less characteristic forms does their dance assume.
—E.p.

enjoy the pleasure and applause of bearing off the intended bride with his own hands. But what was the feeling he experienced when, as with a thundering voice and a laugh of joy he claimed the bride for himself, the bright steel flashed in his eyes, and smote his outstretched arm, before he could draw it back, quite through and through. Smarting with pain and uttering curses of revenge, he started back to regain his steed. But ten strong arms were about him; he felt himself pinioned hand and foot and neck, as if chains of iron girt him round. Some of the knights and pages who hastened with threats to his assistance were, after a short struggle, overpowered and secured; most of them, however, escaped with cries of terror and surprise, and wounded with sabres or with stones.

The chief culprit, however, was carried with shouts of triumph into the city. There the lord of Arnstein was thrown forthwith into a large solitary dungeon, and there he confessed, on beholding the preparations for his approaching execution, the deeds he had perpetrated and further intended to accomplish. The young ladies were at his own command immediately delivered to their friends; in consequence of which, after paying a heavy penalty and taking a memorable oath never again to commit any offence against the city or its inhabitants, he was released from his terrific chains. But these chains, in which he for months languished, are still preserved, and are now to be seen in the town-house at Aschersleben, a lasting monument of the skill and foresight of the old times, and very worthy of the admiration of future generations.*

THE DEVIL'S FIGHT IN GOSLAR CATHEDRAL.

THE Emperor Henry IV. was greatly attached to his place of nativity, as every good prince ought to be, the forementioned imperial city of Goslar in the Hartz. There he was wont to sojourn, and to expend large sums upon its enlargement and embellishment. There too he held his royal festivals, and in particular his Christmas revels, which were celebrated with the utmost pomp and pageantry. He never omitted to invite a number of the archbishops and bishops of his territories, in order to reflect greater splendour upon the scene, while it gave greater authority and unction to its enjoyments.

In the year of our Lord 1063 were these princes to be seen here assembled for the purpose of solemnizing the Christmas feast. It was

* The same story has been variously related by other hands, though not perhaps with equal power and an equal air of simplicity and probability. It is decidedly of historical origin, founded upon some real event; though we doubt whether a traveller would yet be able to obtain a sight of the Lord of Rauburg's bonds, even at the town-house of Aschersleben. It likewise evidently belongs to some of the early chivalric traditions, arising out of the feudal tyranny of the knights, which so often induced bitter feuds, and wars both with the citizens and the peasantry, affording a field for a class of compositions in which Germany so much abounds. To what precise period, however, this as well as many other traditions of a similar cast are to be referred, between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, does not clearly appear, and except where the date happens to be given, or from the comparison of some contemporary circumstance and local peculiarity, their era can only be vaguely conjectured. Stories of the above kind are principally indebted for their existence (as being identified with the interest of the people) to oral tradition, while others are found as widely scattered through old histories, chronicles, and heroic poems.—ED.

intended to be held in the great cathedral, the same which remains standing at this day. The grandest preparations of all kinds had been going on for many days, and conspicuous seats for the noble guests were raised and decorated for the occasion.

At this time there happened to be mooted a serious question of precedence between the then resident the Bishop of Hildesheim and the head Abbot of Fulda, both spiritual lords invited by the emperor to the feast; and here the spiritual controversy was likely to be renewed. Now, according to immemorial custom, the good Abbot of Fulda was entitled, in an assembly of prelates, to take his station next to the Archbishop of Mentz. The Bishop of Hildesheim was of another opinion, for in his diocese there were only three archbishops who could boast a right to take precedence of him. As none of their retinue were willing to waive a tittle of their master's authority, it consequently ensued that from words they soon came to blows, which, had it not been for the piety of Archduke Otto of Bavaria, who belonged to the party of Fulda, and exerted himself to mitigate the abbot's rage, by obtaining for him the upper seat, must have been carried to great extremities. But the embers of discord only slumbered, for on the ensuing feast of Pentecost the question was renewed. The emperor was again at Goslar; the festival was there to be kept in the most magnificent manner, and both these spiritual adversaries were once more summoned to attend. He of Hildesheim was this time determined to wipe off the disgrace he had suffered from his late defeat, and at all events, come what would, to take his station above him of Fulda. To this end he had engaged the Margrave Egbert of Saxony, with staunch men-at-arms, whom he secretly concealed behind the altar in order to be ready to enforce his claim in time of need, if his enemy would not yield to spiritual exhortation.

As the procession of nobles, bishops, and the whole of the royal train, with the emperor at its head, entered the church, the engagement almost immediately began. The old question proceeded from controversy to quarrel; from words to blows; the signal for the bishop's party to leave their ambush behind the altar, who, joining in the affray, by dint of fists and sticks compelled the men of Fulda to abandon the church. These last, incensed in the highest degree, ran to obtain assistance from the citizens, and arming themselves, again rushed forward into the cathedral, where they found the service already begun, and even the choral hymn given out by the canons. But it was no time to sing, for the new part of the congregation fell upon the bishop's party, not with fists and cudgels, but with drawn swords. It was then the confusion became terrible: the altar was covered with human sacrifices, and blood flowed down the marble steps over the rank grave-grown grass, into the street, and had very nearly drowned the sexton.

The Bishop of Hildesheim had fought his way into the pulpit, whence he encouraged his party to stand firm, and promised to answer and give absolution for all the slaughter, in spite of the holy place where it happened, as the confessor and shepherd of his flock. Those of Hildesheim, hearing this indulgence, fought like lions; and the poor emperor in vain tried to assert his authority: command and entreaty

were alike despised ; his devotion and his power equally set at defiance. None troubled their heads about him : the bishop had granted absolution to the combatants, and he was happy to make his escape with a whole skin into his palace. The bishop's church militants carried the day. They drove the men of Fulda once more out of the church, and shut the doors.

But who stood by them in the fray ? It was loudly asserted, as the tradition goes, that the devil himself inspired the bishop, and was present at the scene. And more : he laid bravely about him, and when the victory was won, rose aloft upon his wings, and disappearing through an aperture in the church ceiling, called aloud to the citizens of Goslar, high in air, as he laughed with delight :

"Hunc diem bellicosum feci !"

The hole through which he disappeared, no mason has till latterly been found able to repair. The lime and stone invariably fall off again, and it thus remained open during many centuries, for it was all to no purpose to attempt to stop it. At length, however, Duke Antony Ulrich of Brunswick, desirous to do away with the recollection of so scandalous an occurrence, adopted the expedient of applying a Bible to the aperture in place of a stone, and by such means it has remained entire to the present day.*

THE MOUSE TOWER.

TO the traveller who has traversed the delightful environs of the Rhine from the city of Mentz, as far as Coblentz, or from the clear waves of this old Germanic stream gazed upon the grand creations of nature, all upon so magnificent a scale, the appearance of the old decayed tower which forms the subject of the ensuing tradition forms no uninteresting view. It rises before him as he mounts the Rhine, from the little island below Bingen, towards the left shore ; he listens to the old shipmaster as he relates with earnest tone the wonderful story of the tower, and shuddering at the description of the frightful

* That this sanguinary scene really took place, as here recounted, in the cathedral at Goslar, under the feeble reign of Henry, is established beyond a doubt. Not only was there a large congregation upon the spot, but a crowd assembled round the cathedral, while numbers also were compelled to fly for refuge into the most secret corners of the seats, the galleries, and the roof of the cathedral. There as the contest continued during three successive days they were obliged to linger, until many became a prey to hunger, and were found dead in their hiding-places, not daring to venture forth. And when the leaden roof was removed from the cathedral, towards the beginning of the last century, three human skeletons were discovered in removing the beams in a very confined situation : in all probability those of some unhappy persons who had retired thither as a place of refuge. Also the great metal pinnacle still bears testimony to the same sacrilegious occurrence, for it was fixed upon by the emperor as the place of punishment of the unlucky Abbot of Fulda. This prelate, however, was the least guilty of the two, but the emperor was a mere child in regard to government, and blindly followed his own inclinations. That the devil should have been admitted to a share of the fray is extremely natural, and quite agreeable to the spiritual tendency of the times. It served to characterize more strikingly the scandalous nature of the occurrence, more particularly in a place devoted to public worship ; and it further answered the purpose of an apology for all parties, when it was thus clearly shown that "The busy fiend had got amongst us, and deceiving us with his devilish arts, compelled us to fight and destroy each other as he pleased."—HONEMANN, "Antiquities of the Harz."

punishment of priestly pride and cruelty, exclaims in strong emotion, "The Lord be with us!"

For as the saying runs, it was about the year of our Lord 968, when Hatto II. Duke of the Ostrofranks, surnamed Bonosus, Abbot of Fulda, a man of singular skill and great spiritual endowments, was elected Archbishop of Mentz. He was also a harsh man, and being extremely avaricious, heaped up treasure which he guarded with the utmost care.

It so happened, under his spiritual sway, that a cruel famine began to prevail in the city of Mentz and its adjacent parts, insomuch that in a short time numbers of the poorer people fell victims to utter want. Crowds of wretches were to be seen assembled before the archbishop's palace, in the act of beseeching with cries and prayers for some mitigation of their heavy lot.

But their harsh lord refused to afford relief out of his own substance, reproaching them at the same time as the authors of their own calamity, by their indolence and want of economy. But the poor souls were mad for food, and in frightful and threatening accents cried out, "Bread, bread!" Fearing the result, Bishop Hatto ordered a vast number of hungry souls to range themselves in order in one of his empty barns, under the pretence of supplying them with provisions. Then having closed the doors, he commanded his minions to fire the place, in which all fell victims to the flames. And when he heard the death-shouts and shrieks of the unhappy poor, turning towards the menial parasites who abetted the crime, he said, "Hark you how the mice squeak!"

But the vengeance of Heaven did not sleep, that witnessed the terrible deed : a strange and unheard-of death was preparing to unloose its terrors upon the sacrilegious prelate. For behold, there rose out of the yet warm ashes of the dead an innumerable throng of mice, which were seen to approach the bishop, and to follow him whithersoever he went. At length he flew into one of the steepest and highest towers ; but the mice climbed over the walls : he closed every door and window ; yet after him they came, piercing their way through the smallest nooks and crannies of the building. And in they poured upon him, and covered him over from head to foot, in numberless heaps. They bit, they scratched, they tortured his flesh till they nearly devoured him. So great was the throng, that the more his attendants sought to beat them off, the more keen and savagely with increased numbers did they return to the charge. Even where his name was found placed upon the walls or tapestries, they gnawed it, in their rage, away.

In this frightful predicament the bishop, finding he could obtain no help on land, bethought of taking himself to the water. A tower was hastily erected upon the river Rhine ; he took ship, and shut himself up there. Enclosed within double walls and surrounded by water, he flattered himself that the rushing stream would effectually check the rage of his enemies. Here too, however, the vengeance of offended Heaven gave them entrance. Myriads of mice took to the stream, and swam and swam, and though myriads of them were swept away, an innumerable throng still reached the spot. Again they climbed and clattered up the walls : the bishop heard their approach ; it was his last retreat ; they rushed in upon him with more irresistible ferocity than

before, and amidst stifled cries of protracted suffering, Bishop Hatto at length rendered up his cruel and avaricious soul.*

THE CASTLE SPECTRE OF SCHARZFELD.

SITUATED upon one of the foremost hills of the Hartz, not far from Osterode, lie the ruins of Castle Scharzfeld. There about sixty years back there was still one of the high round towers to be seen, in the front of one of the angles, without any roof, and too dilapidated to bear anything upon it. When, more recently, it was attempted to rebuild it, the castle spectre regularly destroyed in the night what was executed in the day, by throwing all the materials down a precipice.

For a deed had been perpetrated of old within its precincts, a wanton outrage, by the Emperor Henry himself (Henry IV.), and hence arose the vengeance of the castle ghost, who, to the eternal discredit of the place, would never permit another roof to be raised.

The emperor had beheld, at Goslar, the consort of one of his lords, who ranked among his heroes, and had the superintendence of his works among the Hartz Mountains. The lady pleased him, and the emperor sought to win her to his pleasure. With this view he dispatched her husband to a distance upon an embassy; and when he had ascertained that his beautiful consort was now left alone at the castle, he set out upon a stormy day, and under the pretence of hunting he rode in the direction of the lady's dwelling. As the tempest increased, and the heavens grew darker, while the vivid lightnings glanced athwart the sky, he suddenly rode up to the castle gates, and demanded shelter from the storm. The young hostess, rejoiced to show him all honour and hospitality, hastened to bid him welcome, and ordered the richest fare to be set before him, as sovereign lord of the empire, that her castle could afford. She indulged not the least kind of suspicion; but after he had well regaled himself, the emperor basely resolved to give full loose to his passions, ensue what would. With this most unworthy and unchristian feeling, and with the assistance of the still more wicked and base priest of Pohlde, he broke through all the sacred bonds of a prince, a guest, and a man of honour, to effect his purpose.

The offenders flattered themselves that the whole would remain a secret, for secret was the scene; but scarcely had the emperor on the

* The foregoing tradition is of a very alarming character, and it is comfortable to reflect that it is wholly without historical foundation. Hatto's Tower, or the Mouse Tower, is a beacon, erected most probably with the view of advising mariners of the adjacent Bingerlochs, or for the convenience of levying the river dues. Hatto was the friend and counsellor of Emperor Otto, and he displayed great severity towards the monks who betrayed the slightest deviation from their rule. To the more idle of these he was doubtless obnoxious, and to this the story of his death owed its existence; a kind of death which has been already shown to be fictitious by Trithemius in his *Hirschanischen Chronik*. (See c. 35.)

It may be observed that there is likewise a Polish tradition nearly of the same age, which bears much resemblance to the present. Not being of German origin, it has not been inserted in this collection, but it is to be met with in Art. Forty-second of the *Morgenblatt* for 1812. Also in Sreither's "Pocket-book for Tourists on the Rhine." 1819, 8vo., c. 286. *Morgenblatt*, 1812, Art. 42. "Antiquities of the Rhine." Frankfurt, 1744, c. 387. There is also a poetical version of the same tradition in the new Poems of Langbein. Tübingen, 1812, 8vo., c. 21.—See GOTT,

ensuing morning taken his departure when the spirit of vengeance spoke. It was the castle spectre that betrayed the deed. For centuries before it had traversed the neighbouring hills of Scharzfeld, and been heard in various places besides the ancient tower. But as it had never been known to do any injury, it was suffered to range at large, nor had it ever by holy word been laid. From this time forth, however, it raised a frightful jibbering and lamentation, rattled horribly through the halls and chambers, and often shook the whole castle to its very foundations. Then first the household began to make sign of the cross, and number their beads to the Virgin, while the unhappy lady shrank weeping and praying from the sight and sound. Still the spectre did no mischief nor injured any one; he merely wished to proclaim the emperor's shame, and to abandon his ancient haunt, where such a woeful deed had been committed. Shortly he betook himself to the round tower, where a noise of crashing and falling denoted that he was hard at work. In fact, he took the roof, and cast it with unearthly force and tremendous noise into the precipice at some distance below. This done, he burst loose, and stalked with angry voice and gesture over Scharzfeld, crying aloud that the parish priest was a still more monstrous villain than the emperor; and then he disappeared.

From that time forth no art of man could succeed in fixing a roof upon the fated tower, for as fast as the masons completed the work, the castle sprite made his appearance and destroyed it again at night. The parish priest ran crazed, deserted by all about the country, and carefully avoided by every honest eye.

The whole of these events took place as they were thus recounted, in the year of our blessed Lord one thousand one hundred and ten.*

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

IN the pleasant valley through which winds the river Neckar there rises, not far from the little city of Grundelsheim, a steep mountain high above its surrounding neighbours, upon whose summit is a church dedicated to the archangel Michael, known by the name of the Himmelreich, or Kingdom of Heaven. Respecting this there has gone abroad the following tradition, once greatly revered by the people.

In old times, when a thick wood overshadowed nearly the whole moun-

* From Honemann's "Ancient Towers in the Hartz." Also Behren's *Hercynia Curiosa*, c. 196. My own *Ritterburgen Deutschlands*, Part I. c. 51. Büsching's *Folkungen*, Second Division, c. 341.

It is an historical fact that the Emperor Henry IV. was a luxurious and abandoned prince. And in particular this may be said to form a characteristic feature in the history of his wars for the subjection of the Thuringians. For when he found himself, in the course of the campaign, in a very dangerous position on his approach towards Goslar, and by the intercession of the princes who had leagued against him expressed a disposition to negotiate with the enemy, it was insisted among other stipulations that he should dismiss some of his numerous mistresses. The adventure here ascribed to him at Castle Scharzfeld is, therefore, by no means improbable, and perhaps the fictitious part added to it by the people,—that of the castle spectre,—was intended, through such a medium, to give a striking characteristic of their emperor, held out as a warning to a future generation of princes.—GOTT.

"*Sit honor antiquitate et fabulis quoque.*"—PLINY.

tain, there lived secluded from the world a holy man of the name of Luke, who here indulged his pious contemplations, altogether occupied in secret and incessant prayer. Roots and wild berries formed his whole diet, which he never omitted to share with the lost traveller, whom he conducted into the right track, or indeed with any other destitute fellow-creature.

It was thus that his reputation for piety and humanity spread throughout the surrounding country. Pilgrimages were made to his hermitage as to a holy shrine, and after receiving the consolation and tender blessing of the good old man, there was no one who did not return with feelings of newly-kindled love and peace towards all men to his domestic circle. This well-deserved admiration of his sanctity continued to increase with his age, and fresh penitents resorted to the holy hill. But his grey locks now blanched apace, till they became white as the driven snow; his right hand trembled, as it supported the staff of age; and one evening his feeble steps with difficulty brought him to his own door. Late the same night he heard some one knocking for admittance under his humble roof. He rose, and a pilgrim entered his door. His garments were dripping with rain, and his limbs appeared to be numbed with cold. The old man bade him welcome, cheerfully kindled his fire, dried his raiment, and laid before him his simple fare. Then after pointing to a couch of moss, the hermit retired to finish his evening devotions before the altar; nor did he observe that he was followed by the noiseless footsteps of the pilgrim. The latter now approached him; and the holy man started, unable to utter a word, on beholding rays of glory encircling the stranger's brows, that dazzled his feeble sight. "Thy prayer is heard," whispered the angel of the Lord; "come, take your rest!" He kissed the speechless saint upon the forehead, and the soul of the aged man flew along with its angelic guide into Paradise.

On the morrow the remains of the beloved hermit were found by some travellers. Weeping, they interred him where the body lay, and with the people round, they raised a church to commemorate his piety, and dedicated to the holy archangel Michael.

Since then the mountain has gone by the name of the Himmelsreich, or Heaven's Kingdom, to which the people are in the habit of making an annual pilgrimage to repeat the Lord's Prayer at the Hermit's Church.*

THE MONASTERY.†

NOT far from the village of Newchurch, surrounded by a dark forest, is seen a small lake situated in a lonely spot amid a tract of old meadow land.

Its vicinity is little known and less frequented, for it is so much secluded in the midst of a dark shade of firs that rises above its banks,

* *Badische Wochenschrift*, 1807.

† However simple and destitute of incident this little specimen from a large mass of monkish legends (at one period industriously circulated among the people, with as much zeal as the Bible Tracts of the present age) may be pronounced for a work of this kind, there is yet a calm unearthly air, and a beautiful moral about the close of it, which have a not unpleasant effect.—Ed.

† Extracted from the *Weekly Journal at Baden*. 1807, c. 17.

that there appears something in its whole aspect too mournful and deserted to engage the eye of the traveller. Its waters have never been fathomed by the oldest fishermen, and this has led to its being still more avoided than before. There is a tradition current among the people regarding this lake to the following tenour :

Many centuries ago there stood upon the spot where the waves now murmur to the wind, a convent for nuns. Once upon a wet and stormy night, it is said that an old man, quite worn and weary, arrived at the cloister gates. He knocked and entreated shelter from the storm. The portress, a very selfish and hard-hearted creature, said, "It was *only* an old mendicant, and it was too cold as well as inconvenient to think of unclosing the doors at such an hour." So with reproachful words she bade the old man continue his journey and find another place of sojourn. But cold and lassitude rendered this impossible; again and again he knocked, he prayed and wept; but it was all in vain. Even the prioress and the whole sisterhood, as if resenting his obstinacy, only gave him hard words within their closed doors.

There was only one lay sister who, not having yet forgotten the purport of her vows, took compassion upon the aged man, and entreated the others to admit him. The proposal was met with scorn and ridicule, while the gates remained closed upon the unhappy wanderer as before.

Suddenly there rose a tempest that resembled another flood; the old man touched the convent wall with his staff, and away into the great gulf sank the stately cloister—all vanished in a moment. Sulphureous flames then burst forth out of the deep, and the cavity was filled with water, which on the ensuing morning presented the aspect of a lake, where but the evening before the beautiful cloister towers, with their rich golden crosses, had glittered in the sun's last rays.

For some time before the same kind-hearted lay sister had been attached to a noble knight, who resided near the place. Truly loving him, she for this reason wished to leave the cloister, while on his part he frequently came to visit the lonely convent, when its other inmates were sunk in repose, to hold converse with his beloved through the trellis. Ere morning break, however, he was ever careful to retrace his steps.

Even the terrific night we have just described did not daunt him. He came; but what was his strange surprise and sorrow when he could nowhere discover his late-loved convent, and heard in its place nothing but the rushing of waters! Wringing his hands and loudly lamenting, he called on the name of his beloved, until the very echoes of the solitary place replied, "Ah that I could only once more have pressed her to my breast!"

As he said this, he heard a soft voice from the bosom of the lake, which thus replied: "Come to-morrow night at the eleventh hour, and stand where you now are. There when you see floating on the tide a thread of blood-red silk, be sure to seize it, and draw it out of the flood."

The voice ceased, and the knight bent his way back sorrowfully to his castle, uncertain what his destiny might prove. Nevertheless he went at the appointed hour, and placed himself as the voice had directed him.

It came; and trembling he caught the blood-red thread, drew it towards him, and there stood his well-beloved before his eyes. "The same mysterious destiny," thus she said, "which engulfed me innocent, together with the guilty and hard-hearted sisterhood, now permits me, every night between the eleventh and twelfth hour, again to see and speak with you. Never once, however, must I trespass beyond the period allotted me, otherwise I shall behold you no more. Nor is it granted me to look upon any other eyes but thine, for then an invisible hand is ready to snap the last thread of my existence asunder."

Evening after evening did the true knight visit the solitary lake, and ever did his love appear floating on the blue waves towards him, as he drew the silken thread closer and closer. Both felt too happy in this secret nightly reunion, might it only last unseen and undisturbed by all. Yet this was not to be: envy and suspicion dogged the steps of the noble knight, and the eyes of other men had rested on the form of his beloved,—had watched them arm-in-arm wandering along the banks of the lake.

On the night following, the moon shining bright and beautiful, he took his customary way—he drew nigh—he stooped to catch the silken cord that bound them, but the water turned to blood. Trembling, he snatched the thread: it was pale and broken. He went weeping round the banks, he wrung his hands, he called on the name of his loved one. All was silent; and seized with sudden despair, the unhappy young knight threw himself into the deep water and disappeared.

THE DEVIL-STONES.



UR good forefathers, whose faith in God was far stronger than that of their degenerate offspring, had also a firmer belief in the existence of the devil. His influence over the earth and its inhabitants was not mere matter of orthodoxy, it was established beyond a doubt. Traces of his diabolical skill and of his labours were everywhere to be seen; and wherever the face of nature assumed unusual shapes and features, whatever grotesque characters she exhibited in the external world, there his fiendish majesty had been at work, for to him only did they ascribe such gigantic exhibitions of architectural powers. Where something also more than ordinary happened, some proceeding which baffled their logical skill, or some event of which they were unable to trace the cause, the devil was always at hand to give his name to it,—the whole blame was laid upon his shoulders.

Another cause likewise added to the extent of his black majesty's nomenclature of places, as many forests, mountains, and rocks can at this time bear witness. Owing to Charlemagne's compulsory conversion of the heathens, the Christian crusaders and bishops were of opinion that no means of inculcating their doctrine would prove more efficacious than destroying the groves, the altars, and the idols of their converts. As they found it, however, rather too difficult utterly to destroy the whole of them, they were content to stigmatize the remainder by the name of devil, witch, and wizard residences. Hence in Germany the

devil has a rich store of names, for the illustration of which a number of histories have latterly been discovered, some of which are popular in the present day. The tradition runs as follows :

Some time ago the devil took an opportunity of waiting upon a prince of Anhalt, who held his court at Zerbst, and entreated that he would be pleased to make over to him the city for a period. The prince at first refused, but the devil did not therefore desist ; and when the prince found that he could by no means avoid his importunity, he hit upon the following expedient, declaring that under such conditions he would grant the devil's request ; namely, that the latter should first carry upon his back a huge stone, that lay in a wood near Zerbst, three times round the city.

The devil was delighted with the terms : he took his cleaver, and smote the stone with such devilish force that it stuck fast in the very heart of it. He then threw it across his shoulder and began his march round the city. The prince in the meantime was in the utmost anxiety. He prayed inwardly to God that some means might be found of averting the impending danger that threatened the good city, and his prayer was heard.

Twice the devil had already encompassed the city walls, when, just as he was passing by the grove, the stone fell from his cleaver. In a fit of rage the fiend took wing, and the city was saved. A piece of the devil's hatchet, however, remained in the stone, and it is there to be seen at the present day.

A second devil-stone lies near the church at Sennewitz, about half a mile from Halle. Upon its surface are five deep indentures, resembling marks of fingers where he grasped the stone. This the devil, whose enmity against all churches is insurmountable, hurled down from Petersburg, about the time of building the church at Sennewitz, in order to demolish it at a blow. But luckily it fell short ; the holy place escaped, while the huge fragment still lies at its side. The impression, however, of the devil's claws are now worn out.

A third specimen is to be seen on the way from Landeskrona to the city of Görlitz, in the Oberlausitz. In this the marks of his claws when he seized it in a rage are still very perceptible ; for when he saw at Görlitz that the stately cathedral erected in honour of the apostles Paul and Peter was completed, he fell into a violent passion, and tearing a vast rock from the hill of Landeskrona, and hurling it high in air, he aimed direct at the beautiful edifice, which, had he not miraculously missed it, must have been shattered to pieces. Encumbered with its weight, the devil was unable to hurl it quite as far as he had intended.

A fourth stone is met with in the churchyard at Halberstadt. This is called the Lying-Stone ; for the father of lies, about the time that the foundations of the cathedral were laid, brought a quantity of materials, in the hope of beholding an edifice erected with them which might thus secretly promote his views. As he observed, however, that the edifice continued to rise, and always more and more in the form of a cross, and that it would finally turn out to be a Christian church, he determined to destroy it. With a huge piece of rock he approached the place, threatening to knock down the scaffolding and beat in the

walls. Had not the architect soothed him by a promise of building a public house near the church, he would have proceeded; but he then threw his stone down where it lies before the church. The marks of his burning fingers are still visible in the large holes upon its surface.*

NOTBURGA.

NEAR the river Neckar stands a city of the name of Hornberg, which centuries ago was distinguished for its splendour as the courtly residence of one of our emperors. Its towers even now stand firm, and its walls may long continue to bid defiance to the winds and rains of heaven. The sovereign who formerly swayed its territories had a daughter whose name was Notburga. She was a beautiful creature, of a fine and attractive figure, whose power was fully felt by Count Otto, to whom she had pledged her troth, but who was compelled to leave her side to fight in a foreign land. Long she sighed and awaited his return; he came no more, and she sat alone in her chamber, or gazed from her balcony whence she had caught a last view of him for hours: morning, day, and evening, even till midnight she was still to be seen there. She fixed her eyes upon the towering forests, or upon the waters of the Neckar that rolled below, or gazed upon the stilly heavens till tears blinded her sight. The calm of midnight brought no repose for her; and when the wind sang loudest through the trellis, and thunder-clouds darkened the face of heaven, she would still linger there, her sighs escaped upon the breeze, and her tears fell with the raindrops upon the earth.

Her cheek grew paler and paler, yet no one seemed to observe it; her beauty was still peerless, and none saw the worm that consumed it.

One day came the emperor her father, and thus with his deep stern voice he addressed the fair Notburga:

"Haste, and prepare thy bridal dress; in three days thy bridegroom will be at hand!"

He said no more, waited no reply, and left her. The princess sank upon her couch, and closed her eyes in pain. At night she resumed her solitary place in the balcony, and as she fixed her eyes upon the darkening heavens, her tears fell faster than before. "My Otto, my Otto!" she exclaimed, "thou hast indeed forgotten me; for ever left thy fond and faithful Burga. Alas! what cruel rival clasps thee in her arms? or is thine heart grown colder in a land where the sun sheds his warmest rays? Perhaps thou hast fallen by the sword, and takest

* The foregoing tale was obtained from oral tradition. That relating to the stone of Sennewitz is told by Dreghaup. The one related by Görlitz is to be met with in Grosser's *Lausitzischen Merkwürdigkeiten*, 1714. Th. 5, c. 12; and is likewise inserted in Büsching's *Folksmärchen*. That applying to Halberstadt is related by Otmar in his *Folkssagen*.—GOTT.

Through what means the large stone to be seen near the grove by Zerbst could have been conveyed thither,—whether owing to some physical convulsion or by human effort, in so flat and sandy a situation, where not a hill much less any mountain appears,—may well continue to give rise to conjectures. Its destination, likewise, remains equally doubtful. Probably it may have been intended as the monument of a deceased hero, or for a sacrificial altar raised by our ancestors, or again for the public tribune of their orators. The iron fragments which are still fastened in parts of it are apparently the remnants of broken wedges with which it was meant to have been split into pieces.

thine everlasting rest under the green turf of another land, and the yellow primroses I gave are all faded on thy breast! Ah, that I were with thee there, and slumbering at thy side! It is my sadder fate to bow my head like a bruised reed before the storm, that every blast threatens to level with the dust. My heart is heavy, and my cheek is already blanched, yet ill betide my splendid doom; I must sit among the bridal guests, myself a bride—a bride, and my Otto far distant from my side! Would that my spirit dare yet prove firm and true, that I might fly, like the dove, into some far wilderness, far from the eye of man, where I would spend my days in holy thoughts of Heaven and thee, my Otto, and nourished only with my dear Redeemer's love!"

Thus wept and prayed the chastened, broken-hearted girl, uncertain whither to turn for advice or help. She dreaded to encounter the fierce displeasure of her father; she only felt that she loved her long-lost Otto tenderly; and yet he came not in her utter need, during twelve long months had sent no token of his love or of his existence.

One night an old and faithful domestic, Gaspar, heard her bitter lamentation beneath her window. Touched with compassion, he called to her, and promised to convey her whithersoever she desired. His voice shot a ray of comfort through her soul; she rose, she wiped away her tears, and the same hour was on her way from her royal father's castle. Rapidly did she speed over the wooded heights around it, in order to take refuge in the chapel of St. Michael, under protection of an ancient and pious anchorite. From him she hoped to receive advice in her extreme wretchedness, how she could possibly escape from the hated alliance with the pagan prince, which her cruel father proposed to her.

Scarcely, however, had she attained the wooded height which led to his dwelling, accompanied by her faithful Gaspar, when there sprang along the heath before her a white hind, and Notburga recognized the pretty animal which Otto had once caught and tamed for her, and which had now appeared to its young mistress in her flight. It gazed wistfully in her face, and the lady's eyes beamed with pleasure at this instance of fidelity, as if she had met with some dear friend. She kissed the gentle creature with a tenderness, and with thoughts that were full of Otto, and wept and smiled as she again threw herself into the same saddle where Otto had so often placed her. The moment she appeared ready to proceed, the favourite roe bounded across the path and disappeared with her, away with the speed of light, among the thick forest trees.

There stood the old and faithful Gaspar; he tried to follow, but his limbs refused their office; he called, but his voice trembled and he could not be heard. As he thus stood desirous yet unable to afford relief, he cast his eyes down towards the Neckar, and saw the hind spring boldly into its waves, away it swam towards the opposite shore, and in the moonlight he saw the white veil of the fair Notburga waving over the waters in the breeze. Again he saw her safe on the other shore, but they soon disappeared once more amid the shades that enveloped the sides of the mountain.

When her father awoke on the ensuing morning, his first thought

dwelt upon his daughter, to whom that day he intended to present the rich jewels and other ornaments left by her deceased mother. In these she was to appeal on her bridal day; thenceforward they were to be her own. He sent to summon her to his presence: she was nowhere to be found. Her chamber was deserted, the garden, the bower, the favourite walk and tree were all examined in vain, and in vain proved all her father's inquiries from his numerous train of followers; no one had seen, no one knew the path she had taken. At length he came to Gaspar; but Gaspar dreaded his fierce lord, and he placed himself among his fellow-servants, bowed down as he was with age, declaring that he knew nothing.

Messengers were then dispatched on all sides along the banks of the Neckar, and over the mountains, but they brought no tidings of the lost princess. Next he himself mounted horse, and sent forth a fresh train of servants to make researches in all the hamlets and cities, even to the gates of Castle Minneberg, and many knights of the district joined his party, leading him to the inmost fastnesses of the rocks and mountains, and into the most secluded thickets of their forests, yet no traces of the lady's flight were to be seen.

But just as the tower clock of Hornberg tolled the hour of noon, and the aged Gaspar was standing in his window, suddenly Notburga's hind came bounding into the court, and approaching the spot gazed wistfully up. "Alas!" thought Gaspar, "thou look'st mournfully, poor thing! would thou couldst tell what thou art in need of, I would fain give thee help!" He went in, took some bread from the table, and approached nearer the tame white hind. But she hung down her head, presented her horns, and stood quite still.

"Well, what am I to think of this?" said Gaspar, smiling, as he considered what it could be that the poor animal meant. At length he said, "Suppose I stick this piece of loaf upon your horn? they say a loaf is better than a feather in one's cap," and he fixed the bread upon the end of one of its horns. Upon this the hind suddenly rose, and bounded away at speed towards the Neckar.

At the same hour on the ensuing day as Gaspar stood at his window, again the hind presented herself in the same entreating position. Upon her head he found a large oak-leaf bound with a riband, which his wife recognised as one of the princess's garters. Her name was upon it in gold letters, and upon the oak-leaf there appeared in needlework these words: "To God all praise! Notburga thanks the giver for manna sent her in the desert." When Gaspar and his wife Alice had with difficulty made out these words, the eyes of the old man overflowed with tears. "So our pretty hind has carried her bread," cried Gaspar. "And Heaven be good unto us," added his wife, "that the lovely princess in the desert should be nourished with our broken bread!" She then ran, and taking a boiled fowl, she wrapped it up, and bound it with the riband as before, and away went the hind, up the mountain and over the river, nor appeared again until two days after. This it repeated from time to time, often bringing a note of thanks, and always returning with a supply of food.

Time passed away: her father had again returned home from his

campaigns, and had heard nothing relating to his daughter. He never dreamed that she could have reached the opposite shore of the Neckar, for there was no kind of conveyance, far and wide, while the lordly bridegroom with his splendid train was compelled to wend his way home again without his beauteous bride. The cuckoo had already ceased his note, that began at the time of Notburg's flight, and the nightingale's song was still. Month after month had flown, when for the first time the prince cast his eye upon the tame white hind. Observing its frequent returns, and its station under old Gispri's window, he went to his ancient domestic, and inquired as to the appearance of the animal, and why it was then decked out in the manner he saw. Perceiving the old man's confusion, with fierce threats he extorted a confession of all he knew, while the prince seized a parcel of fruit, plucked from Notburg's favourite garden, which hung round the hind's neck.

Speedily did he summon his knights and pages to horse, away went the hind, and away rode the ho semes in pursuit. The eye of the prince was upon her as she sprang into the Neckar, he urged his steed, boldly took the water, and was followed by his trusty knights. The hind disappeared on the other side among the thick shrubs, but the fiery prince was not far behind. He marked her path, and was near enough to see her dart suddenly into a cave. He then threw himself from his horse, and, followed by a few knights, he hastened after, and beheld his daughter kneeling with folded hands before a crucifix, with which the faithful Gispri had supplied her, and the white hind reposing near her on a bed of moss. Her father uttered a cry of fear as she gazed on him with death pale looks, for never had the sun's beam lightened up her face, since the hour when the white hind had borne her to the spot.

Then for the first time he spoke in mild accents to his child. He besought her to listen to him to accompany him back to the castle, and be more fondly cherished by him than before.

But the pale sad girl replied, 'I have confided in the living God, and no longer wish for the society of mankind.' When her father attempted to remove her objections, she invariably repeated the same words, and when, unable to vanquish her resolution with gentle means, he suddenly gave way to his stormy passion, threatening to compel her return, she seized hold of her crucifix, snatching her other hand with a sudden jerk, her arm was torn asunder from her body, and rested in her angry father's grasp. Overwhelmed with astonishment and remorse, he rushed out of the place, followed by his affrighted train. None of them were again desirous of visiting the lady's cave or even of approaching that side of the river.

From this time the name of the forlorn lady was honoured by the people like that of a saint, and when penitents came to visit the holy hermit near the chapel of St. Michael, he sent the pilgrims to the cave of the chaste Notburga, and the fair saint never refused to join in prayer with them for their sins, and they always bent their way home with lighter and better hearts.

In autumn when the leaves began to fall, and Notburg's dying hour approached, a group of cherubs are believed to have surrounded the

spot, and entered into the lady's cave. They bore her, yet breathing, into the air, and laid the crucifix upon her breast. She opened her eyes once more upon the heavens, fixed them absorbed in dying tenderness for some moments, and while a soft rapture lighted up her features, she murmured, "Yes, my Otto, I see thee beckoning to me; thou art already there. I come!"

Then her chastened soul took its flight. Angels performed the last pious rites, strewed spring flowers, though in autumn, upon her bier; and she was borne by two snow-white steeds that never felt the yoke, over the river, without even wetting their hoofs. The neighbouring steeple clock tolled the solemn hour itself, and by angelic voices her funeral dirge was sung. It was thus her gentle corpse was conveyed to the chapel of St. Michael, and there interred.

From this time forth the white hind was no longer seen, no longer conveyed manna to the forlorn lady of the desert, from the hand of the faithful Gaspar; but the tradition of Heaven's mysteries still survived.*

RITTER BODO.

NEAR the little city of Guntersberg, upon the Lower Hartz, is a mountain known by the name of Kohlberg. Vestiges of a castle are still to be seen, said to have been called Guntersberg, which it is not considered safe to visit at certain hours of the night.

There is a castle spectre haunting the place called the Lock Lady, that lies in ambush, and is very fond of beguiling the more inquisitive passengers by some tempting offer.

In former times a knight of the name of Bodo bore sway over its domain. He was a wild and dissipated character, and stood conspicuous at once as a robber and a reveller among neighbours of the same stamp, and there were few who could boast of having cleared the passes of the Hartz without paying a pretty heavy toll. He was particularly apt to entrap the most lovely maidens he could meet with, or to inveigle them into his castle, where he shut them up, but wherefore the tradition does not tell.

Indeed, this last fancy Bodo carried a little too far, insomuch that he was generally characterized by the name of the Maidnapper. No sensible girl any longer ventured to go the usual road, but preferred taking a more safe direction, though a pretty wide circuit round.

All this came to the ears of a great necromancer, who dwelt in a cave among the rocks and dark fir woods that surrounded the knight's domain. He was a mighty master of his art, and availed himself of all nature's powers when he entered upon any favourite pursuit. Luckily, however, he only exercised his skill in laudable efforts, and was very fond of giving wicked spirits a stroke with his magic rod. He had his

* In the church of the village of Hochhausen, upon the river Neckar, the image of the holy Notburga is at this day pointed out to the traveller, engraved upon stone. The cave or rather caves, commonly known by the name of the Notburgenhöhle or Jungfernhöhle are also still shown, and familiar to every child in the vicinity.
(From the "Miscellany of South Germany," 1813. No. 26)—Gprr.

eye upon Bodo. "Stop a little, sir," he said, "and your pranks shall have an end."

So he took his station in the wood right over against the castle, and there he watched for a favourable occasion of catching the knight tripping in some fox trick or other. He waited, however, a good while in vain; for passengers, and in particular the young maidens, had become more wary, and seldom went the same way, as we have said. At length, however, there came a certain chapman and dealer, from Norhausen, who was on his way to the fair at Queddenburg. He was seated upon his mule, and at his side rode his daughter, very properly and cautiously attired in a boy's dress. The sun had scarcely risen over the hills, and the old merchant was just beginning to flatter himself that he must be too early for Sir Bodo to be stirring abroad, and at all events he thought his pretty Iduna would not be known.

But hardly had the castle warder spied them from the watch-tower before he blew a blast upon his horn to denote that booty was near at hand.

Bodo instantly set forth down the hill-side, with his lusty train. Iduna shrieked with fear at the sight; her voice, her fainting, all betrayed her disguise, and she was secured. Laughing at his triumph, Bodo permitted the old man to count out his money, piece after piece, in order to ransom his only daughter. Bodo had the cruelty to take both; and then turning to him, said, "Make haste, thou old fool, and get thee away! thank thy stars that thou art yet alive!"

Without further parley the poor girl was carried into the castle. The robber stood exulting over his defenceless prey, delighted at the idea of having made so successful a prize, having been much disappointed of late.

"Awake, lady," he exclaimed, "I pray thee awake." But the unhappy innocent lay still insensible before him. Yet even this had availed her nothing; when suddenly a clap of thunder resounded through every room in the lofty castle. The earth trembled and shook more and more, till the mountain beneath opened and engulfed the whole stately edifice, amidst a deep and hideous din.

This was the work of the necromancer. He had witnessed Sir Bodo's proceeding with the utmost indignation, and he took singular pleasure in punishing this robber's treachery when he was just on the point of perpetrating another crime. To the innocent girl, however, he granted that on certain days she might return and walk the earth, since when she is to be seen arrayed in white, with a bunch of keys at her side and a nosegay in her hand, and she is hence called the Lock Lady. When she meets with any solitary wanderer near her domain, if he should happen to pronounce her name, she will appear and offer him some token, which it is not always safe to take.

There was a certain monk belonging to a neighbouring monastery, who once heard of her appointed visits to this place. Curiosity, and perhaps some other motive, induced him to watch for her appearance to learn whether she were really corporeal or spiritual. At all events it was a female spirit; and he seated himself upon the old walls, patiently awaiting her visit; but she came not. "Is it so?" thought he; "but,

come you must!" And with that he drew forth his ell-wand, a potent conjuring-rod, and began to describe infernal circles upon the earth, loudly conjuring her at the same time to appear. In the wink of an eye she stood close to him. "What would you have?" she cried, with no very friendly voice.

The monk, somewhat astounded, at first drew back; but not being easily put out of countenance, rallied his spirits: he smiled and looked kindly at her, entreated her to sit down by him, to give him a few handfuls of gold and some precious stones, as she must somewhere have a rich store. Saying this, he attempted with a polite and tender air to seize one of her soft white hands. But the Lock Lady revolted at such familiarity, unloosing her bunch of keys from her side, smote the amorous monk so sharply about the head, that he was glad to secure his magic wand, and make his escape down the mountain with only a few bruises.

Her manners were more gentle, however, on other occasions. A young shepherd happened to be pasturing his flock among the grass-grown ruins of the castle; while idly stretched upon the ground he amused himself with thinking of the young Lock Lady. He looked up, and beheld her standing only a few steps from him, with a bunch of flowers in her hand, which she seemed to be weaving into a nosegay. With perfect self-possession our young hero watched what she would next do, until one of her flowers happening to fall out of her hand, he sprang up, seized the flower, and after pressing it to his lips, he stuck it into his bonnet, and drawing a step or two back, modestly addressed her: "Lady, have you lost the flower? behold, here it is." The young Lock Lady gave no reply, but she beckoned him to follow, and the young shepherd, taking off his hat with the flower in it, obeyed her. They proceeded about a hundred yards in silence, when suddenly the ground opened under the lady's feet, and down she went. As boldly went the shepherd after her, and deep and deeper they continued to descend through the dark hollow earth. When they had got about a hundred fathoms deep, in a moment it grew bright as day, and a magnificent castle rose before the eyes of the astonished hind. There were towers and beautiful chambers all sparkling with gold and silver, with a splendid glow of precious stones, and the most costly pearls and diamonds in all the earth. The youth clasped his hands in an ecstasy of joy, and gazed enraptured upon the beauty and glory of the under world.

But the lady had disappeared, while the shepherd, imagining he could not have been conveyed thither for nothing, opened his scrip, threw its contents away, and began to fill it with the more precious materials he saw around. He next stuffed the whole of his pockets and all the crevices and corners of his garments quite full. He did not even forget his hat, which he heaped over with precious stones, in which process, however, he lost his flower. His increasing desire to secure the most costly treasures he could left him no time to notice it; nor did he hear in an adjoining room a soft voice which uttered, "Alas! forget not the least of all;" but, regardless of the voice, he hastened well loaded away.

Again the voice repeated its warning in a louder tone; yet now, full of fear and anxiety to secure the treasure he had won, he stopped not, but hastened faster and faster from the place. Speedily did he regain the entrance into the abyss, the light of heaven again burst upon his eyes, he breathed more freely, and the cavity closed behind him with a hideous din.

Quite exhausted, he threw himself upon the ground, and, for the first time, perceived that he had lost the beautiful flower. He looked round, and sought for it everywhere in vain. It was gone to appear no more; though the whole of his treasure turned out in this instance to be something better than dross.*

THE LION FIGHT.

FORMERLY there bore sway over Rastedt, a city in the state of Oldenburg, Count Huno of Oldenburg, a brave old knight. He took little share in the vanities of the world; his whole happiness consisted in that of his only son Frederick, who, with his beautiful consort Guella, resided near his aged father, and, like him, continued to lead a simple and religious life.

At this time the Emperor Henry summoned an imperial diet to be held at Goslar. All the princes, counts, lords of the empire, including Count Huno, were invited to attend. But the good old man, being infirm, remained at home. He loved repose, and did not like to be interrupted in his usual quiet meditations and pursuits at his advanced age.

"What," said he, one day, "should I do there? shortly I am going to rest with my forefathers. The assembly can do very well without me; I am no longer fit for debate." And being thus resolved, he sent an excuse.

Unluckily there were flatterers, envious and evil speakers, surrounding the emperor's person, who abused his ear. Huno, they whispered, was wanting in true loyalty, or he would not have spurned the emperor's request: he was too haughty, and it ought not to be endured. It was then the Emperor Henry began to suspect him, and he sent back repeating his request, that he ought to come, and come he must; that moreover he should bring along with him a champion bold, who was to engage single-handed with the emperor's. "Then now," said the old hero, "I will go forth! God will protect me." Under the safeguard of his son Frederick he took his route towards the city of Goslar. Here the brave young knight was told that it behoved him to prove his sire's innocence by boldly standing forth against the emperor's champion, the

* Throughout the whole district of the Hartz the tradition of the enchanted flower is one of the most familiar current. The scene, however, of its wonderful discovery and surprising effects is placed in a variety of new lights and new situations, in the different stories that apply to it. All these, however, agree in one point,—that whenever it has been found, it has as surely been again fated to be lost, and with it all the advantages that had been acquired and might have been retained by its miraculous possession. In the above version of the tale only an exception has been made. The shepherd luckily keeps possession of his wealth, in spite of the loss of his flower, nor is it even metamorphosed into baser metal. My authority for this, an aged man belonging to Guntersberg, maintained at least, among few others, in the present case, that he had never heard of any other conclusion of the story.—GOTT.

fierce lion, and his noble spirit did not shrink from the trial. It was only the father who trembled at the thought; but he solicited the emperor in vain. His whole resource was then in God: he prayed incessantly that it might so be unto him as unto Abraham—that his son might be yet saved; and he took a solemn vow that in such case he would found a convent dedicated to the holy Virgin.

So Frederick advanced manfully to the terrific trial: with equal caution, however, he had constructed the figure of a man, to mislead the ferocious beast, which he took with him into the arena. At the moment when the lion attacked this human counterfeit, Frederick pierced him through and through with his good sword, and, after a fierce struggle, completed his victory over his fearful adversary. He then walked out of the course.

The emperor received him with open arms; he decorated him with a warlike badge, and dipping two of his fingers in the yet warm blood of the dead lion, he traced two strokes upon the young count's shield. "Let this," he cried, "remain as an eternal memorial of your feat of arms for your race, two red beams upon a golden shield." Moreover he placed a splendid ring upon his finger, and made him an imperial grant of lands, with all lordly rights, for many miles round the city of Goest. He freed the old count's domains at the same time from all imperial vassalage, to which it had before been heavily subject.

Old Count Huno, in discharge of his vow, raised a convent at Rastedt in honour of the Virgin Mary. The sword with which Frederick laid the mighty lion low was consigned to the old armoury at Oldenburg, where it has been preserved during many centuries, and where it is still to be seen.*

THE UNLUCKY MISER OF QUESTENBERG.



AMONG numerous other traditions relating to Questenberg, we meet with one which more peculiarly partakes of the popular character of our tales.

During the thirty years' war the neighbouring dwellers of the mountain hastily removed their money and other property into the castle of Questenberg, the better to secure it from military violence and depredations. The whole of these treasures are still said to lie concealed in a large brewing-copper buried in one of the subterraneous vaults, and cautiously guarded by a spectre of the castle.

Now, it so happened that one Sunday an inhabitant of the place directed his steps towards the old castle, contemplated, as a rustic does, the overhanging ruins, explored all the places round, until at length he came to one which seemed gradually to descend into the earth. He made his way through the rank-growing grass and shrubs.

* This tale was most probably invented by the monks of Rastedt, in order, according to the spirit of their times, to confer a more than ordinary origin upon their monastery, and thus further to recommend themselves to the protection and good-will of the Counts of Oldenburg. These appeals to judicial battle were very frequent in Germany during the age of chivalry and before; but it was not the custom for the accused to encounter lions instead of appellants armed like themselves. Even the old chronicles relating to the Diets held at Goslar make no mention of any combat of this kind.—(See HANMELMAN'S *Oldenburger Chronik*.)

around, ventured still farther and farther, and at last approached the entrance to a dark passage. His curiosity led him to proceed: he was now fairly underground, and beheld, where scarcely a ray of light was visible, a round opening in the earth. As he was standing close to the side, a spectre appeared wrapped in a large mantle. The place became suddenly bright; and the affrighted rustic saw before him the famed old brewing-copper, filled with shining gold pieces, of which he had heard so much from the lips of his great-grandmother. He was sadly perplexed to know what to do, whether he should go, or venture to take a piece. Just then the spirit spoke: "You may take one, and come again every day for the same, but take only one at a time—no more." Upon this he disappeared, and the man laid hands upon the gold piece. With a beating heart, half pleasure and half dread, he hastened back again, set a mark upon the place, and so went, gazing a thousand times upon the spectre's present by the way, to his own house.

The day following, he repeated the pleasant experiment: the spirit indeed was not there, but there was the brewing vessel full of gold. He took another piece and went his way; and thus it continued the second, the third, and the fourth day, each bringing its tribute of a gold piece for more than the space of a year. His humble abode became gradually metamorphosed into a stately building, many acres of ground were added, herds were seen pasturing in his fields, and no rustic in the village could do the things which he did. But the more his property increased, the more mettlesome did our rustic become. "Wherefore," said he, "should I labour, I who may sit down and take my ease?" With this view he hired both men and maid-servants to cultivate his grounds, while he was seated in a new arm-chair, or rode out on a pretty hackney to view his crops of corn which he himself used formerly to sow. In fact, his daily visit to the great brewing-copper constituted his sole exertion. Mammon was hourly taking stronger possession of his soul; his pride began to equal his avarice; and though a gold piece was worth nearly twenty dollars, the thought came into his mind that it was growing rather a heavy job to walk, or more properly, to climb uphill daily for the sake of a single gold piece, so steep too as it was, and he inwardly resolved to bring back two pieces the very next time. This he did, and continued the practice for above a month. Yet still, not content with this double pay, he said to himself, "Oh, lord! what a bore it is to carry on this eternal daily labour, all for the sake of a couple of gold pieces! It is quite clear that the whole of the treasure is meant for me, and whether I receive it all at once, or by dribbling it out thus without end, it comes to the same thing. So I will go, Heaven willing, and empty this fine brewing-copper at a single swoop, and henceforward I shall need to give myself no further trouble."

Accordingly he filled a number of bags, and went panting with them up the mountain; for he had grown fat and puffy with too much leisure and good living, so that he was quite exhausted by the time he reached the well-known entrance. He sat himself down to recover breath, and was glad to think that these plaguey journeys would now be at an end, beginning even to speculate what he should next undertake when he beheld the whole of the bags well stuffed standing in his own house;

whether a noble manor, becoming a knight, should be his ; whether he would first set up his coach and four ; what a grand table he would keep ; what noble guests around him ; and how he would carouse with them in spite of the knight of the neighbouring castle of Kyffhausen and all his kin. With this he stood bolt upright, took his sacks, and disappeared along the dark passage. Now he stood close to the brewing-copper, which, in spite of all he had gradually deducted out of it, appeared to be newly filled up to the very brim with gold. He knelt down with his first bag at the side, put both his hands into the gold, and was on the point of making the first draught for his sack, when behold, suddenly the whole vessel fell out of his grasp with hideous din, deep and deeper into the vault ; firebrands and brimstone blazed around him, and the disappointed wretch fell back almost in a swoon. Away went all the treasure, and along with it all his glorious dreams, and all his castles in the air. No brewing-copper appeared more, though his cupidity was great as before, which he might easily have satisfied with a gold piece daily, had he known how to rest content when he was well. It is thus that avarice revenges itself upon its worshippers.*

THE MIRACULOUS FISH.†

ABOUT three and a half miles distant from Göttingen is a lake situated in a pleasant part of the Oakfield, between the hamlets of Seeburg and Berendshausen. It is deep, and even said to be bottomless, and embraces some three-quarters of a league in circumference.

In old time it did not exist. Where it now murmurs to the wind once rose the stately castle of the wealthy Count Isang, placed upon a gentle eminence. The last heir of this old and noble family was a young lord gifted with great personal advantages, but wild and dissolute to a degree. His father witnessed this disposition with regret, and when on his death-bed he called him to his side, fervently entreating his son to reform his conduct and to lead a better and a holier life.

But the impression this made was soon forgotten. Scarcely were his parent's remains consigned to their ancestral repose, and his grief somewhat abated, before he plunged into more extravagant excesses than ever. Rich, young, and handsome, fiery as he was unfettered, he set

* Time out of mind the gold-seekers were known to be very busy with the old deserted castles and cloisters, in order to disinter by chance what was only to be obtained with care and industry. Among these the ruins of Quostenberg attracted particular attention, traces of which are still perceptible in the present day. Two Jesuits are said to have once visited the spot with this view. They dived into all the cellars and vaults, persevering until they came to the celebrated passage which led to the well filled brewing-copper. They beheld the glittering treasure, and were beginning to fill their pockets when its spiritual guardian appeared. "Avaunt!" he cried; "this is none of your property, nor shall you have it. It is destined only for one Count Holberg, gifted with double sight, on whom alone the treasure is to be conferred. So away with you!"—See GOTT.

† If we attempt to define the limits of truth and fiction attaching to the above tradition, it will be found by no means improbable that the lake, in ages back, may have been produced by some convulsion of the earth ; and that also in the centre of the lake was an island with a villa or castle, which, being gradually undermined by shoals of fish, became swallowed up in the water. In some places, according to the opinion of fishermen, the lake has been found unfathomable.—GOTT.

no bounds to his desires. With boon companions too, like himself, he spent the night in a constant round of wassalage and riot, while by day they were in the habit of intercepting the most beautiful among the wives and daughters of their neighbours, and carrying them either by entreaty or by force into Seeburg. In short, Count Isang soon became the dread of the surrounding district. As he rode through the peaceful hamlet, the maidens flew from his sight as from that of some sorcerer. Husbands barred their doors to protect their wives, and fathers their daughters, until the lordly monster and his train had ridden by. His father's former friends no longer approached the dwelling of his son, and no knight who valued honour and virtue reposed within the walls of Seeburg.

In this fatal course did he persevere for years, and he grew only more ungovernable as he felt its terrific inroads upon his health. On a time, as he sat surrounded by his intemperate comrades at his revels, he proposed an attack upon the nunnery of Lindau in order to despoil it of its heaven-devoted daughters; while instantly, with fiendish bursts of applause, his companions drank success to their attempt. On a stormy night, still more wild and awful from its pitchy darkness, the sacrilegious comrades met, they mounted felt-shod steeds, with their cloaks and swords, soon with crafty force they surprised the night-watch, they won their way into the interior of the cloisters, and, like wolves within the fold, they were intent upon seizing the finest and most attractive victims of the flock. Having locked up the lady abbess, they continued to pursue her screaming nuns until the holy walls echoed to the cries and lamentations of its injured inmates, who, destitute of all assistance, were compelled to submit to their fate.

It was now Hermann, such was the name of Count Isang, determined to bear his prize back with him to his castle, where on his arrival the lady was taken in a state of insensibility from his horse. The abandoned monster did not neglect the opportunity this afforded him of consummating his crime.

But conscience, always a disagreeable companion, that was prattling something unpleasant to him, now began to make itself heard. It may be subdued for a time, can even be compelled to silence, but it is still ever at work, like the hydra that shoots forth fresh heads, and whispers or clamours until it obtains a reply. Hermann had hitherto sufficient hardihood and dexterity to silence the reiterated reproaches addressed to him, yet from the period of this profanation of one of Heaven's innocent and devoted creatures, he felt that it was becoming too powerful and intractable for him. In some measure to appease it, he resolved to send back the victim of his violence to the cloister whence he had borne her.

He received a letter by return of his messenger. He perused, he dropped it from his hand with an expression of terror,—the injured nun was his own sister! Hermann had been informed by his father that he had a sister who had taken the veil, but he had refused to inform him where she dwelt, and this knowledge now fell upon him like a clap of thunder. Deep as he was dyed in crime, he was no longer proof against this, it came like a fatality of evil and it pierced

his soul like a sharp sword. He wept and groaned with grief and rage ; for many days he slept not, he caroused not. On the eighth day he went into a church and prayed ; he bestowed rich gifts upon the violated cloister ; presented it with the property of whole villages for the help of his sinful soul ; and when he deemed he had made ample expiation in the way of appeasing the vengeance of Heaven, he returned to his former course of life with fresh zest. He indulged again all his usual propensities to the utmost, plunged into a sea of wine and pleasure ; and if ever a good thought rose within his mind, it was stifled by the ridicule of other revellers, and in particular by one of his servants named Arnold, who rekindled the embers of his evil passions, in order to feast upon his master's ruin.

Wearied and palled with satiety lay Count Hermann one morning on his couch, yawning at the idea of another day. His head cook was summoned, and though he had long almost despaired of finding further means of pleasing his master's vitiated palate, he this time appeared with a fine silver white eel, just drawn from the water, in his presence.

"Look here," he cried, "my dreaded lord, see what our fisherman has brought from the castle brook to-day ! a white eel, such as I have never beheld in all my life, grey-headed as I am. It is quite a wonderful thing."

Count Isang long examined the rare specimen before his eyes, doubting at first whether it was really an eel or some kind of snake. When, however, the experienced cook assured him that it was indeed an eel, it was the count's opinion that so singularly fine a fish must afford an equally uncommon relish. Saying this, his jaded appetite seemed to revive, and he enjoined his cook to prepare the fish with his best skill, and with some fine strong sauce, for that day's dinner.

This was done. The fish was brought to table, and Count Isang, approving its flavour, partook of it with hearty zest. The more he ate, the more he seemed to relish it, for the fish had certainly a most unusually agreeable flavour.

A small piece was all he left upon the dish, as his faithful domestic Arnold entered the room. "There, my good fellow," said his master, "you must have one taste of this excellent, wonderful fish." So Arnold ate, and found it extremely fine.

After dinner as Count Isang lay enjoying a soft slumber upon his couch, and Arnold also sat in his own room shoring loud, terrific dreams haunted the imagination of his lord. His limbs appeared as if shrunk with pain, his nerves were agitated, he uttered unintelligible words. He then cried out, leaped up, and awoke in frightful convulsions of remorse. The past again presented him with all its terrific scenes ; a strange and unaccountable change came over him, while the long register of his sins, with all his varied treacheries, oppressions, and long-forgotten cruelties, along with all their hateful consequences, confronted him as in a picture. Unutterable anguish filled him at the sight ; the pangs of conscience smote him ; a freshly-kindled fire was felt burning within his breast. "My God," he cried, "what is this ? Help, help !"

These words, uttered in an alarmed tone, brought some of his do-

mestics to his side. All stood fixed with astonishment on beholding their master. His hair bristled up, his eyes rolled like those of a maniac, and he reeled as if intoxicated through the door, and to the castle gate, crying, "Air, air!" while the lofty walls of his castle echoed back the sound.

The whole of his courtly train gathered in alarm about him. But he seemed to hear and see no one, ran wildly round, then stood still, snatched at the air, as if wanting to dispel some viewless forms that threatened him, and next fled into the garden. In vain he thus sought to avoid the hated images that pursued him; they flew after him wherever he went. At this moment appeared a messenger from the cloister at Lindau. It was a letter from the abbess, which he hastily tore open and read: "Early this morning your unfortunate sister died. Her soul is now clamouring for justice against you, Count Isang, before the judgment-seat of God. Her death is the consequence of your sacrilegious and monstrous crimes. Her spirit departed in wild delirium, and her last words were, 'Woe, woe unto him!' Heaven have mercy on your soul."

These tidings smote Hermann to the earth; there he writhed in agony, and shrieked like one whose heart is suddenly pierced with a sharp knife.

"Horrible, horrible!" he exclaimed; "is there nothing to relieve this fiery pain—no one to take my abhorred life?"

His domestics spoke to him, raised him up, and tried to bear him back into his castle. With the strength of a giant he threw them from him, and commanded them to bring his sword; a command which none chose to obey. He then threatened to put them all to death if they persisted to refuse; still no one stirred.

"This, then, must be done, I find, by myself," he cried, as he prepared to go; but an invisible power detained him. He looked back. "Whose hand?" he exclaimed; but he saw nothing. His motions no longer remained in his own power; he raved and stormed, yet he felt himself guided by an unseen hand. At length the fever of his soul passed away in a kind of amazement, but an inward agony now seemed to tear his heart-strings asunder, without a hope of again losing itself in rage.

Thus with a slow and trembling step he crept down into the garden, and thence into the castle court. Here he found dogs, and cats, and birds of all kinds and number roaming about, and he seemed to catch a kind of muttering resembling the human voice. He felt astounded; for a moment seemed to resume his full recollection; and then he began to run after one of the hounds or the cats, stooped to try to catch a duck, then a pigeon; and so, disappointed in the chase, he stretched out his hands in the air and wept bitterly. His attendants gazed on him in mingled surprise and terror; they knew not what to think, and only agreed that their lord had run stark mad. They could at most only surmise his disease; for they were not at all aware that from having partaken of the wonderful fish, the count had acquired the gift of understanding the language of the animals around him; that even these were occupied in denouncing the crimes of their master, foretelling his

approaching punishment, and the destruction of his stately castle. One of the old hens made known the vengeance that awaited him in the following words :

"Before to-morrow's sun has risen, your grand castle will be buried a thousand fathoms deep. Thou and all of us must meet our terrific fate ; thou, stained with crimes alone, prepare thyself and pray."

So awaiting the final fulfilment of his destiny, Count Isang sat upon a stone before the portals of his rich palace. There where so often his friends had met, where like young vines they had shot up into barren luxuriance, where many a lovely maiden had been betrayed or sacrificed amid the din of riot and of wine, there he resolved to meet the closing scene of his existence, and recklessly fall, for ever buried under the ruins of his noble castle. The idea of safety or of flight never once occurred to him ; all energy both of mind and body had forsaken him, as in silent rumination he resigned himself to his destruction, be it what it would.

Not a single one of his attendants being aware of the impending visitation could offer him a word of advice. They all stood sorrowfully, with their arms hanging listlessly down, at a distance, and gazing upon him with pity and curiosity to learn the result. It was then the cock crew, a favourite old bird with the count for the superior beauty of his plumage ; he flew towards his master, clapped his wings, and crew to the following purport, which his master well understood. "My lord may still save himself by flight ; mount then your swiftest steed, and ere sunrise depart, but with out any guide, from the castle." "How ! is that possible ?" inquired Isang, hastily. "Now it is," replied the bird ; "but be quick, the sun is already going down." "Cannot I contrive to save my trusty servant ?" "No ; alone, all alone ; and quick haste away !" and here the faithful bird ceased to speak.

The same invisible power which had hitherto restrained the count's hand from suicide now urged him to preserve his life. He springs up, runs to his stables, caparisoned his fleetest steed, and, to the surprise of all those he left behind, he rode rapidly through the castle gate. Pale and terrified, his servant Arnold ran and seized the reins of his bridle ; for by the charm of the remaining part of the wonderful fish, he too could interpret the language of bird and beast ; he had heard the fatal prophecy of the cock, and was unwilling that the count alone should save himself by flight. "My dear lord," he cried in breathless terror, "let me accompany you, let me mount your horse." "I cannot, I dare not," replied Count Isang. "You must ; in God's name, let me along with you." "No, I say, I cannot ; loose your hold !" Again the old house bird was heard to crow, crying, "Hasten, hasten ! the sun sinks fast."

And already his departing beam shone on the top of the hill, while Count Isang, overpowered with terror lest his final hope should disappear at the same moment, and scarcely conscious what he did, dealt his faithful Arnold a fierce blow that split his skull asunder. Then away he went over the drawbridge, cleared the castle gates, and as soon as he reached a little eminence not far from the small town of Gieboldehausen, he threw himself from his horse in order to rest and

dwell upon the strange occurrences of the day. He stretched his feeble limbs upon the earth, and with throbbing heart he gazed back, bitterly weeping, at the noble towers of his ancestors. All nature appeared far around him arrayed in the charm of a lovely evening. The larks poured their song above, a cool west breeze shook his dishevelled hair, and he saw the sun's last rays gilding the four beautiful turrets of his ancestral mansion. Young, yet aged in crime, fresh pangs of remorse awoke within him, and he wept, yet wept in vain.

Suddenly one consoling thought shot athwart the gloom of his soul: "Should all this," he exclaimed, "be the effect only of my own fancy!" And it brought with it a ray of hope; the mere possibility that all was delusion that had passed. He instantly attempted to rise with the view of returning to his castle, when at the instant he felt the earth beneath him tremble, and he reeled like a drunken man. Dreading lest the ground should open and engulf him alive, he rallied all his strength, abandoned his horse, and flew with the utmost speed from the spot. One moment only did he arrest his flight; it was to take a last view of his long-loved castle. He gazed wistfully towards the spot, and there he beheld it, with all its towers, walls, and ramparts, sinking deeper and deeper into the gaping earth, while in the site where it had stood instantly there flowed before his affrighted vision a stormy lake.

After this miraculous event, Count Isang hastened to expiate in the cloister of Gieboldehausen, as far as yet lay in his power, his manifold and deep-dyed sins. He endowed it with the remaining portion of his wealth, while he passed a severe and holy life, during the remnant of his days, within its walls. And long subsequent to that period, according to his express injunction, there was annually a day set apart for the purpose of reading masses for the relief of his soul and the final forgiveness of his sins.*

THE PRUDENT PRINCESS.

NEAR Marburg, in the environs of the forest belonging to the castle, lies a mountain which is named Christenberg. Upon this mountain a monarch of old had erected a stately castle in which to reside. The queen, his consort, was already deceased, leaving him an only daughter, the sole heir to his royal domains. She atoned, however, for her sex, by her superior endowments of mind, which induced the king to place a high value upon her virtues.

But his adversary, the bordering King of Greenwood, who greatly coveted his neighbour's lands, brought an army and beleaguered him in his castle. The siege was long and obstinate; his noble daughter

* In regard to the traditionary character of this mysterious tale, and more particularly as to the appearance of the wonderful lake, it is said that a fisherman many years ago had the singular fortune to make a draught, not of fish, but of a boat which contained a metal boiler or seething-pot, of very ancient construction, and of a very peculiar size and figure. It emitted a fine clear sound, and on examination was found to consist of a compound of silver and copper. More recently, likewise, fragments of silver vessels, such as handles of pots, and covers, were taken out of the lake; which favours the supposition that at some time or other a castle or house must have stood upon an island of the lake. (From the "New Hannover Magazine" for the year 1807, No. 40.)—See GOTT.

did not lose her courage, always animating the garrison by her presence, and encouraging her father when he seemed inclined to yield. The siege thus continued until the morning of May Day. But early on that morning, before the sun was up, the princess remarked the enemy's army approaching under the cover of green boughs, which appeared from the castle walls like a vast moving wood*. Then first she began to doubt and feel anxious, and soon she knew that all was lost. Then she sought her father, and spoke the following words.

"Now, father, make signal of surrender
The green wood comes apace
That dooms us and our race"


The king, who confided in her prudence more than in his own power, dispatched the princess to make terms into the enemy's camp. And such was her eloquence and commanding spirit as to induce King Grunewald not only to grant her freedom, but to carry away with her as much treasure as could be laden upon a mule's back.

And what was the treasure which this good daughter placed upon the mule? It was her father whose life she thus rescued, and next some of their most costly effects, and in this way she passed through the applauding army of the enemy. On arriving at a considerable distance from the castle she stopped and said, "*Hier wolle mich ruhen*"—"Here will we repose", and from this saying did the village of Woolmar, about a mile from Christenberg, receive its name.

After they had there refreshed themselves, they again proceeded through wild and mountainous regions, until they arrived in a free and open tract of land. Here the princess again said, "*Hier hat's feld*," ("Here there is room for us"). And in this place they pitched their tents, built a castle, and called it Hatsfeld.

Even down to the present day vestiges of a castle may be seen upon this spot, and not far from it lies the little city of Hatsfeld upon the Oder, situated about four miles westward of Christenberg.

THE DEVIL'S MILL †

 IN the Bernburg department of the Harz stands a high mountain called "Ramberg," about three miles distant from Ballenstedt. Huge pieces of granite and other rock-stone are spread over its surface, heaped in strange fantastic shapes one upon another. And for more than a thousand yards around the whole hill appears inlaid with small sparkling pieces of granite, giving it the appearance of a splendid illuminated castle, when resting under the rays of the setting sun. Most probably in old times these rocky pyramids were constructed for fortified stations, which earthquakes or other convulsions of the earth have subsequently levelled with the ground. In this manner they

* We may here trace a striking resemblance between the German tradition and Shakespeare's tragedy of "Macbeth," and probably it may have been adopted by the dramatist through some secret source or out of congeniality of taste. — JUSTI, Hessian Antiquities.

† Taken from oral tradition. It is inserted also in Otton's *Folksagen* Bremen, 1800, 8vo, p. 187.

are supposed to have assumed their present grotesque and varied forms. One of these groups of rocks bears the name of the Devil's Mill, in illustration of which the people repeat the following story.

At the foot of the Ramberg a certain miller had placed his windmill. There it had long stood and wooed the blast,—an useful heirloom in the miller's family, from father to son, for many centuries past.

Hitherto it had supported its successive possessors in peace and comfort; but hardly had our miller got into full possession than he remarked in sundry places a number of deficiencies. In particular he lamented the little wind that fanned his mill-sails, and thought what a fine thing it would be if he could contrive to build a new mill upon the highest windy point of the Ramberg. But where were the materials? and how could he be sure of securing himself against the rougher blasts that sometimes visited the heights of the mountain? and where could he find an able architect?

These obstructions led him to apprehend that his favourite idea would never be put into execution, and the miller became nervous and low-spirited to a degree. Often did he turn impatiently from side to side upon his restless couch; began to detest the idea of carrying sacks or any other kind of work; and was fool enough not to see that he would neither be happier nor better off, even could he have succeeded in his wish.

It was now that our great adversary—who formerly paid far more attention to the little proceedings of mankind, though he met with small gratitude for his busy offices at their hands—no sooner heard the thankless repining of our miller than he resolved to avail himself of it, and one night appeared to him, offering his humble services.

The miller considered this a good opportunity, and closed with the offer; only he could not well digest the nature of the bargain, the base one insisting that he must have his signature for the possession of his soul. Much as he wished to promote his undertaking upon the hill, he could not quite make up his mind to view the matter in so trivial a light as the other party would have him, and he requested a few days to consider of it.

The miller had before this enjoyed little repose, and he had now less. Full of care, he wandered absorbed in thought around his dwelling, turning in his mind whether he had not better let things remain as they were, in the old way, and was on the point of coming to such a resolution, when, for the twentieth time, there came a fresh calm, and his mill stood still. This at once determined him to the contrary: he swore he would give the devil a commission for the new building, though he were to pay both in body and soul for the job. The base fiend made his appearance at the stipulated hour, and the miller signed himself over to him in his own blood. In return he received the devil's promissory note, insuring to him his life for the space of thirteen years, and that he should build him an excellent unexceptionable mill, with six large sails, upon the very top of the Ramberg, insured from all damage and accidents. Moreover, that it was to be commenced on the following night, and completed in every respect before the crowing of the cock.

Scarcely had the shades of night descended before the infernal archi-

tect commenced his labours. He heaved up and piled rocks upon rocks, which were flung to him over the Brocken Mountain by a party of his diabolical journeymen. Such was their expedition that, behold, in a few hours, there stood the new mill. The workmanship was excellent, large and substantial, and made to stand the tug of years. The master builder then hastened down the hill to the miller, in order to bring him back to look at the work and see that it worked well. With doubtful and trembling step the poor man followed him up the mountain. It was a dark summer night: the wind was up and whistled through the lofty branches of oak and fir; dark clouds too overcast the heavens; the lightning shot athwart the gloom, while heavy thunder rolled over the hills and dales; the earth trembled, and the miller's heart sank within him. Fain would he have turned back, fain have returned to his old paternal mill; but all his regret was too late. His last hope now was that he should be able to discover something wanting in the construction of the new edifice; yet even this he despaired of when he cast his eyes upon the complete and noble building, its grand sails sweeping in a vast circumference round, and all tight and right.

With a loud laugh of self-complacency the devil turned towards him and inquired whether there were anything further that he could suggest. "No, no, certainly not," muttered our trembling miller, and was on the point of admitting the validity of the bargain, when, examining a little further, he suddenly cried, "Stop! what is here—or rather, what is not here?" he added with a laugh of delight, as he pointed out the want of one of the main stones.

Stoutly for a long time did the black builder deny the utility of this additional stone; but as the miller as stoutly insisted upon having it, it was so agreed that it should be set, and there was no time to be lost.

Away flew the devil in full wing to fetch the other millstone. The miller prayed,—and hark! the next moment it was the crowing of the cock. "Halt, there!" cried the happy miller, "we are now quit!" and off he went down the hill till he reached his ancient home. Smarting under his disappointment, the devil flew at the new mill; he tore all its jointings, sails, and sieves asunder. He dispersed them in the air, and tumbled the high walls in huge fragments down the hill, so as to cover the whole place, leaving only a small portion of the foundation—a lasting monument of the event. This, however, was not the sole revenge he took, for just as the miller had reached home, his malignant enemy sent a large fragment in his wake, which, alighting on his brittle dwelling, crushed it almost to atoms along with all its inmates, including, of course, the foolish and discontented miller.

EBERHARDT.*

THE BET.†

IT happened that the Reverend Father in God Henry, Bishop of Halberstadt, who flourished about the end of the sixteenth century, had once the pleasure of a visit from another reverend father of equal rank, which continued for several months. He was received in the most hospitable manner; and one summer evening, as both host and guest were chatting familiarly together, the large round well filled wine-cups, all fine silver, standing before them, they seemed inclined to drink more than usual. For the cups, they said, were but small, and the wine that day was very good. From the moment they sat down to dinner until now, nine in the evening, they had been chiefly entertained from the same large favourite wine-vault, bequeathed years ago to the host by a celebrated bishop, whose diocese also lay near the Rhine. Both now agreed in opinion that it behoved every spiritual prince who had a just regard for his honour to follow so laudable an example, and build his cellar on the scale of the deceased prelate, and they proceeded to discuss how best such an undertaking might be executed. While minutely inquiring into all the bearings of such a building, the wine kept pace with the subject, but as the two together produced a soporific effect, our good bishops had something to do to keep their eyes open. They yawned, and sipped, and rubbed their eyes, but they had almost exhausted their topic, which they could not renew as easily as their bottle, the dialogue became still more dull, and was just on the point of coming to a standstill, when the host's bishop's shepherd Conrad appeared, driving his master's flock—a well-washed, well-fed, and numerous flock of sheep, as usual—past the bishop's window.

Now, the good bishop was himself in the habit of reviewing his flock every evening. As Conrad drew nearer to the spot, and he heard the bleating and the tinkling of the bells with which some of them were

* Respecting this Author who has published a very pleasing collection of national stories embellished with coloured plates, at Berlin, the Editor has not met with any biographical notice.

† In regard to one of the tales in the series, though indisputably of eastern origin, it has long been adopted both by the Italians and the Germans, and is found in the language of both nations, their national novels. For this reason, added to that of its amusing character, the Editor has not deemed it incumbent upon him to exclude it merely on account of its want of original nationality, a feature so remarkable in some of the best tales belonging to every country.

‡ In this we meet with one of those favourite national traditions, which has been successfully adopted by a number of German writers of fiction, the old sayings, tales, and even some of the subjects of the more extended novels, being considered national property, available, like their editions of books at almost every individual's pleasure. It is hence we meet with so many different versions of the same stories, in particular of the older and more popular, and the number of their versions will often afford a pretty correct criterion of their excellence. In the present instance, the Editor has selected that of Eberhardt, though borrowed from the *Folkssagen* of Otmar, as the tale is far more amusingly told than in any other version. It is remarked by Otmar that it is found among the more recent popular tales in the language belonging to the close of the sixteenth century, and he has given a particular account of it in his introduction, observing that it differs considerably both in its object and its representations from the other national traditions.—T.R.

adorned, he could not resist his old practice of going to meet them, and he took his guest along with him into the courtyard. As he passed by, Conrad the shepherd respectfully doffed his cap to his master, with his customary salute of "God save the lord bishop!"

"Good e'en to you, Conrad," was the reply; and then followed the old inquiry, "And where is the lame ram, where is Harne?" Conrad stuck his two fingers in his mouth, and gave a whistle so loud and shrill that the stranger bishop, not expecting such a cracking sound quite so near him, put both his hands to his ears as if to save their drums. After this whistle there came bounding along a large, handsome, clean-washed ram, who ran first to the shepherd, and next presented himself to the bishop. The latter stroked, and offered him some pieces of bread, which he always put into his pocket for the purpose after dinner. Then after saying a few more words to the shepherd, he concluded with the question, "Are you making preparation yet for your marriage?" Conrad only shrugged up his shoulders, and drove along his flock in perfect silence.

"Is not that an extraordinary fine sheep of mine?" said Bishop Henry to his guest, while the latter contented himself by returning a somewhat indifferent "Yes." "Yes!" echoed the Bishop of Halberstadt, "why, I would not take any price for that animal, he is so tame and handsome. I have to thank my shepherd Conrad for this: he is the honestest fellow alive; he is honour itself."

His reverend brother laughed aloud at this singular eulogy, and when the other inquired what excited his mirth, he replied, "My dear friend, honour is a rare article in these days. In the course of my travels and my residence in the courts of princes, I have acquired some knowledge of mankind, and do not so easily mistake one thing for another, black for white. No, they cannot impose upon me."

The Bishop of Halberstadt granted that he might be right in the main; but for all that, he would swear that his shepherd, Conrad, did not impose upon him, that he was an honest man.

"Stop there," cried his guest, "for I promise you he is not a hair better than others, only perhaps he is more cunning. Really honest servants are rarer than white ravens, and they are still less frequently to be met with, my friend, in the service of spiritual establishments. All of them deceive their masters; some indeed are better than others, but all are rogues."

Bishop Henry opposed this heartless doctrine with all his might, for his extra glasses of wine had mounted into his head, and he lauded the honour and virtue of all his spiritual subjects, but more especially those of his shepherd, who had never told him an untruth or been guilty of any wrong action during the whole time he had been in his service.

"What, never!" cried his guest in an ironical tone; "has he never lied, never circumvented or cheated any one, much less you?"

"No," returned the bishop with some warmth, "never: Conrad has never told me a lie, and never will."

"Never will!" retorted his guest, "what, never! Now, what will you bet me upon that? He'll lie, I warrant him!"

"Agreed, done!" cried the bishop, offering his hand, "it is a bet!"

They shook hands, and after some desultory conversation as to the value of the bet, it was agreed, for the wine was still in their heads, that the loser should forfeit a vat of wine to the winner, in which there should be one hundred and fifty fudders (German measure).

The space of three days was fixed upon, during which Conrad's honour was to be put to the test, and the Bishop of Halberstadt bound over his guest, by note of hand as well as by oath, not to give the least hint, either himself or by any third person, to the shepherd relating to the impending bet.

It was now late in the evening, and both these worthy prelates having fared so well at dinner as well as after dinner, and feeling quite unable to renew the entertainment for that day, sighed for repose. So they took leave of each other for the night, each inwardly congratulating himself that by this lucky bet he had succeeded in securing a good stock of wine, out of which his reverend brother would in future be regaled without entrenching upon his own pocket, for both felt convinced that they must win.

Now, in the train of the stranger bishop was a certain domestic of the name of Peter. He was a very complete rogue in his way, and had the art of making himself so agreeable to his master as to be esteemed a kind of humble companion and privy counsellor in all little emergencies where the bishop was inclined to doubt his own spiritual judgment.

Just before his master retired to rest, it occurred to him that he would send for Peter; and so inveterate was his old habit of consultation now become, that in spite of his bond, the moment Peter appeared he began to consult him; informing him of every circumstance that had passed, concluding with requesting his opinion as to how the wager might best be secured.

Peter finding from his master's account the small estimation in which he held the servants of noble prelates, declaring that all were more or less rogues, had wit enough to see the dilemma in which he was placed. So he somewhat drily answered, that he was sorry he was not capable of advising his master in an affair of such a particular kind as this.

The bishop, however, who had long known him better than he imagined, quickly perceived the ground of his reluctance to enter on the subject; and feeling certain that the most greedy selfishness formed the chief ingredient in his servant's character, he plainly told him that in case he would assist in securing the impending wager, he should receive a handsome remuneration, in addition to a new scarlet cap.

This was intelligible language to Peter, and he opened his mouth, though, consistently with his character, it was only to observe upon the very trifling reward proposed, considering the immense amount of the wager in question; for after all, "What was a poor scarlet cap?" In fact, the bishop was obliged to assure him that he did not intend to confine his gratitude to so slight a recompense before Peter would consent to put a hand to the job. But having made his terms, he was determined to spare nothing to bring the shepherd Conrad's honour into jeopardy. "Though he were a very phoenix of honesty," added he, "still he will have a fall."

On the following morning he rose with the determination to begin his machinations, and in a few hours he had learnt that Conrad had a sweetheart, the pretty Liese, to whom he was much attached. She would hear nothing of marriage, however, until he had a house of his own; and he was poor, and it would be the height of folly in such circumstances to load himself with the cares of a family.

All this Peter communicated to his master before dinner, and added that he had already obtained an interview with the fair Liese, and hence laid a plan to undermine the poor shepherd's integrity by means of the girl he loved. For this purpose he came to request a certain sum, which the bishop gave him.

He counted out the new shining pieces into his hand, reminding him at the same time to omit nothing that could tend to the success of their job. So Peter returned to finish his dialogue with the shepherd's sweetheart, Liese, which was renewed as follows:

Peter. I am glad to hear, Liese, that Conrad has long been an admirer of yours: he is a brave, honest-hearted man.

Liese. It is easy to say yes; but the ways and means are the main thing.

Peter. Oh, if he were really sincere, as no doubt he is, you need have no fear upon that head.

Liese. There you are mistaken, good man. We cannot live upon love, and money we have none.

Peter. Ah, does the shoe pinch there?

Liese. Too true! If Conrad had enough to buy a little house and a bit of land, it would alter the case. As it is, we must not think of marrying.

Peter. And why not? I will be bound to give you as much as you want, provided you will assist me in return.

With these words Peter took out his purse and displayed a handful of money, which he threw upon a little table so as almost to cover it. The money shone very tempting in the maiden's eyes, and she longed to call it her own property. "Now," said the wily tempter, "the whole of this shall be yours when you agree to purchase for me the handsome ram belonging to Conrad's flock." "Yes," said Liese, "but the ram does not belong to the shepherd." "What signifies that?" continued Peter, "he will find some means of obtaining it for you, at least if he loves you; and you must take no denial." "There you do him injustice," returned Liese; "I know he would lay down his life for me." "Then put his affection to the proof only so far."

Liese, in addition to her wish of obtaining the money, had now a curiosity to learn whether Conrad would make such a sacrifice to secure her affections. She promised the rogue that she would do everything in her power to engage Conrad to procure for him the handsome sheep, and Peter counted out the money, promising to bring more when he saw his purchase. Further to assure her, he said "He would directly engage the little house and ground she knew of, before any other purchaser should appear."

In fact, he contrived to engage her so deep in his web of villany that she could not retract, and her only chance now lay in vanquishing Con-

rad's scruples about the removal of the sheep. In this his wily plan Peter had so far succeeded.

On the following day Liese decked herself out more elegantly than usual, and took her way towards the neighbourhood where Conrad was accustomed to pasture his sheep. As she approached the spot she pretended to be busily engaged in gathering herbs. Scarcely had Conrad got a sight of her before he ran to join her, and the tame sheep followed him. It was not long before he entered on the subject nearest his heart, inquiring earnestly when he might hope to call her his own. But Liese answered him, far colder than usual, "I have heard enough of this, Conrad, a thousand times over : it is all nonsense, you know, until you can inform me that you have got a house and a piece of ground, where we may live together comfortably, and be able to live. Yes, you know my mind, and until you can show me a house and a field of our own, I shall never think of marrying."

Poor Conrad was turning sorrowfully away, quite cast down by this harsh treatment, such as he had never before received, when the artful maiden threw him an encouraging glance; adding, "A pretty specimen this of your love, Conrad, going off already in such a huff!" "Good Lord!" cried the shepherd, "how you torture one. Just now you found fault with me, and now you seem to doubt my love. I declare I would give my life for you, if that would be of any use. Only put me to the proof." "I do not want so much; but as you desire it, I will just try whether your promises are worth anything." The tame sheep at this moment thrust his head between the two lovers, and Liese gave him a piece of bread, which he began to eat. "Then give me this pretty sheep here, Conrad. I am sure I can bring you a noble price for him." The shepherd uttered an exclamation of surprise at this demand. At length he said, "Anything in the world, dear Liese, but not that; I never should be able to part with him; and if the bishop were to miss his tame ram as I drove home in the evening, and no longer stroked him with his own hand—no, I could never bear that. Take the best ten of my own from the flock, you are welcome to them, but leave the ram."

"There, I said so!" cried Liese in an offended tone. "You men are all the same. Off with you, then, with all your sheep; for you will not show me the least favour, even when on the point of marriage; what might I expect afterwards? I see too well! so away! I will have nothing more to say to you." With a frowning face she turned from him, though he entreated her with tears in his eyes not to exact so hard a proof of his affection. Sharp words—at least as harsh as lovers can use—now passed on both sides. The contest was long, but scarcely for a moment doubtful; for the maiden now acquainted Conrad that she had already agreed to dispose of the sheep, believing he would never refuse her; that further, she had accepted payment and given earnest money for the little property they had both so long wished for. In fact, she said, the sheep was sold, and must be delivered up cost what it would, for she had given her word and disposed of the purchase money.

This account she accompanied with a flood of tears, vowing that it was all owing to her affection for him, and now she was to be held up to the world as a liar and deceiver, and this she was resolved she would

never outlive. The sole cause was her desire to secure the house and ground, where they might have spent many happy days ; but now all her sweetest hopes were destroyed by his heartless obstinacy, which she would never bear.

"Were sheep never killed before?" she inquired of the wretched Conrad, as she concluded her lecture ; "are they never lost or stolen? does the wolf never devour them now, as formerly? speak!" "I see it all," cried Conrad bitterly, quite vanquished by her reproaches and her tears, as he at the same time gave her his hand. "The sheep shall be delivered up to you before noon." And in her turn Liese promised to become his wife at the month's end, and sealed this last contract with a kiss. The shepherd and his betrothed then took leave of each other, and Conrad gazed after her as long as she was in view.

Conrad, being now left alone, became more serious : his joy at the prospect of his marriage was sadly dashed by the thought of the scene that awaited him when the good bishop should first miss his tame sheep. How could he meet his eye? how muster courage to impose upon so excellent a master? He had been so long in his service, and thus to steal and lie at last!—to steal his tame sheep, too, in which he took so much pleasure : it quite confounded all his ideas, he hardly knew whether he was dreaming or awake.

He stood cogitating on the spot where Liese had just before been gathering herbs. First, thought he, I shall have to speak to the bishop, and I must take care I am not taken by surprise and betray myself. He stuck his crook in the ground, then hung his coat over it, and placed his cap upon the top, declaring that he must try to act the part.

So he began to hold a dialogue with the bishop's effigy, in the following words, in which the tame sheep at his side often came in for a part : "God save you, lord bishop!" he cried out to the effigy. "Good evening, Conrad," he went on, "where is the tame sheep?" "The ram, my lord bishop? the tame ram has overrun me, I have sought him everywhere ; I have whistled for him as loud as I could, but he has never returned."

Conrad then whistled, and the ram began to bound and play with the counterfeit bishop before which the shepherd was bowing to the ground. "Alas!" sighed Conrad, shaking his head, "this will never do! the poor fellow is too fond of bread to think of running away. The bishop will never believe it. No, no, I must hit upon something better. Well, then—Ah, my lord bishop, such a misfortune! Our handsome ram, poor Harne, is gone—stolen clean away!" Just as he said these words, and bowed low before the bishop's image, poor Harne, as if in reply, gave him a pretty sharp push with his horns. "No, this is not the way neither," exclaimed Conrad, as he turned angrily away from the hated spot ; "it is not so easily done."

He next tried a variety of other means, all of which proved equally unsuccessful ; and he shook his head, confessing that it was all of no use. "Yet it must be done," he added. "It is to no purpose to think : at noon I am to deliver up poor Harne here, in order to save Liese's good name." Again he began to meditate, and after some time, in which he muttered deeply, searching for some loophole by which to

make his escape, he suddenly cried with a more joyful and confident air, "I have it, I have it now! it is the best, and honour wears longest in the end."

He threw his cloak over his shoulders, donned his cap, and drove his flock farther over the green. A little before noon he went away, deeply sighing, with the favourite ram, in order to deliver him to Liese. Without troubling herself with any scruples, she in her turn gave him up to Peter, who had paid so high for him, and received the rest of the money, which she paid for the new house; while Peter hastened to his master. He acquainted him with his success, and the stranger bishop now chuckled in his sleeve at the idea of the approaching evening, when Conrad would appear as usual with his flock, and with a lie in his mouth, ready to impose upon his master. Peter seconded him in all his self-complacency and hopes of triumph over his host, omitting not, at the same time, to remind him respecting his promise of the new scarlet cap and the other presents he was to receive in the morning.

At the appointed hour the two bishops stationed themselves, as usual, in the courtyard of the castle. Conrad now appeared in view, driving his flock from the field, and slowly approached the spot where the good prelates were waiting for him. The wily guest, with his servant Peter standing behind him, secretly congratulated himself upon the security of his wager, and both imagined they could trace in Conrad's features, as he approached, an expression of alarm and the twinges of a conscience ill at rest.

Harne, the handsome ram, was nowhere to be seen, nor ran as usual to receive his allowance from the bishop, and feel the honour of his lordly hand. "Where is Harne?" inquired the bishop, the moment that he missed him. "I have sold him," returned Conrad, in an earnest and decided tone; "he is not here. Honour wears the longest, my good lord bishop. I always shaped my course by it, and I will not depart from it now."

Peter's countenance grew a wonderful deal longer when he heard these words, and his master looked little better, both being woefully disappointed and cast down. But Bishop Henry of Halberstadt cried in a loud tone, while his face darkened with the most ominous frowns, "Idiot as thou art! how dared you to think of selling the tame ram without first obtaining my permission? but I will——" "Most noble master," interrupted Conrad, "hear me patiently before you condemn me, let me beseech you! It was the maiden Liese who seduced me, exactly as Eve did Adam, and some arch-villain hath likewise seduced Liese, exactly like the base fiend did Eve. If he will consent, however, to give me back the ram, I will not expose his name." At the same time Conrad fixed his eyes upon Peter, who, full of rage and vexation, drew somewhat back, for he now saw full well that he should be accused of having thrown his master's money away for nothing, that he must go without his new scarlet cap and other presents he had expected, while his tricks would be made manifest to the world.

"It was Liese," continued Conrad, "who engaged for the sale of Harne, or all this would never have happened" (at these words his master began to breathe, scenting which way the wind lay). "You

know how long we have loved each other, only waiting to marry until we had got a little more beforehand. She has received so large a sum for the sheep as to enable her to buy house and land sufficient to maintain us both with industry and care. She engaged for all this, and when she had said, 'Yea, please your reverend honour, and I will marry you,' I could hardly get courage to say, 'No, you shall not;' for then I must have exposed her as an impostor to the world. With the priest's help and blessing she will soon be my wife; and I am sure your reverence is too good not to permit the happiness of two human beings, on account of the sale of one sheep, and for a servant who has served you so long and faithfully. This is the whole truth of the matter, my lord bishop, and now deal with me as you will. What is done is done, and Harne is gone. But do not punish me harder than your own conscience will warrant, and do nothing to Liese, I beseech you. It was the base fiend blinded her, and all out of love for me, and I am in little better case myself."

These declarations appeared so hard of digestion to the bishop, that he was just on the point of giving rein to his anger, when his guest with a fierce look, turning towards Peter, said, "Thou jolterhead! then I have lost my bet after all, through thee!" and he stamped indignantly with his foot.

"What say you there?" inquired the bishop of his guest, as he heard this final confirmation of his suspicions. Upon this the other could not avoid coming to an explanation of the whole affair, which afforded the Bishop of Halberstadt the greatest satisfaction. He the more easily forgave his shepherd as by his excellent conduct he had secured him the wager, having had the honesty and the courage to tell the truth.

"Well, then, honour wears the longest!" cried both the bishops in a breath; and Conrad's master added, "As a due return for your honourable conduct, I take upon myself the whole expense of your marriage with Liese, and divide the whole flock with you."

To this the stranger bishop added, "I shall not after this venture to be stingy. I freely give the shepherd back his ram; the money I gave he may retain—it will serve as a wedding dower for his wife, and the christening of the first child."

The Bishop of Halberstadt was shortly afterwards presented by his reverend friend with the large vat of wine which he had fairly won. Indeed, next to the mirror-mountain, it is pointed out as one of the most curious and interesting objects to be seen at Halberstadt, and is still known to attract the attention of those travellers, though now emptied of its contents, who are fond of investigating the prelatial antiquities of Germany.

TREACHERY ITS OWN BETRAYER.*

IADLALLAH, the son of the mighty monarch Bin-Ortob, succeeded on the decease of the latter to the throne of the kingdom of Mousel. He was still in the flower of his days, was

* Though not strictly of Germanic origin, this story has been incorporated in many German collections, inasmuch as to authorize the Editor to give it a place in a work the chief object of which is to amuse. Not in other instances has he felt himself justified in omitting such

intelligent, and even more good-natured than clever, so that in a short time he acquired the entire affection of his subjects. He was in particular commended for the filial tenderness he displayed towards his widowed mother, the Queen Zemrouda, devoting himself, in every way he could imagine, to her happiness, and to shed light and pleasure over the evening of her days. Upon ascending the throne, instead of dooming her to a widowed solitude, as formerly had been the custom, he left her in possession of the same royal honours and the same splendid establishment which she had enjoyed during the late sultan's life. He even took a vow that he would never raise a new queen to the same rank until he had erected a splendid palace for his future consort, so as not to deprive his queen-mother of the least portion of her present possessions, or subject her to the slightest inconvenience.

The young monarch, possessing a great taste for the arts and sciences, as well as esteeming their professors, bestowed liberal encouragement upon men of letters, numbers of whom quickly resorted to his court. He had sufficient discrimination, however, to distinguish between those who possessed no useful talents or endowments, whom he soon dismissed, and those whose sound principles and knowledge entitled them to his patronage.

A young dervise at length appeared at his court, whose singular penetration and acquirements, whose wit and personal accomplishments attracted the attention and won the admiration and affection of all ranks. He became the constant topic of conversation, and always of applause. It could not fail at length to reach the ears of the monarch, whose curiosity led him to wish for a personal interview, the dervise not having taken a single step to recommend himself to his patronage. He summoned him, therefore, to his presence; the dervise obeyed, and appeared to such great advantage in point of intellectual endowments, of such noble principles, united to so many accomplishments and such address, as even at a single interview to win the royal favour. King Fadlallah admired and esteemed him, declaring that in this instance report had no way flattered the object of its applause. He entreated of the young stranger that he would frequently visit him; while the latter availed himself of the invitation with so much modesty and discretion as to remove every suspicion of interested motives for his return, and so great was the progress made in Fadlallah's good opinion by his superior character and conversation, that he appeared always dissatisfied if he had not conversed with him in the course of the day. He at length attached him wholly to his court, retained him as much as possible near his person, and by degrees succeeded in availing himself of his talents for the public service. In a short time the king conferred upon him the highest office in the state. This the dervise repaid by observing the strictest fidelity and affection; though he refused to receive this last proof of his kindness, declaring with great modesty that he was unequal to it, and that he had moreover taken a vow to refuse office, inasmuch as he preferred his freedom to the highest honours and to the most enormous wealth.

tales as he considered adapted to this purpose, where they have been previously adapted by German authors or collectors of fictitious narrative, merely for fear of their not having taken their origin in the country in whose language they are related.—ED.

The king was astonished at his moderation, and from this time forth regarded the dervise as his first friend and favourite. Once as the dervise was accompanying the king to the chase, he entertained his master with an account of his travels and many singular adventures. Their conversation at length turned upon India, and when the dervise had related several very extraordinary events that had occurred there, he concluded by saying that in the same country he had become acquainted with a certain venerable old brahmin, one who had penetrated into some of nature's deepest secrets. "He died in my arms," continued the dervise, "and with his last words communicated to me one of his rarest secrets, under the express condition that I would never confide it to any other mortal."

Surely, thought the king, this must be the grand art of making gold ; and then his refusal to accept the highest office in his kingdom directly occurred to him : this suspicion he communicated to his friend.

"No, my noble master," replied the latter, "it is something far more wonderful : it is the secret power of again restoring a deceased body to life by a migration of my own spirit." Just at that moment a roe was observed bounding past them, and the king, who was prepared to fire, brought it down by a shot through the heart. "There," he said to the dervise, "you have now an opportunity of displaying your power." "You seem to doubt it," returned the dervise, "but I will soon convince you of its truth ;" and this he pronounced in a very deep and earnest tone. At the same time he fell down dead, and the next moment the roe sprang up, as lively and well again as ever. It bounded towards the king, played a thousand pretty tricks, displaying its attachment to him in every way it could, and then fell lifeless upon the grass, while the dervise on his side got up again.

Fadlallah was lost in delighted astonishment as he beheld this strange transaction, and then he entreated the dervise, by everything that was sacred, to impart to him the nature of the secret. At first the latter made many objections, assuring the king that there was nothing he would not willingly encounter to promote the pleasure of his noble patron, holding his own life light in the balance ; yet he could hardly venture to break the sacred vow he had made the old brahmin, and he trusted his majesty would excuse him. This only induced the monarch to make fresh and more urgent entreaties, so as at length to convince his favourite that there was nothing which he ought to refuse to so great a prince, and particularly a secret that some time or other he would himself most probably communicate to a third person.

The monarch, however, must consent to take a binding oath to preserve a strict silence in regard to the affair, upon receiving which the dervise taught him two cabalistical words, which were not to be pronounced above the breath, for fear of destroying the potent charm of which he had just given so lively a proof.

The king was full of impatience to put his knowledge into execution upon the spot, although the dervise appeared as if he wished to dissuade him. But he spoke the dreadful wonder-words that he had learnt, and suddenly he found his soul inspiring the dead body of the roe. The dervise here gave him little time to consider the nature of the metamor-

phosis, for he treacherously took possession of the lifeless form of the monarch, and the same moment seizing the weapon of his master, he would have levelled it at the roe, had not the king, aware of his design, suddenly concealed himself in an adjacent thicket.

Rejoicing in his successful villany, the dervise proceeded in the outward semblance of Fadlallah towards the capital, and shortly he found himself seated upon the king's throne. No one suspected the cheat; even Fadlallah's own mother received her supposed son with her usual tenderness, though it was a little more difficult on the part of the dervise to counterfeit an affection he did not feel, for the expression of a pure and virtuous heart cannot by any art or hypocrisy be imitated. The false king excused the absence of the dervise by saying that he had been greatly deceived in him, that he was by no means the wise man he took him for, and that being engaged in an argument with him, he (the king) had not concealed his opinion of him, upon which the dervise had left him in a huff, declaring that he would never more submit to any of the king's commands from the moment he should reach the frontiers.

This invention obtained credit throughout the whole court, for there were many who had been jealous of the dervise's influence with the monarch, and were rejoiced to think that he had incurred the royal displeasure. All tongues were now loud in their aspersions of him, inasmuch that the dervise, in the king's shape, had an opportunity of hearing the real but by no means flattering opinion entertained of him at court. He resolved to avenge himself at a fit opportunity; but at present he had more important business to occupy his attention, namely, to secure possession of the throne which he had thus treacherously obtained. For this purpose he issued a royal edict to all his subjects for the speedy destruction of all the roes throughout his dominions, each being entitled to a handsome reward for every one that should be taken.

The real king would infallibly have been destroyed, as coming within the operation of this act, had he not luckily avoided his impending fate by escaping into the corpse of a deceased nightingale, which he found at the foot of a tree.

In this transformation he flew as fast as possible towards his capital of Mousel. He had a great curiosity to learn in what way the treacherous dervise was proceeding, as well as once more to behold his dearly-loved mother. He took his station, therefore, upon a tree directly opposite to the queen's chamber, over which it cast a cool delicious shade. Here he poured his sweetest song; but so mournful withal were the strains he poured, that the princess sat enchanted for hours at her window listening to him. But it sadly grieved him to think that she had not the least suspicion of the cause, and that so far from feeling any degree of compassion, she only amused herself along with her slaves in praising the compass of his notes. Still he ceased not, both morn and eve, to pour his tender song, until the queen, on the approach of a colder season, fearful lest she might lose her little musical guest, gave orders to have him, if possible, secured.

The transformed monarch heard the whole of this from his perch on the bough, and when the queen's bird-catcher appeared, to secure him

by some sleight of hand, he sat quite still and quietly permitted him to take him. For the unhappy king wished for nothing so much as to avail himself of this occasion to approach nearer his affectionate mother. So the bird-catcher then presented him to the queen, contained in a costly cage, and he received a high reward. She soon ordered a still more splendid residence for him, constructed of the finest gold wire, beset with rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, besides other precious materials, being resolved to guard him with the utmost care and tenderness.

As she now put her hand into the cage in order to transfer him to his new abode, he not merely permitted her to take him without the least chirruping or flutter, but looked into her face with so soft and musical an expression, pecked and billed her hands so very affectionately, that, finding him so tame, the queen held him more gently than before, when he fluttered round her face and neck, and seemed so delighted that the queen was quite overjoyed with her little feathered guest.

She placed the cage on a marble slab, leaving the door ajar, so that the king was at liberty to fly in and out when he pleased, still continuing his flattering kisses and caresses. She listened hours together to his song, played with him in a thousand little ways, and pronounced him the sweetest pretty favourite she ever had.

The poor king felt very happy in thus still being made the object of her love; and it was only when his treacherous foe, the wily dervise, made his appearance in his stolen body, and when he lavished his hypocritical attentions upon the queen with affected filial respect, that he felt as if a dagger went to his heart. And though his indignation was all in vain, he could not refrain from sometimes betraying it by biting at his fingers when he touched him, striking with his little wings, and uttering the most sharp and lamentable notes, at which the queen and her supposed son appeared much amused.

In addition to her nightingale, however, she had another favourite in her apartments, which had been presented to her when she was only twelve years of age. It was a lap-dog, and from that time it had never been absent from her side: a very faithful little creature, but it was very old, very cross, and very ill. And alas! one morning the princess found it lying dead upon its cushion near her bed, whence it had hitherto always sprang to salute her in the morning. This was a cruel blow to the queen: she could not conceal her grief, and declared her fixed determination to have the little dog stuffed, so as to be enabled to keep him still near her.

All this was communicated to our royal dervise, who instantly waited upon the queen in order to console her on her loss. In the meantime, however, the real king had availed himself of this occurrence to leave the body of the bird, and take possession of that of the lap-dog, in order to please his mother by bringing her favourite back to life.

When the dervise entered the queen's apartment he found her, to his infinite astonishment, playing with the pretty little dog, frisking about as usual. In great glee she acquainted him that as she was lamenting over the little fellow just before, and stroking him for the last time, he jumped up and began to bark, caressing her as if nothing had happened.

"Indeed," she continued, "I think I never should be comforted for the loss either of my pretty lap-dog, or of my sweet nightingale, that pours such delightful songs." Saying this, she looked up, and what a sight! she beheld her nightingale stretched lifeless at the bottom of his cage.

The extravagance of her grief was now greater than for the loss of her dog, and she refused to be comforted. The dervise, irritated at these lamentations, and forgetting for a moment the part he was playing, reproached the queen sharply for this morbid sensibility; a weakness, he said, the less excusable as she must know that all that lives must some time die; and he added mockery to his reproaches. "Strange," he continued, "that she, who had been deprived of a consort whom she ought to have loved infinitely more than these senseless animals, could have consoled herself for her loss, and yet waste her foolish lamentations over them."

The queen, unaccustomed to such language from her affectionate son, now wept more bitterly than ever, and persevered in her lamentations and reproaches so long that the dervise became alarmed at having thus inconsiderately assumed his natural character, and sought to make the matter up. But he had gone too far, and all his endeavours were now in vain. "Well, well," he suddenly exclaimed, as a last resource, "I will do what I can to lighten your grief. Every morning your nightingale shall come to life again, and sing as much as you please."

The queen looked at him with an air of surprise, and did not conceal her doubts. It fact, she fancied her son had suddenly run mad.

"What I have promised you," insisted the dervise, "shall be done, were it only to convince you that mine are no empty words." So forthwith he laid himself down upon the sofa, and sent his soul into the nightingale, which, to the no small astonishment of the queen, began to flutter about and sing as exquisitely as before.

The real king in the form of the dog was a spectator of this scene, and availed himself of this opportunity to take possession of his own body, which he did the moment the wily dervise left it. He then sprang off the sofa, ran to the cage, and seizing the nightingale by the neck, wrung it till it was dead.

"Madman!" cried the queen, transported with anger at the deed; "what is it you do? Is this your affected kindness and respect for your mother, a mother who has lavished upon you so much care and tenderness?"

It was now King Fadlallah proceeded to inform her respecting everything which had passed, in consequence of the treachery of the dervise. The queen was the less inclined to question the truth of what he stated, as she recollected a variety of little circumstances, which, though not before noticed, now corroborated it. In particular the decree issued against the roes, and the account she had received of the dervise's body being found half devoured by the wolves under a tree in the wood. Thus, after a short reign of power and splendour, the traitor received the just reward of his deeds, having betrayed the utmost ingratitude and baseness towards the best of masters. All his infernal arts were insufficient to screen him from the hand of that justice which is dealt out equally from on high.

BÜSCHING.*

NO modern writer among the Germans has exhibited greater ingenuity and industry in illustrating the literary antiquities of his country, whether we consider the variety, the extent, or the character of his researches, than the author of the collection before us. In addition to his more popular productions in poetry and romance, his sound taste and learning have acquired for him a high station in the republic of letters. He is said to occupy the distinguished post of head Professor of Philosophy in the University of Breslau, and is on intimate terms of correspondence and enjoys the friendship of many of his most illustrious contemporaries. He was born at Berlin on the 19th of September, 1783, but subsequently took up his residence at Breslau, where he now remains. The author of a number of important works, besides those of a more popular character which bring him here under our notice, he still continues ardently engaged in literary researches, and courts the correspondence and communications of men of letters. Upon this subject, he observes, with the modesty of a man of real worth, at the conclusion of the collection of Tales before us: "My little Volume of Popular Stories lies here completed upon my table. I part with it as with a friend, for it has given me no little pleasure as I succeeded in finding story after story; here and there adding new matter before wholly or slightly known to me, until it appeared to promise vastly well, and embrace great variety of materials. By the time the whole, however, was fully collected and arranged, I had leisure to see a number of imperfections and deficiencies, quite enough to excite in me a wish that these simple pages might win me a few friends, true friends, who would kindly assist me in filling up these blanks, and give the whole a more full and correct illustration of the subject. I should esteem it a singular favour if they would forward me any of their valuable remarks, addressed either direct to me, now at Breslau, or to the Printing Office under my address."—*Postscript to Popular Tales, &c.*

Besides his Popular Tales, Legends, and Songs, Büsching has published the following works: "History of the War between the Ants and the Gnats, &c." Leip. 1806. "The Book of Love," 1809. "The Song of the Niebelungen in a new version," 1815. "The Sad Tragedies, Numerous Comedies, Strange Carnival Plays, Pleasant Dialogues, Wondrous Fables, Woeful Ditties, besides many other Witty Tales and Jests, by old Hans Sachs." In two parts. Nuremberg, 1816-19.

In the arrangement of his Popular Tales, Büsching has adopted the plan, along with many of the stories, of his predecessor Otmar. His notes and illustrations, however, are more full and particular in tracing the origin and pointing out the connections of the individual stories. He enters upon a view of the different popular German works on fiction that have been published, and in some instances gives brief critical

* "Popular Traditions, Tales, and Legends." Collected by John Gustavus Büsching. New edition, Leipsic, 1820. Also, "A Collection of German Popular Songs." Berlin, 1807. "German Poems belonging to the Middle Ages." 2 vols, 1808-9-14.

notices of the tales themselves. He has moreover very judiciously subdivided his own collection, consisting of not less than one hundred and twenty popular traditions and tales, into their respective classes, according to the region and local spots whence they are supposed to have sprung. Some are new, while others are of more general currency thrown into a new dress, and most of them are very pleasingly narrated. From the circumstance, however, of our having extracted a large portion of the best stories from previous collections, the following specimens will be found limited to a very small number.

"Early in my boyish years," remarks Büsching, "I indulged a fancy for these favourite old tales of the people; a fancy not quickly effaced by more serious affairs. When on entering the period of maturer youth my mind took a peculiar and decided direction, the former images again recurred to my imagination. My admiration of the Middle Ages, and my love of the antiquities of our ancestors, awoke within me while I was yet a schoolboy. This grew upon me in a very remarkable manner which I cannot here describe; I stood amidst an old world of wonderful tales and legends."—*Preface*, pp. xv., xvi.

HISTORY OF COUNT WALTER AND THE LADY HELGUNDA.

IN old times there was a very celebrated city in Poland, defended with walls both high and strong, named Wislicz, one of whose governors, during the heathen ages, was called Wislaw the Handsome, and was descended from the family of King Pepin. Now, there was also a certain count, brave and powerful, belonging to the same stock, called Walter the Strong, whose castle, Tyniez Krakau, was situated where the abbey of St. Benedict, founded by Casimer the Monk, King of Poland, now stands. This count made war upon the lord of the city, overpowered and made him prisoner, confining him in chains, under strict guard, in a high tower. He had espoused a noble lady called Helgunda, daughter of a king of the Franks, whom Walter the Strong secretly carried away, not without great danger, as the tradition says, into Poland.

It was as follows: a son of the king of the Alemanni went to the court of the French king, Helgunda's father, where he was received with great favour, in order to be instructed in knightly accomplishments. Count Walter being a knight of great penetration and cunning, when he perceived that the bright Helgunda was inclined to turn the light of her eyes upon this young prince, one night boldly mounted the battlements of the castle, bribed the warder, and then began to sing such sweet songs under the chamber of the princess, that both she and her ladies awoke at the delicious sounds out of their sleep. She sprang from her couch, and along with her companions, shaking off the drowsy heaviness of the night, listened intently to the charmer's strains as long as she could catch their last dying sounds.

Early in the morning Lady Helgunda sent for the warder to learn

whether he knew anything of the minstrel who had sung so sweetly the preceding night. Not venturing to betray the brave lord, he protested his entire ignorance of the occurrence; and Lord Walter having with equal craftiness succeeded the two following nights in entertaining her in the same manner, the lady was quite at a loss what to think. She next threatened the warder with the severest punishment if he longer refused to disclose the minstrel's name. As he still hesitated, she condemned him forthwith to suffer death; and the unhappy man was glad to avoid his fate by instantly naming Lord Walter. Upon hearing this, the lady began to feel her love for the young prince of the Alemanni wax cold; she changed, and became even more warm and irresistible in favour of her new lover, and every day her love increased.

When the prince discovered the very favourable light in which she regarded his rival, and the cold repulsive manner in which he was treated, he burnt with rage and scorn; but soon after, the two new lovers, being ever on the watch, took advantage of an opportunity to effect their escape. Having set forward on the appointed day, they at length approached the long-wished-for banks of the Rhine, where the boatmen required from them a mark of gold, which they received, and yet attempted to delay their passage until the arrival of the king's son. Lord Walter, aware of the danger, instantly mounted his horse, and placing the lady behind him, gave him the spurs, dashed into the water, and went across like an arrow from the bow. He had proceeded, however, a very little way from the opposite bank, when he heard a loud halloo from his pursuers, the prince's followers, he himself calling in a loud voice, "Wretch! dost thou fly thus secretly with the king's daughter, and think to pass the Rhine without paying toll? halt thy speed, that we may try the strength of our swords, and let the victor mount the horse of his foeman, and his be his arms, and his be the bride." Lord Walter, hearing them call, without the least fear replied, "What sayest thou of the king's daughter? The toll is paid with a mark of gold, and the princess rides along with me, neither seduced nor forced, but of her own free will."

Lord Walter then drew up, and both foemen flew with lance in rest, bitterly against each other's breasts. Next out sprang their swords, and manfully both combatants laid about them. Casting his eye upon the lovely Helgunda, the prince of the Alemanni fought with such fury as to compel his rival to measure back his steps until he drew nigh and nigher the affrighted lady; when, stung with shame and love, he summoned all his manhood to the task, and in a fierce onset laid the prince of the Alemanni dead at his feet. So he took the horse and arms of the deceased, and returned with double triumph to his fair lady; and when arrived at his castle Tyniez, after many a hard adventure, he gave himself up for a while to the enjoyment of love and peace. He had at length leisure to listen to the grievances of his vassals, who had been greatly oppressed during his absence by Wislaw the Handsome. He brooded over this injury, and sought an opportunity of revenging himself. At length he made a sudden and fierce attack, worsted and took Wislaw prisoner, as we have already mentioned, confining him in a tower of his castle Tyniez.

Not long afterwards, eager for heroic adventures, he set out on a tour through the surrounding country, proposing to lead this chivalric kind of life some time. He had already been absent during two years, when the fair Helgunda, apprehensive of the fate of her lord, began to address one of the ladies of her bedchamber in the following terms, at the same time casting down her eyes: "You see I am neither a widow nor a married woman;" and she then dwelt on the happiness of those who are honourably wedded to valiant and faithful lords.

The lady in waiting, concerned to see the sorrowful and deserted situation of the princess, reminded her of their heroic prisoner Wislaw, whose noble and pleasing figure had acquired for him the name of the Handsome, and who had been suffered to languish so long in the solitary tower. This she repeated so frequently, at the same time praising his fine qualities and unmerited sufferings, that the countess could not resist her curiosity to behold him. He was brought, and then conducted back to the tower, and the same kind of visits continued to be repeated, leading, ere long, to far greater intimacy; neither of them standing in awe of Lord Walter.

Both were now eager to avail themselves of the advice of their confidante, and both, though they felt the stings of conscience, became too impassioned to listen to the dictates of honour, or to consult their safety; the countess more especially, being lost in admiration of her lover's handsome person, and passing all her hours in his society. She would no longer permit him to be confined in the tower, but having granted him liberty, she declared she would follow him even to the farthest wilderness, among savage rocks and caves, or face wild beasts of the forest, such was her inextinguishable love for him. Finally, she accompanied him to Wislictz, regardless of her lord's honour, and thus openly uniting her fate to his. By such means Wislaw regained his freedom and his property, flattering himself that he had thus easily reaped a double triumph over his enemy; but he was speedily doomed to be undeceived, in a way he little expected. For at length Lord Walter, weary of heroic achievements, turned the head of his steed once more homewards. And soon he stood before his castle gate—at his own door, and holding his gallant war-horse by the rein—he inquired of his people as they flocked around him wherefore the bright Helgunda was not there to greet him home. Then they, trembling, proclaimed the truth—how the captive Wislaw had escaped by means of Lady Helgunda from his durance in the tower, how they had associated together, and how they had lastly taken flight.

Filled with rage and disappointment, the gallant lord again turned his horse's head, without entering his castle, towards Wislictz, leaving his vassals to arm and follow as they chose. He boldly spurred on into the very city of Wislictz, where he found Wislaw busily engaged in preparations for the chase. No sooner did Helgunda behold her lord's entrance into the city than she hastened towards him, fell at his feet, and loudly upbraided Wislaw, declaring that he had carried her off by violence in the night-time, and entreating that he would revenge her wrongs upon the head of that most false robber and ravisher, in which she would lend her utmost aid. With this view she besetted him to

bear her company into the adjoining palace, where if he would secrete himself in a chamber for a few moments, she vowed to surrender the robber Wislaw, alive, into his hands. The hero gave credit to the words and tears of the wily siren, and followed her into the place she pointed out to him, where she basely delivered him up a prisoner into the power of Wislaw the Handsome. Both then openly insulted the brave Lord Walter by their triumph and rejoicings, compelling him even to become a witness of their endearments; little anticipating that such extravagant delight is not unfrequently followed by very disastrous results.

Instead of consigning him, as usual, to a dungeon, his enemy studied how best he might torment him with the sight of his lost Helgunda as they feasted together in his hall. For this purpose he had him fastened with outspread arms to the wall, his neck and feet supported by iron clasps which held him in an upright position. In a recess of the same apartment was a couch, in full view of the unhappy lord, where his enemy beguiled the summer hours with caressing the false and adulterous countess.

The tyrant Wislaw had a sister, whose extreme ugliness and deformity were such as to repel all idea of love, and her he chose as a safe gaoler, to aggravate Lord Walter's sufferings, above all other people, by her very sight. But the young woman, finding the prisoner so completely in her power, appeared to take pity upon him, and pity being akin to love, she one day quite unceremoniously inquired of him if he were desirous of having a wife, for in such case she would relieve him from his sufferings by striking off his chains. Lord Walter was glad to promise, and that solemnly, that he would love and cherish her as long as he lived, and conduct himself towards Wislaw, as she insisted, like a good brother-in-law, without strife and quarrelling, as they had hitherto done. He then begged of her to bring her brother's sword in order that she might knock off his chains; and she went, and taking it from the scabbard at his bed's head, she returned. He then told her how to loosen the links of the iron chains and bands, and to cut the clasps between his back and the wall, so that, having once his arms at liberty, he could easily effect the rest.

They had warily fixed upon the midnight hour, when Wislaw was reposing by the side of the fair Helgunda on the couch where Lord Walter had so often seen them. That very day had he accosted her as she sat there, in the absence of her paramour, "Thou vile one! how wouldst thou feel were I to stand before thy couch, my sword in my hand, freed from these chains?" Her heart beat with terror at these words; and trembling that night, she turned to Wislaw, crying out in her sleep, "Woe to us, lord! your sword was missing to-day from its sheath, and I have forgotten to lay it under our pillow to-night—how is this?" Hearing her call, Wislaw replied, "And what, love, if he had ten swords, and ten swordsmen at his side? what would they avail him against his iron bonds, which no art can unclasp but his who forged them? Be at peace, my love, and sleep."

As he uttered these last words, Lord Walter came bounding like a tiger escaped from his den: he stood with naked uplifted sword before their couch, and reviling them a moment as they lay, the next it fell,

with heavy and indignant ire, piercing them asunder at a stroke. It was stained with the adulterous blood of both as it again descended, and both their lives were sacrificed upon the spot before it was returned to its scabbard. Thus they came to their unblessed end; and the monument of Helgunda is still shown at the castle of Wislictz to all those who are curious to see it, hewn in massy stone, and bearing the date of 1253.*

ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPRESS OF TARTARY AT NEUMARKT, IN THE YEAR 1240.

(A Silesian Tradition.)

ABOUT the above period there reigned a wealthy and powerful Emperor of the Tartars, in the regions of the east. He had a number of tributary kings and princes, and a fair empress whom he had not long before espoused according to the fashion of his country. Now, this great princess had often heard from the lips of her lords and ambassadors great praises of the manners and customs of the Christian world—how noble and commendable they were; that such indeed was the magnanimity and devotion both of its princes and its people, that they were not only ready to shed their blood, but even to lay down their lives, in defence of their religion and their honour.

Thus repeatedly hearing this high character of the Christian princes and nobility, with the excellent government of their states and cities, she gradually imbibed the strongest desire to visit them, and frequently solicited the Emperor Batus for his permission so to do. But her royal consort invariably refused to comply, apprehensive of the dangers she would have to encounter; though he was unable to induce her to abandon the idea. In fact, she repeated her wishes so often, attended by tears and prayers, that the emperor was at length glad to compromise the affair by fixing a certain period for her journey, should she still continue to entertain the idea.

This being the case, the emperor resolved that she should be accompanied by an imposing train of his tributary princes and nobility, all richly decorated with gold, silver, and precious stones, and bearing numerous passports and credentials in order to facilitate the objects of the princess's tour, and obtain for her the respect and admiration of the Christian world. These grand preparations being completed, the empress, attended by a noble escort and supplied with rich gifts, set forth with a feeling of great delight upon her tour into distant lands. She was everywhere received with the utmost courtesy and respect by the various princes through whose dominions she had to pass, such as the consort of so mighty an emperor well merited. In this way she at length reached the country of Silesia, near the skirts of the Zobtenberg,

* The above tradition is every way entitled to a place in our selection, no less from its evident characteristics of the older time, than from the spirit of ancient romance which it breathes throughout. It boasts all the boldness and hardihood of a chivalric age, and is also founded upon an ancient song. An old Polish chronicler, Boguphalus, the bishop of Posen who died in 1153, gives a narrative of this tradition in the Latin tongue. His Chronicle was printed at Sommersberg. (*Script. Siles. tom. ii. p. 18, l. 78.*)—Busch.

shortly before called Fürstenberg, to which it is reported by the old chronicles that the ancient princes of Silesia and Poland owe their origin. At the same period stood two powerful castles, named Fürstenberg and Leubus, in the vicinity, which are now converted into a monastery for the Cistercian fathers of St. Benedict, while the most distinguished city of the surrounding district, called Neumarkt, had been erected by a prince of the second of the said castles. Among other places, the empress and her escort approached this city, proposing to examine everything curious it afforded, and to repose there some little while.

The citizens of the place, beholding their rich and noble equipage, and the treasures of every kind which accompanied it, were seized with envy and astonishment; next conversing respecting it in groups, and then summoning a general council. There they declared that it was a scandal upon their holy religion, and highly unseemly, that a heathen princess should be permitted to insult the Christian world by such a display of pomp and treasure—fine gold, silver, and most precious jewels, of such weight and water as they were. "Of a truth," continued the more zealous and mercenary of the flock, "it would be a sight well pleasing to the Lord, were we to fall with heavy hand upon the heathen and her attendants, and, putting them to death, to divide their amazing wealth among the good citizens of this place."

And too eagerly did the baser lords and knights and squires all avail themselves of this evil counsel. They attacked the defenceless empress and her escort, unsuspecting of any treachery, and put the whole of them to death upon the spot, with the exception of two of the empress's ladies, who contrived to secrete themselves in a dark cellar and escaped. These unhappy survivors, after many sufferings and perils, begged their way back into their own country, where, with great terror and affliction at the recollection, they recounted to the Tartar emperor the unhappy death of his consort and her attendants, adding, "O most mighty monarch of the east, we have travelled far and wide with the empress and her escort over strange regions, and manifold states and cities of Christendom. In all were we received with the utmost respect and courtesy, regaled and treated with many presents, except in one fatal city which is called Neumarkt, situated somewhere in Silesia. It was there our dear mistress the empress, your royal consort, with all her princes, lords, and pages, were treacherously surprised, beaten, and murdered by the citizens of the same place, we two only escaping, after experiencing the most severe privations and pains, to lament their loss."

When the emperor had heard these terrific tidings to an end—the death of his beloved young consort, of his lords and princes, the flower of his nobility and his knights—he made a loud exclamation of agony, repeated through his extensive palace and re-echoed by its walls. Then deep rage and indignation took possession of his soul; he made a terrific vow, and swore that his royal head should never again know repose until he had bitterly revenged upon the Christian world the base and cruel assassination of his consort and his subjects, by bloodshed, war, and desolation of its dominions. During the next three

years he prepared the whole of the wealth which he possessed, to bear the heavy expenses he was about to incur, and at the close of that period he had already an army of five hundred thousand men, all prepared to act against the states of Christendom.

Tradition, however, does not inform us of the result of these grand preparations, to avenge the cruel assassination of his empress and his tributary princes and great lords.*

* The historical account of the murder of the Tartar princess at Neumarkt is to be found in the legend of the holy St Hedwig. It was first printed in German at Breslau, in the year 1804, in folio. It is historically shown that the whole was merely a popular story, current for a long period, from which likewise a popular song had been composed, extracted from the same collection, and which has been also attached to the present collection. The subject is treated in *Handerhorn*, II. c. 258-60 — Busch.

LOCAL POPULAR TRADITIONS.

SPECIMENS FROM THE "KINDER UND HAUS MÄRCHEN,"

COLLECTED BY MM. GRIMM FROM ORAL TRADITION.

MM. GRIMM.*



F late years the names and merits of the Brothers Grimm, as they so announce themselves in their joint productions, have become pretty familiar to us in England, as well, we presume, as to the lovers of fiction elsewhere. Sketches of their lives and labours have adorned the pages of our monthly journals, for their reputation travels far, fraught as it is with joyous tidings of entertainment for all sizes of children, both of larger and smaller growth. They may be considered, indeed, as forming a sort of literary company, of more sterling worth, we trust, than most companies of the day, by which they are enabled to accomplish a vast deal of business with the land of *faërie*, and to carry on large speculations with the invisible world.

There appear to be three of the Brothers Grimm (unless, indeed, the good village rector should prove to be a country cousin), the first of whom, Rector of Weenheim, was born at Schluchtern, near Gelnhausen, in 1780, and is the author of the following works: "David's Rise," a drama, in five acts. Karlsr. 1811. "Tales for Children." Heidelberg, 1817, with plates. "Lina's Story-Book." Frank. 1816. "The Past and the Pre-ent. Mountain Walks; or, Reminiscences for My Friends round the Neckar and the Oden Woods." Darmstadt, 1822.

The two other brothers are doctors of philosophy and librarian secretaries of Cassel; the first of whom, James Lewis Charles, was born at Hanau on the 8th of January, 1785. Under his name have appeared—"The Two Oldest German Poems in the Eighth Century." "The Song of Hildebrand, and the Weissenbrunner Gebet, for the first time exhibited in its metre." Conjointly with his brother William Charles he has published "The Kinder und Haus Märchen," two vols. Berlin, 1812—14. "Poor Henry von Wartman of the Green." Berlin, 1815, from a Strasburg MS. in the Vatican. Likewise "Songs of the Ancient Roda, from a MS." 1815. "Popular Traditions of Germany." 1817-18.

The third brother is William Charles Grimm, likewise a doctor of philosophy and state librarian at Cassel, and was born at Hanau one year later than the preceding one, viz, 26th of February, 1786. The following is a list of the individual works known under his name, besides those in which he has assisted or been assisted by his relatives: "The Old

* "German Traditions," 2 vols. Berlin, 1817-18. "Domestic Stories for Children." Berlin. "Lina's Story-Book, a Christmas Present," Frankfort, 1816. *Altdeutsche Walder*, Three Parts. Cassel, 1819-20.

Danish Heroic Songs, Ballads, and Tales, translated from the original." Heidelberg, 1811. Three old Scotch songs, with the original language from which they were translated, from two new collections, &c., &c.

MM. Grimm are all men of indisputable talent and of great learning and research; as correct critics and abundantly learned commentators they are excelled by none of their contemporaries; while their method of narrating the favourite tales and traditions of their country, which they have so industriously collected and illustrated, boasts peculiar attractions in the ease and simplicity of their style and manner.

The *Kinder und Haus Märchen* ("Domestic Tales") have for these reasons acquired a well-merited celebrity among numerous classes of readers, and they are now become familiar also to English by a very choice selection entitled "German Popular Stories." In these the author appears to have admirably preserved the spirit and character of his original, and their simple and pleasing mode of narration, while he occasionally adds to their store of illustration by tracing coincidences and resemblances between the traditionary literature of Germany and other nations.

We are indebted to the able and ingenious translator for the following specimen from the *Kinder und Haus Märchen*.

THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES.

THERE was once a king who had twelve lovely daughters. They slept in twelve beds all in one room, and when they went to bed the doors were shut and locked up; but every morning their shoes were found to be quite worn through, as if they had been danced in all night; and yet nobody could find out how it happened or where they had been.

Then the king made it known to all the land that if any person could discover the secret, and find out where it was that the princesses danced at night, he should have the one he liked best for his wife, and should be king after his death; but whoever tried, and did not succeed after three days and nights, should be put to death.

A king's son soon came. He was well entertained, and in the evening was taken to the chamber next to the one where the princesses lay in their twelve beds. There he was to sit and watch where they went to dance, and in order that nothing might pass without his hearing it, the door of his chamber was left open. But the king's son soon fell asleep, and when he awoke in the morning he found that the princesses had all been dancing, for the soles of their shoes were worn full of holes. The same thing happened the second and third nights; so the king ordered his head to be cut off. After him came several others, but they had all the same luck, and all lost their lives in the same manner.

Now, it chanced that an old soldier, who had been wounded in battle and could fight no longer, passed through the country where this king reigned, and as he was travelling through a wood he met an old woman, who asked him where he was going. "I hardly know where I am going

or what I shall do," said the soldier, "but I think I should like very well to find out where it is that the princesses dance, and then in time I might be a king." "Well," said the old dame, "that is no very hard task, only take care not to drink any of the wine which one of the princesses will bring to you in the evening, and as soon as she leaves you pretend to be fast asleep."

Then she gave him a cloak, and said, "As soon as you put that on you will become invisible, and you will then be able to follow the princesses wherever they go." When the soldier heard all this good counsel, he determined to try his luck, so he went to the king and said he was willing to undertake the trial. He was as well received as the others had been, and the king ordered fine royal robes to be given him, and when the evening came he was led to the outer chamber. Just as he was going to lie down, the eldest of the princesses brought him a cup of wine, but the soldier threw it all away secretly, taking care not to drink a drop.

Then he hid himself down on his bed, and in a little time began to snore very loud, as if he was fast asleep. When the twelve princesses heard this they laughed heartily, and the eldest said, "This fellow too might have done a wiser thing than lose his life in this way!" Then they rose up and opened their drawers and boxes, and took out all their fine clothes, and dressed themselves at the glass, and skipped about as if they were eager to begin dancing. But the youngest said, "I don't know how it is, while you are so happy, I feel very uneasy. I am sure some mischance will befall us." "You simpleton!" replied the eldest, "you are always afraid. Have you forgotten how many kings' sons have already watched us in vain? And is for this soldier, even if I had not given him his sleeping draught, he would have slept soundly enough."

When they were all ready they went and looked at the soldier, but he snored on and did not stir hand or foot, so they thought they were quite safe, and the eldest went up to her own bed and clipped her hands, and the bed sank into the floor, and a trap door flew open. The soldier saw them going down through the trap door one after another, the eldest leading the way, and thinking he had no time to lose, he jumped up and followed them, but in the middle of the stairs he trod on the gown of the youngest princess, and she cried out to her sisters, "All is not right, some one took hold of my gown!" "You silly creature!" said the eldest, "it is nothing but a nail in the wall." Then down they all went, and at the bottom they found themselves in a most delightful grove of trees, and the leaves were all of silver and glittered and sparkled beautifully. The soldier wished to take away some token of the place, so he broke off a little branch, and there came a loud noise from the tree. Then the youngest daughter said again, "I am sure all is not right. Did you not hear that noise? that never happened before." But the eldest said, "It is only our princes, who are shouting for joy at our approach."

Then they came to another grove of trees, where all the leaves were of gold; and afterwards to a third, where the leaves were all glittering diamonds. And the soldier broke a branch from each, and every time

there was a loud noise, which made the youngest sister tremble with fear; but the eldest still said it was only the princes who were crying for joy. So they went on till they came to a great lake, and at the side of the lake there lay twelve little boats with twelve handsome princes in them, who seemed to be waiting there for the princesses.

One of the princesses went into each boat, and the soldier stepped into the same boat with the youngest. As they were rowing over the lake, the prince who was in the boat with the youngest princess and the soldier said, "I do not know why it is, but though I am rowing with all my might, we do not get on so fast as usual, and I am quite tired: the boat seems very heavy to-day." "It is only the heat of the weather," said the princess; "I feel very warm too."

On the other side of the lake stood a fine illuminated castle, from which came the merry music of horns and trumpets. There they all landed and went into the castle, and each prince danced with his princess, while the soldier, who was all the while invisible, danced with them too; and when any of the princesses had a cup of wine set by her he drank it all up, so that when she put the cup to her mouth it was empty. At this, too, the youngest sister was terribly frightened, but the eldest always silenced her. They danced on till three o'clock in the morning, and then all their shoes were worn out, so that they were obliged to leave off. The princes rowed them back over the lake; but this time the soldier placed himself in the boat with the eldest princess, and on the opposite shore they took leave of each other, the princesses promising to come again the next night.

When they came to the stairs, the soldier ran on before the princesses and laid himself down; and as the twelve sisters slowly came up very much tired, they heard him snoring in his bed, so they said, "Now all is quite safe!" Then they undressed themselves, put away their fine clothes, pulled off their shoes, and went to bed.

In the morning the soldier said nothing about what had happened, but determined to see more of this strange adventure, and went again the second and third nights, and everything happened just as before: the princesses danced each time till their shoes were worn to pieces, and then returned home. However, on the third night the soldier carried away one of the gold cups as a token of where he had been.

As soon as the time came when he was to declare the secret, he was taken before the king, with the three branches and the golden cup, and the twelve princesses stood listening behind the door to hear what he would say. And when the king asked him, "Where do my twelve daughters dance at night?" he answered, "With twelve princes in a castle underground." And then he told the king all that had happened, and showed him the three branches and the golden cup which he had brought with him. Then the king called for the princesses, and asked them whether what the soldier said was true; and when they saw that they were discovered, and that it was of no use to deny what had happened, they confessed it all. And the king asked the soldier which of them he would choose for his wife; and he answered, "I am not very young, so I think I will have the eldest." And they were married that very day, and the soldier was chosen to be the king's heir.

THE OLDENBURG WONDER-HORN.*

THERE was formerly in possession of the house of Oldenburg a very richly-wrought and ornamented drinking horn, which was long carefully treasured up, but which has at length found its way to Copenhagen. The tradition relating to it runs as follows:—About the year 990 a certain Count Otto swayed the land. Being greatly addicted to the chase, and an excellent hunter to boot, he set out on the 20th of July of the same year, with a train of knights and pages, for the fields and woods, first of all beating up for game in those parts called Berneseuer. Ere long he started a fine roe, and keenly following the chase he distanced all his followers, until from Berneseuer's Wood he reached the steeps of Ozenberg, and listening in vain for the voice either of the hunters or the hounds, found himself shortly after in the midst of the solitary mountain. Feeling greatly exhausted and parched with thirst, he cried out, "O blessed Lord, what would I give for a good drink of water!" The count had no sooner pronounced these words, and ridden down from the Ozenberg, than he saw approaching him, out of a deep cavern, a beautiful young woman, richly attired, with fine tresses sweeping down her shoulders, and a small garland upon her head. She had, besides, a costly silver vessel in the form of a hunter's horn in her hand, very skilfully wrought and decorated. Thus she held very carefully, and as she approached the count she held it towards him, entreating that he would drink and refresh himself.


Accepting the gold and silver worked horn from the hand of the strange maiden, the count took off the cover and examined its contents. Then either the beverage or something which it seemed to contain displeased him; he drew back and refused to partake of it. The young woman looked at him and said, "Pray you drink, my lord, at my risk drink, and fear not; so far from any harm, it will do you much good. And not you, great lord, but your whole race will feel the benefit of it in the increasing extent and prosperity of their domain for ages to come."

Unwilling, however, to lend credit to her words, she threatened him with future strife and enmity among his descendants. The count then, making a pretence to drink, raised the horn to his lips, but dexterously threw the contents of it over his shoulder, except some drops that fell upon his charger's mane, of which the hair instantly fell off as if plucked from its roots. Upon observing this mischance the maiden desired the count to hand her back the enchanted vessel; but bearing it in one hand, the hunter had already turned and was spurring at speed down the mountain. Casting a look back, he beheld the maid suddenly re-enter the mountain, and seized with fresh alarm, he redoubled his charger's speed, until he succeeded in rejoining his lost attendants. To them he related this strange adventure, exhibited the richly ornamented horn, and bore it back with him through the gates of Oldenburg. The same

* From *Hammelmann's Oldenb. Chronik*, 1595, p. 1, c. x. Winkelmann, *Old Chro.*, Part I., c. iii.

is still preserved, with all its former costly ornaments, thus wonderfully acquired, like a precious heirloom by his descendants, long handed down by each princely generation.*

THE DOMESTIC GOBLIN HÜTCHEN.

T the court of Bishop Bernard of Hildesheim sojourned a familiar spirit, who, under the pretext of being serviceable, appeared in a menial dress to all those whose conduct he approved. He wore a peculiar kind of little hat upon his head, from which he also derived his name which was borrowed for him from the lower Saxon idiom Hodeken, whence Hütchen, by which he is more familiarly known.

He took great pleasure in conversing with and obliging people, rather than playing them tricks, gave them notice of impending danger, and helped at times to do them a good turn. He was extremely sociable, would chat with persons of any rank, answering and inquiring in his turn with perfect ease and propriety.

About the same time there resided at the castle of Winzenburg a Count Herman, who was in possession of the see as the proprietor of the county. One of his domestics happened to have a beautiful wife, whom he had long followed and persecuted with his addresses, to which, however, she gave no encouragement, but by dint of the vilest and most invidious arts he at length succeeded in his attempt, adding violence to fraud, at a period when he had dispatched her husband to a distance. She stifled her complaint until his return, but then she burst out into the bitterest reproaches, mingled with tears and lamentations, and denounced the author of her sufferings with all the threats his conduct merited. Her husband believing that such a strain could only be wiped out with the lordly criminal's blood, and having free admittance into his chamber at all hours, sought his opportunity, and found it as the count lay asleep at the side of his consort. He entered the apartment, charged him with the heinous offence, and when both awakened in the utmost alarm, and before the count could seize his sword the injured husband stabbed him to the heart. Mad at beholding this savage deed, the countess in the agony of her heart uttered these words: "Thou most treacherous villain! thou shalt yet tremble. The child of thy master, yet unborn, shall some time repay this blood upon thee and thine, so that the world shall take a terrific warning from

* The more graceful and romantic enchantments ascribed to Oberon's horn in *Huon de Bordeaux* appear to possess little in common with this heroic jester's melody. The story has been greatly multiplied in the 'Wunderhorn' and other volumes of old tradition. The original here here commemorated is said to have been transferred from the counts of Oldenburg to their Danish successors, and is still shown in the Museum of the Copenhagen. Figures of it were given in the *Wohl und Siel* (Leipz. 1741) and it is inserted in a number of works to have been no other than a christening gift presented by Charlemagne to Wittekind. Others refer it to King Christian I of Denmark and again to his brother Gerardus. In the second part of M. Naubert's *New Popular German Tales* it has been worked up into more romantic forms and greatly amplified (Leipz. 1890). It is also in the "Tales, Part I (Eisenach, 1795), and forms one of the *Folk-sagen* of Pusching besides 'The Devil's Feast Aboveground,' 8vo. Lüneburg, 1751—see GÖTTSCHELL, "Popular Tales," p. 25.

thy fate!" Scarcely had she pronounced these words before the ferocious man, rushing towards her, put her to death upon the spot.

Count Herman of Winzenburg was the last of his family, and the ample territories, upon the decease of both him and his consort, were left without a successor. It was on the very morrow after the fatal occurrence that the sprite Hütchen made his appearance before the couch of Bishop Bernard, and awaking him, said, "Get up, old bald-pate, and call a public meeting of thy own people. The whole county and the county see is vacant, its rightful lord and heirs are murdered, and with a little trouble, for wit thou lackest, thou mayest easily add them to thine own diocese." Hearing this, the bishop rose, called all his church military hastily together, and taking possession, overran the whole county in such a manner as to induce the emperor to grant the holy prelate this addition to his spiritual charge, finding that he had already united the two sees, adding the whole of Winzenburg to that of Hildesheim.

There is also another and more ancient tradition current among the people. A certain Count of Winzenburg had two sons, who bore an unnatural enmity to each other. In order to remove the cause of the quarrel, originating in regard to the inheritance, the bishop invited them to a festival at Hildesheim, it being understood that whichever after their father's death should be first announced to the holy prelate, he was to succeed to the property. When the old count shortly after died, his eldest son instantly mounted horse and rode hard to visit the bishop, while the younger, having no steed, was at a loss what to do. It was then Hütchen came and addressed him thus: "Come, I will assist you! Write a letter to the bishop, and make mention of the succession on your behalf, and I will take care that it gets to him before your brother upon his young steed." So he sat down to write his letter, which the sprite snatched up and carried in all haste over the mountains by a secret path, which brought him in half an hour to the door of the bishop's palace, long before the arrival of the elder brother. In this way the sprite obtained for him possession of the paternal estate; and the path he went is extremely difficult to discover, and known to this day by the name of Hütchen's Run-road.

He continued to appear at intervals in the bishop's court, and frequently gave him warning of impending dangers and disasters. He also told the fortunes of many distinguished lords, and sometimes he showed himself while he spoke, at others was only heard to speak. Yet he always wore his hat so close over his eyes that no one could get a fair view of his features. He was particularly attentive not to let the city watch fall asleep upon their post, being always at hand to remind remiss people of their duty. He never inflicted any punishment until he had been first provoked; but he did not forgive those who mocked him, being certain to repay them with more than they brought. He was generally fond of assisting the head cook in the bishop's kitchen, and would jest with him and the other servants. He slept upon a large tray in the cellar, where there is still a hole in which he used to creep. The domestics becoming accustomed to his visits, and no longer holding him in awe, one of the scullion boys had the audacity to mock and irritate

him, venturing even to drive him from his haunts by sprinkling water, and other tricks by no means pleasant to the sprite. This so much incensed him that he requested the head cook to chastise the boy, in order to cure him of playing off his tricks upon his friend Hütchen, or that otherwise he must take the law into his own hands. But the bishop's head cook only laughed and said, "Are you a ghost, and afraid of a scullion lad?" To this Hütchen replied, "As you do not choose to chastise the impertinence of your boy, I will show you whether I am afraid of doing it myself;" saying which he went away. Not long after as the boy was sitting alone in the kitchen, and had fallen asleep after dinner, then came the wrathful sprite, and seizing him by the throat, he worried him in a moment. He then hacked him into small pieces, threw him into a large copper, and put it to boil upon the fire. When the cook returned and discovered what were the contents of the saucepan, and found that the goblin had inflicted this judgment upon him by way of retaliation, he began to bestow his maledictions for the loss of his scullion in no very courtly words. Hütchen, indignant at the terms he used, came and dispersed all the kitchen utensils in the bishop's kitchen, and what was worse, he infected them in such a way that they streamed with poison and blood. And while the cook still persisted in his denunciations of vengeance, just as he was going through the door from the drawbridge, he caught him and plunged him into the precipice below.

Having thus manifested a very vindictive disposition, it was feared that he might be tempted to set the bishop's house on fire, and both he and his neighbours were in such alarm that the whole city united in setting fresh watch in all parts, and more particularly over the bishop's castle. For this and other reasons the holy prelate sought to rid himself of his company, and finally compelled him by dint of exorcism to retreat.

In addition to these, this familiar sprite was concerned in a variety of other adventures which were productive of less mischief than the former.

In Hildesheim dwelt a man who had a very vain and faithless lady for his wife. Being once on the eve of a journey, he said to Hütchen, "My good friend and familiar, may I beg you will keep a sharp look-out while I am away, and see that all goes right? for I am not quite easy about leaving my wife." This Hütchen did; and when the lady, on her husband's departure, sent to inform one of her admirers of his absence, she found that whenever they began to converse together a little too freely, the sprite interposed in the most effectual manner, not only by making a great outcry, sufficient to bring together all the domestics, but by beating both the parties soundly, whenever they sought to injure the honour of his absent friend. He appeared in a thousand threatening forms, and after frightening her lover away, he chased her upstairs and besieged her in her own chamber, where he kept her until her husband's return; when the faithful guardian of his trust went to meet him full of congratulations and joy: "I am exceedingly glad to see you, in order to deliver up my painful charge; for I assure you I have had a great deal of trouble, it required my utmost caution to effect it." The grateful husband then inquired his real name. He replied, "I am Hütchen, to whom you entrusted your wife before you left. But I have only to beg that you will never saddle me with such a laborious task again. I

had rather tend all the herds of swine in all Saxony; such is the infernal wickedness, craft, and courage that she possesses."

At another time there happened to be at Hildesheim a certain prelate who had very little learning to boast. But he had wit enough, he thought, with a little influence to boot, to secure his election to a stall at a grand assembly of ecclesiastics, though he entertained some suspicion that his egregious ignorance would be made known. In this extremity Hütchen came to his assistance, and presented him with a ring, an enchanted ring, which suddenly inspired him with all the learning and wisdom of Solomon himself; inasmuch that he was cried up far above all other candidates, and declared by the whole ecclesiastical assembly one of the greatest ornaments of the Church.*

FREDERICK THE REDBEARD UPON THE KYFFHAUSEN.

THERE are a number of traditions respecting this emperor much in vogue. All of these agree in one point, that though he flourished so many ages ago, he is by no means dead. He is permitted to live until the last day, so as to combine the two worlds into one, and no sovereign ruler more just than he will ever sit upon the imperial throne. Until that period he sits quietly in the Kyffhausen Mountain, and when he again shall appear, he is to hang his shield upon an old withered tree, which will then renew its pristine strength and greenness. Occasionally he will still converse with his people who happen to visit his mountain, and when much pleased he will appear in person. But in general he likes to sit upon a bench round the old stone round table, resting his head upon his hand while he sleeps; and when half awake, he very often nods and winks with his eyes. His beard is grown prodigiously long. According to some it has even grown through the round table, and if we are to believe others, only round it; being understood that it is to reach three times about before he be awakened, while as yet it will only go twice round.

About the year 1669 a peasant from the village of Reblingen was carrying a bag of corn to Nordhausen, when a little mannikin appeared, and guided him on his way, insisting that he would also oblige him by shedding all his corn, and filling the bag with gold. This lucky boor caught a plain view of the emperor as he sat there quite motionless.

Another dwarf guided a shepherd into the same mountain, when the Emperor Frederick, rising up, inquired, "Do the ravens still continue to fly about the hills?" and being answered in the affirmative, he observed, "Then I have to sleep yet a hundred years."†

* Borrowed from oral narratives. From the *Fielförmige Hinzelman*. 39, 50. *Erasm. Francisci höll. Proteus*, 792, 793. *Prätor. Weltbeschr.* 1. 324, 325. *Joh. Waler de Prastig. Dämon* c. 22. *Deutsche Übers.* *Happel. Relat. Curios.* 4. 246.—GRIMM.

† The following authorities and various versions of the same tradition are prefixed to the above singular specimen of German heroic tradition by the collectors and relaters the Brothers Grimm: *Agricola Sprichwort.* 1710. *Melipantes Orop.* 6. Kyffhausen. *Tenue Monarch.* Unter. 1689, c. 719, 720. *Prätorius Alectryomantia*, p. 69. *Dessen Weltbeschr.* 1. 306-7.

There are a number of other traditions relating to the celebrated Frederick Barbarossa, all

THE WILD HUNTER IN CHASE OF THE MOSS-HOPPERS.

UPON the heaths, in lonely woods, or any dark secluded spots, there dwell in subterraneous abodes a race of mannikins, with their little wives, who take great delight in lying upon the soft green moss, and even array themselves in the same soft and warm material. This mode of life is so well known as to induce mechanics, and in particular turners, to take their likenesses, as we see, and offer them to sale. Now, the Wild Hunter is the particular and dreaded foe of these happy little moss-people, and very often haunts the vicinity of their residence, when the inhabitants may be heard consulting and speaking with each other; for the Wild Hunter in general succeeds in catching one of the hindmost in the chase, and his companions endure the horror of hearing his bones go crickle-crackle!

There was once a rustic who dwelt near Saalfeld, on his way to the mountain to gather wood, about the time when the Wild Hunter had taken the field. Though he was not then visible, he heard the on-shout and the hollow cry of his dogs, sometimes afar off, and sometimes nearer. A sudden sympathy with the sport inspired the honest boor, and, as if to urge him forward, he joined in the cry, like a hunter bold, for he had just then finished his day's work, and was wending his way home. Early the next morning, as he was going to the stable, he found hanging before the door a fore-quarter of one of the little green-moss ladies, offered doubtless as his share of the quarry for joining his voice in the sport. In great alarm the poor rustic ran off to the overseer of Watzdorf, and related what had happened to him; and the overseer advised him by no means to think of accepting or even touching the present, if he wished to remain in a whole skin. He added that it was a lure which, if he caught at, the Wild Hunter would instantly attack him; but that he must let it hang just as it was. This the man did; and the quarry soon disappeared just as suddenly and secretly as it had been brought; nor did the lucky boor experience the least injury.*

THE FAMILIAR OF THE MILL.

UHERE were once two fellow-students of Rinteln taking a little tour together on foot. They intended to pass that night in a pretty village not a great way off; but as a heavy rain came on and the night appeared to be setting in earlier than usual, they determined to proceed no farther. Observing that the nearest place of shelter was a mill, not many fields from the place where they stood, they ran across to the mill-house, and, knocking pretty sharply, begged to know if they could obtain a night's lodging. At first the miller would hear nothing of it, until their earnest entreaties at length began to pre-

of which agree in conferring upon him the blessing of subterraneous longevity, though he occupies his time somewhat more quietly than he did aboveground.—Ed.

* *Prætorius Weltbescher*, i. 693, borrowed from oral tradition in the Saalfeld districts.—
BROTHERS GRIMM.

vail. He hesitated; they preferred their prayer still more urgently; they heard him coming downstairs, and taking admittance for granted, they thanked him very kindly, and then he could not refuse. He led them into a little room, where they saw a tankard and a dish of meat, of which, being extremely hungry, they requested his permission to pay for, and then to partake. But this the miller refused, saying that they were welcome to lie down upon the hard bench, but not to break his bread. "For this dish of meat, and this drink," said he, "belong to the house-goblin, and if you value your lives more than a single meal, you will have wit to let it alone. In this case you have nothing to fear; and if he should happen to be a little noisy or so in the night, you have only to lie quiet and go to sleep." With these words he left them and shut the door fast behind him.

Though not quite relishing this reception, the two students threw themselves down upon the bench to try to sleep. But in something better than an hour the pangs of hunger assailed one of them so sharply, that he rose forthwith and sought for the dish. The other, being a master of arts, warned him to let the devil alone, and leave him what belonged to him; to which the other replied that he had a better right to it than the devil, for he was sure that he could not be as hungry as he was; and he sat down to the table and ate to his heart's content. He left very few of the devil's vegetables; and then he seized the tankard, and having taken a good draught or two, he felt better, and laid himself down again very quietly to sleep. Yet feeling thirsty once more, he paid his compliments a second time to the tankard, with such effect as to leave the house-goblin very little besides the dregs; then pronouncing himself a lucky fellow, and blessing his stars, he lay down and fell fast asleep. All went on well and remained perfectly quiet till midnight. But hardly had twelve time to strike before in came the goblin to supper with such hideous haste and racket as to waken both the affrighted students at the noise. He bustled round the room once or twice, and then sat down as if to partake of his meal; for he clapped a chair to the table, and they heard him pull the dish towards him (and what were then the feelings of the guilty student!); he pushed it from him, as if by no means pleased, and seizing the tankard, swallowed only the dregs, and very quickly threw it down upon the table. He next began his house-labours—rubbed the table and the feet of it very carefully, and afterwards swept the floor with something like a broom all over. Having finished, he applied to the dish and tankard as before, to see if they were replenished; but again he flung them down. Yet still he persevered in his labours; came to the students' bench; rubbed, polished, and dusted as he went along, till he came to the place where they lay. He passed over them, and went on, but took the space that lay between their feet, below, in his way. Having finished, he went over the bench a second time, leaving the students as before; till he came a third time, and stroked the one who had not meddled with his supper very kindly over the head and body, without doing him any injury. But he seized his companion by the legs, pulled him off the bench, knocked him once or twice upon the ground, and then with a loud laugh he ran behind the stove, while the poor student crept back to his place upon the bench.

In a quarter of an hour the goblin resumed his labours, exactly in the same manner, not forgetting to inflict vengeance a second time, which every now and then he renewed.

The students at length quitted the bench, stood up, and finding their way to the door, they set up a loud cry for help, which, however, brought no one to their assistance. As a last resource they threw themselves flat upon their faces on the ground; yet their familiar spirit would not let them rest. He repeated the same game over again, kicking the greedy student from one place to another, and laughing heartily at the sport. Incensed at being thus insultingly treated, without having a moment's peace, after receiving a harder kick than he well liked, the student drew his sword, and made some desperate stabs all round the corners of the room, following the voice of the laughing spirit with the deadliest threats, and challenging him to stand out. Almost exhausted, he then sat down again upon the bench, to lie in wait for his enemy; but the voice all at once ceased, nor was it again renewed.

In the morning, when the miller learned that his advice had not been attended to, and that they had made free with the provisions, he declared it was quite a providential thing that he had found them both alive.*

JOHAN HÜBNER.

UPON the Geissenberg (Goat Mountain) in Westphalia, there may still be traced the walls of a castle, the ancient haunt of robbers. They took their nocturnal rounds, and made depredations upon the corn and cattle, which they brought into their own court and afterwards sold to more distant villagers. The last robber-chief who held sway there is said to have been Johan Hübner. He wore an iron shirt and was clothed in mail from head to foot. More powerful than any man of his age, he became the terror of the surrounding country. He had only one eye, his beard and hair black and bushy, and his whole features of a terrific cast. The place is still shown, exhibiting the corner of a large hall, of which a broken window yet remains, where he held his revels with his companions. Though he had only one, his eye was upon every spot throughout the land, and whenever he saw a strange knight, he cried, "Heloh! there spurs a knight! a noble beast! heloh!" His followers were then on the watch, and when he drew nearer, they stopped and dispatched him, and led his horse to their captain. Now, there was a certain Prince of Dillenburg called the Black Christian, a very stout knight, who heard a good deal of Hübner's proceedings, for his hoors were all loud in their complaints against him. This same Black Christian happened to have a very shrewd squire of the name of Hans Flick, whom he resolved to dispatch over the whole district in pursuit of Johan Hübner. The prince in the meanwhile remained with his knights in ambuscades about Giller, whither his tenants sent him provisions—bread, and butter, and cheese. Hans, not being personally

* *Valvassor Ehre von Erwin*. b. 3, cap. 28, p. 420-1. Also borrowed from oral tradition. —GRIMM.

acquainted with Johan Hübner, beat up all quarters in the land, and inquired of all he met for some tidings of him. At length he came to a smithy where all hands were busy shoeing horses, besides a vast number of waggon-wheels that stood round, and seemed to be in want of the blacksmith's finishing hand.

Leaning with his back against one of these was a man blind of an eye, and with an iron jerkin on his shoulders. Hans Flick directly made up to him and said, "God save thee, thou iron-jerkined jockey with only one eye! is not thy name Johan Hübner from Geissenberg?" "Johan Hübner!" replied the other, "why, Johan Hübner lies stretched upon the wheel!" which Hans directly took to allude to the infliction of his sentence—that of torture. "Was that lately?" he added to Hübner. "Yes, to-day for the first time," was the reply. Hans Flick, however, was not half satisfied, and kept his eye upon the man upon the wheel, as he had literally represented himself. The man soon took occasion to say in a low tone to the smith that he would have his horse shod with his shoes reversed, foremost end behind, for it would be best. This the smith did, and Johan Hübner rode away, observing to Hans as he went, "God save you, my brave boy! tell thy master that he should send old Faust after me. but no people who come lousing behind one's ear like thee!" Hans Flick stood still a moment and watched which way he rode over field and held into the wood, and away he rode after him to mark where the fox took to cover. When out of sight he took to his horse's track; but here he was soon at fault, for Hübner led him such a very roundabout and unsatisfactory chase, that shortly he was at a dead loss, as wherever he had gone forward there Hans was sure to turn back, not being in the secret of the shoes.

At last, however, one moonlight night Hans fell in with him in another place, where he was reposing on the heath with his followers, employed in watching stolen cattle in the wood. He directly hastened to acquaint Prince Christian, the black knight, with this discovery, who set out with his squires, travelling with speed night and morning, every rider having first bound his horse's shoes with moss. In this way they came close upon the robbers, sprang into the midst of them, and a fierce encounter ensued. The Black Christian and Hübner met, and they laid hard and heavy hand upon each other's iron helmets and jerkins. Loud was the clang and fast flowed the blood, until fortune decided against Johan Hübner, who lay dead under the black knight's feet, who then rode to take possession of his castle upon the Geissenberg.

They buried Hübner in a corner, and the prince having placed a vast pile of wood round the tower, contrived to bury it also in the ruins along with its master. The huge tower fell in the evening just as the villagers were milking their kine, and the whole surrounding district trembled at the fall. Many of the stones are yet to be seen lying at the foot of the mountain. And Johan Hübner is even now said often to appear about midnight, being known by his blind eye, and seated on a coal-black steed, which he rides up and down the rampart.*

JOHAN VON PASSAU.

IT is related by Martin Luther that a certain nobleman had once a young and beautiful wife, whom he had the misfortune to lose, and he buried her. A short time afterwards, as the baron and his page were sleeping in the same chamber, there came during the night the spirit of his deceased lady, who leaned over her lord's bed as if she were in the act of conversing with him. This was witnessed only by the page, who saw her also come a second time, and then, unable to disguise his fears, he inquired of his master what was the reason of a woman's figure arrayed in white garments appearing every night at his bedside. His lord replied by saying that he was in the habit of sleeping all night long, and that he had seen nothing. But on the ensuing night he kept himself awake, as well as his page, and behold! his deceased wife made her appearance. Her lord inquired who she was and what it was she wanted. She said she was his own wife, his faithful housewife. He then inquired, "Are you not now dead and buried?" She answered, "Yes! it was on account of your curses and your many sins that I died, and was compelled to die; but if you be sincere in your wish to have me restored to you, I may again become your faithful housewife." Her husband answered that he should be content provided she could do so. She then explained to him and forewarned him that he must not curse as he had before done, for that then she would again be doomed to die. He promised that he would not; and she was restored to his arms as formerly, managed his house, ate and drank at his table, and bore him several children.

Afterwards it happened that her husband was one day entertaining a few guests, and having supped, he requested his wife to bring some excellent gingerbread they had from a little chest in another room. It was some time before she returned, when her husband, becoming impatient, uttered the fatal curse, and she disappeared in a moment. Thinking she had gone out again, he went and sought for her in her chamber, but she was not there. There indeed he found part of the dress she had on; the other part had disappeared, a small portion only being met with in the chest over which she had been leaning, but his wife was nowhere to be found, and was never again seen.*

THE MAGIC GLASS.

THERE were two lovers, both nobly born and beautiful, and passionately attached to each other; but they were unable to obtain the consent of the young lady's stepmother to their union, whose influence was all-powerful, which was the source of the deepest affliction to both. Now, it happened that there was an old spawwife who had access to the house, and soon perceiving the cause of the lady's sorrow, she accosted her thus: "Be comforted, fair girl, for what you have most at heart will yet be brought to pass." Happy

* Luther's *Tisch. Reden*. Pratorius *Wellbeschr.* 2. 33-7-8. *Wendunmut.* v. 312, n. 256.

at hearing these words, so boldly said, the lady inquired how she could assure her of that. "Why, young woman," returned the old lady, "that is a gift, the gift of Heaven, to see into future things, so that your destiny can no more be hidden from me than many other affairs. To convince you, I will not only tell, but I will show you everything so clearly in a glass that you will have reason to praise my art. Yet we must choose a time when your parents are fit at home, and then you shall see a wonder."

The young lady waited somewhat impatiently until her parents went on a visit to a country seat. She then went directly to her brother's tutor, said she was going to have her fortune told, and requested him to accompany her, and stand by while she looked into the fatal glass. At first he tried to dissuade her, on the ground of its unlawfulness and mischievous tendency, such inquiries being frequently followed by very bad effects. His dissuasions, however, were in vain, she remained firm in her resolution, and by her earnest prayers even prevailed upon him to attend her. When they entered into the place, they found the old hag busily engaged in taking out her conjuring apparatus and preparing for her incantations. She seemed to dislike the appearance of a second person, and easily saw the slight estimation in which she was held by the lady's friend. Upon this she displayed a large blue silk kerchief, covered with figures of dragons, snakes, and other monsters, which she spread over the table, and upon it placed a green glazed shawl. She next brought a gold silk cloth, and finally upon this she laid a pretty large crystal globe, but concealed under a fine white silk covering. Then while making the strangest evolutions in the world, she murmured forth some unintelligible words, and this being done with a singular expression of awe, she approached the crystal globe, took it fearfully in her hands, and beckoning the lady and her conductor to the window where she stood, she pointed ominously to the prospect beyond.

At first they could see nothing, but gradually there appeared, as if rising out of the globe, the form of a lady arrayed in a rich bridal dress. Yet, noble as her features were, they had a shade of deep anxiety and sorrow, her complexion was deadly pale, such as no eye could rest upon without the spectator feeling a strong emotion of pity. The young lady beheld her own likeness, and shrieked with terror, for it grew larger and larger, as her lover approached her from the opposite side—not the noble and attractive being she had beheld, but with fierce and enraged aspect, calculated only to inspire dread. He appeared as if come from a sudden journey, both booted and spurred, and wore a grey mantle with gold clasps. He bore two newly furnished pistols in his belt; one of which he seized and pointed at his heart, the other was directed at the lady's forehead. The spectators, though scarcely able to sustain the sight, saw further he snapped the pistol held to the lady's temples, and they heard a low and plaintive echo in the distance. Such was the horror they then endured, that they stood riveted to the spot; until recovering a little, with weak and trembling steps they left the old hag's apartment, who appeared almost as much terrified as themselves.

In fact, she had not herself foreseen the full extent of the impending evils to ensue. Dreading the consequences, she hastily packed up the fatal instruments of her art, disappeared, and was no longer heard of. Yet disastrous as such a destiny appeared, it was unable to extinguish the passion felt by the young lady for the object of her choice. Love was stronger than death, and her sole safety lay in the determination of her parents to refuse their sanction to the marriage. Yet, strange! she now more than ever sought to obtain it, not only by tears and entreaties, but by the most resolute threats and denunciations, if it were longer withheld. These, however, were met by still more determined and effectual measures, and her stepmother at length succeeded in compelling her to yield her hand to a certain court favourite who resided near and had long solicited her love. The day was fixed, and her sufferings were now truly pitiable, while the despair of her refused lover was equal to her own.

Her nuptials were to be celebrated in the most splendid style,—a throng of noble and fashionable persons, not excepting princes, graced the occasion. The bride was conducted in the princess's own carriage with six horses, attended by her nearest relatives, and by knights and outriders, followed by a grand procession. The rejected lover was not ignorant of these proceedings, and with the madness of despair he swore never to leave her alive in the arms of his rival. He procured a pair of the best pistols, intending first to kill the bride, and with the second to shoot himself. The place where he took his station was only about ten or twelve yards from the path by which the bride would have to pass in going to the church, whence he could perceive everything that passed. He watched the gorgeous array of carriages and riders, attended by an immense procession of people, approach nearer and nearer, seized his opportunity, and pushing his way as close to the bride's vehicle as possible, fired into it. But the shot passed too soon to reach its object, and only caught the head-dress of another noble lady who was leaning forward. The latter falling into a swoon, the criminal, while they were occupied with her, succeeded in making his escape through a back door of the house, from which he issued, while all hastened to afford assistance to the wounded lady. He next swam over a small river which obstructed his way, and eluded all pursuit.

The affrighted bride having somewhat recovered the shock, the procession was ordered to move on, and the nuptial ceremony was solemnized in all due form. But her heart was ill at rest, her thoughts wandered back to the images seen in the crystal globe, and the dreaded result stood fresh impressed upon her mind. Her hateful destiny too was before her; her marriage, indeed, proved unfortunate, for her consort was a harsh narrow-minded man, who treated her extremely ill. Yet resigning herself to her fate, she ever led a chaste and virtuous life; presented him with one lovely child, on which she lavished her tenderest care; but she did not long survive.*

* *Yoh. Rüst Zeitverkürzung*, c. 225, fol. *Erasm. Francisci Sitten Spiegel*, pp. 64, fol. *Brauner's Curiositäten*, c. 72, 80.

THE DEVIL TURNED PLEADER.

IT happened in the Mark, that a certain soldier having a sum of money by him, entrusted it to the care of his host. When leaving his house, he requested to have it returned, but the landlord denied having received any such money. The soldier, justly incensed, used many bold oaths, and set the house in a storm, while the other contented himself with sending for the police, and threatened to have him well chastised for disturbing the peace and credit of his house. Here was a fine opportunity, and the devil visited the soldier in his prison, and said to him, "To-morrow they will take you before the judge, and they will undoubtedly have your head for defamation of the host, and assaulting him as you did, breaking the peace, and hurting the credit of his house. In this dilemma, if you will consent to be mine body and soul, I will rescue you from danger." But the soldier would not consent. "Then," said the devil, "do this: when you shall be brought up for trial, and they begin to press you hard, and call upon you to defend yourself, give out that you are no speaker, say not a word, and they will grant you a pleader to state your case. Then look round, and you will see me standing in a blue bonnet and white feather, and I will manage the affair." Now, all this occurred, and when the landlord stoutly denied the soldier's accusation before all the court, his counsel in the blue bonnet stepped forth. "My good host," he cried, "how can you stick to that lie? the money is now lying under the bolster of your bed. Let the judge and sheriffs order search to be made, and they will even find it to be so."

Then the landlord swore an oath and exclaimed, "If I ever meddled with the money may the devil carry me in a whirlwind away!" But soon when the money was found and brought into court, the counsel with blue bonnet and white feather said, "I knew well enough I should have one of them, either the host or his guest;" with which words he twisted the landlord's neck out, and disappeared with him through the air.*

REBUNDUS IN THE CATHEDRAL AT LUBECK.

WHenever, in old times, a reverend canon of Lubeck was about to exchange worlds, satiated with the good things of this, he was sure that morning of finding a white rose under the cushion of his chair in the choir. Hence it was very naturally the practice of the said ecclesiastic to turn it over, the first thing he did, to see whether this grave symbol of his departure was lying there or not in the morning.

Now, it so happened that one of these canons named Rebundus, turning over the cushion of his chair, was shocked to behold the fatal signal: it was worse than a bed of thorns, and instead of sitting down upon it, he took the rose and dexterously stuck it under the cushion of

* *D. Mengering, Soldaten Teufel*, cap. 8, c. 153.

a brother canon, who, however, had already satisfied himself that it was not under his chair. Rebundus then inquired with a careless air whether he had looked under his chair; to which the other replied that he had. But continued Rebundus, "Are you sure you have examined it well? for if I am not deceived, there is something white just appearing under where you sit." Upon this the other canon threw up his cushion to convince him he was wrong, when there lay the rose. Yet he stoutly maintained that it could not belong to him, for just before he had looked sharp enough to have found it if it had been there. Saying this, he took and stuck it again under Rebundus's cushion, but he swore vehemently that he had no right to it; he would have nothing to do with it, and threw it back. In this way, bitterly reviling each other, it passed from hand to hand. They were waxing still more wroth, as the chapter bell rang for matins; while Rebundus still continued to asseverate in the strongest manner that the rose was none of his. Exasperated beyond all patience, the other cried out, "May the Lord in heaven grant that he who is in the wrong may from this time forth himself be made the signal instead of this rose, and make such a clatter in his grave to the very last day, that our canons may always know when they are going to die!"

But Rebundus, considering all this as mere rant, said in a laughing tone, "Be it so! Amen, amen!" Rebundus, however, was the next canon that died; and sure enough, before another followed, a terrible noise and knocking were heard, and repeated as often as a canon died. "Rebundus is beginning to be very restless," was the usual saying when one of them was taken very ill: "we shall lose our good canon —!" For it was no slight noise he made: he gave three resounding strokes upon the top of his long broad gravestone, about as loud as a thunderbolt or half a dozen waggons discharging coal. At the third stroke a loud echo sounds through the vault, along the aisles and through the whole of the church, so as to be heard even in the adjoining houses.

One Sunday morning during service he made so terrible a clatter as fairly to shake the iron railing over the vault almost into pieces, just as if it had been shivered by a thunderbolt. This made a strong impression upon the congregation, and at the third stroke all the people began to run out of the church, imagining that it was about to fall upon their heads. The preacher, however, exhorted them to keep their ground, for that there was no cause for fear, if they would only stand firm and join in prayer, it being merely a bad spirit at work with the devil's hammer on a Sunday; in this way it was intended to disturb the solemnity in which they were engaged; but it was the more necessary to despise so weak an attempt and strengthen their faith.

In a few weeks, however, from this time, died the good deacon's son, for Rebundus was in the habit of knocking also when any of the good ecclesiastic's relations were about to exchange worlds.*

* Friedlieb's *Medulla Theologica*. *Erasm. Francisci holl. Proteus*, 1007, 1065; also from oral tradition.

THE GALLOWS' GUESTS.



CERTAIN landlord, resident in a stately city, happened to be travelling in company with two wine merchants over the vine mountains, where they had been purchasing a stock of wine, towards home. Their way lay by some gibbets, where three unlucky wights were hanging who had been executed many years ago. Then one of the merchants observed, "Thou villain host, these three companions of thine, hanging here, have often been thy guests!" "Ho, ho!" cried the host, as if greatly offended, "you are mighty merry; but I think they will hardly have the pleasure of supping with me to-night!" What came to pass? When our good host arrived, and was helped from his horse, he went and sat down in the bar, yet he was evidently very uneasy; he went to his own room—grew worse, but was unable to call. Just then in stepped the boy for the boots, and found his master sitting half dead upon a chair. He called for assistance, and when his wife had succeeded in recovering him a little by dint of strong salts and pinches, she inquired what was the matter with him. He then acquainted her that during his ride he had in sport invited the three felons in chains to sup with him, and that on going into his room he had found them seated, and they came up to shake hands with him, just as he had before seen them suspended aloft. "They sat down to table, and winked to me that I should join them; but when Boots just now came in they all three vanished." The whole of this was thought to be the effect of an intoxicated imagination, which had cast a retrospective eye over his sins, and conjured up the forms he saw. He convinced people, however, that it was no such thing, by taking to his bed, and dying three days afterwards.

HILDEGARD.



HE Emperor Charles, going upon a campaign, was compelled to leave the side of his beautiful bride Hildegard, who remained behind at his palace. During his absence, his stepbrother, named Taland, attempted to seduce the affections of his lovely consort; but, as virtuous as she was beautiful, she resisted all his arts, resolving that she would rather die than submit to stain the honour of her absent lord. But being unprotected, she feigned to listen to his wishes, declaring that when he could present her with a more elegant apartment than that she now occupied, he should take her there. Taland instantly gave orders for the completion of a beautiful and richly-decorated bridal chamber with three grand doors, well secured, and one day invited the fair queen to accompany him to see it. Hildegard affected to obey him, and following him to the spot, she requested him to show her the way and enter first. He sprang forward with a gratified and respectful air; and the next moment the door closed behind him, fast locked and bolted, without the lovely queen. "Here," she cried, "you are my prisoner until my husband's return;" and the queen then went away. And there, sure enough, she kept the gallant gentleman until the emperor returned from his victorious campaign over the Saxons; and then, for

the first time, taking pity upon him, she listened to his sighs and prayers, believing that she had now inflicted sufficient punishment on his folly, and ordered him to be released.

When he first came to pay his respects to the emperor, the latter inquired what made him look so very pale and thin. "The cause," replied the wily Taland; "is in the wicked and abandoned conduct of her you call your queen. When she found that I was inclined to keep too watchful an eye over her during your absence, and that she could give loose to no excesses or extravagances, she had a new building erected for the purpose of confining me." Beholding his emaciated form, the emperor gave credit to his words, and incensed at the imaginary wickedness and hypocrisy of his queen, he secretly commanded some of his attendants to throw her into the sea. But the queen had time to make her escape and concealed herself in the house of one of her friends. Being discovered, however, the king gave fresh orders for her death. For this purpose she was conducted into a wood; but she encountered on the way a certain noble belonging to the family of Freudenburgh, who was then hastening with a message from the Countess Adelgund to her sister Hildegard. Learning the extreme peril in which she was, he rescued her from the hands of her vile attendants, and gave them one of his hounds, which they killed, and exhibited its blood to the emperor as a proof of their fidelity to his orders.

Queen Hildegard, having being thus fortunately rescued, joined the company of a noble lady whose name was Rosina von Bodmer, on her way to Rome. Soon she obtained great reputation for her skill in medicine, an art she had exercised during her whole life. In the meanwhile Heaven struck the impious Taland with sudden blindness and leprosy. No one could afford him any relief, till at length he heard that there then resided a celebrated doctress at Rome who cured all kinds of infirmities. As the emperor happened to be journeying towards Rome, Taland joined his train, and on his arrival visited the celebrated lady, acquainted her with his name, and entreated her to try her best skill for his restoration to health. He had no suspicion that the lady he was then addressing was the much-injured queen. The latter declared that he must apply to the priest for relief, confess his sins, and repent; and that then probably she could afford him the assistance he desired. Taland went to confession, and again returned to the lady, no other than the queen, who restored him to perfect health. Both the pope and the king were greatly astonished at this proof of her art, and ordered her to be introduced into their presence. She excused herself by saying that the day following she was engaged to attend the church of St. Peter's. Thither too they went, and it was then that she made herself known to them, and related the whole of her wonderful adventures, and how she had been betrayed, all which the king listened to and acknowledged with feelings of high gratification. He received her with joy, and restored her to her former rank and place in his affections, while he adjudged the false Taland to death. The queen, however, so strongly interceded in his behalf, that his life was granted, though he sank into the utmost contempt and humiliation.*

* *Annales Campidomenses. Nic. Frischini Commedia. Hildegardis Magna. Das Alt Gedicht Crescentia.*

LOTHAR.*

THE ARCH-ROGUE.

HERE once lived, years ago, a man known only by the name of the Arch-Rogue. By dint of skill in the black art and all arts of imposition he drove a more flourishing trade than all the rest of the sorcerers of his age. It was his delight to travel from one country to another merely to play upon mankind, and no living soul was secure, either in house or field, nor could properly call them his own.

Now, his great reputation for these speedy methods of possessing himself of others' property excited the envy of a certain king of a certain country, who considered them as no less than an invasion of his royal prerogative. He could not sleep a wink, and he dispatched troops of soldiers, one after another, with strict orders to arrest him; but all their researches had been in vain. At length after long meditation the king said to himself, "Only wait a little, thou villain cutpurse, and yet I will have thee!" So forthwith he issued a manifesto that the royal mercy would be extended to so light-fingered a genius, upon condition that he consented to appear at court, and give specimens of his dexterity for his majesty's amusement.

One afternoon as the king was standing at his royal window, commanding a fine prospect of woods and dales, over which a tempest appeared to be just then gathering, some one suddenly clapped him upon the shoulder, and on looking round he saw a very tall, stout, dark-whiskered man close behind him, who said, "Here I am!" "Who are you?" inquired the king. "He whom you look for!" The king uttered an exclamation of surprise, not unmixed with fear, at his amazing assurance, for he was quite alone, and he looked a little dashed. The stranger observing this, said, "Don't be alarmed! only keep your word with me, and I will prove myself quite obedient to your orders, and keep the peace."

This being agreed, the king acquainted his royal consort and the whole court that the great sleight of hand genius had discovered himself; and soon in a full assembly his majesty proceeded to question him. "And mark what I say," he added, "nor venture to dispute one of my orders. To begin: do you see yon rustic not far from the wood, busy ploughing the field?" The conjuror nodded assent. "Then go," continued the king, "go and rob him of his plough and oxen, without his knowing anything about it." At the same time he flattered himself that this was not possible, nor conceived how he could possibly set about it in the face of open day; in which case, thought he, I have him in my power, and will make him smart for it.

* The above is the Author's assumed name. His work is entitled "German Traditions and Tales, with Specimens of those of other Nations," Leipzig, 1820. A number of his international comparisons and illustrations are curious; but too much at length, in the style of dissertations, to admit of insertion here.

The conjuror proceeded to the spot; and as the storm appeared to increase, the rain beginning to pour down in torrents, the countryman, letting his oxen rest, ran under a tree for shelter until the rain should have ceased. Just then he heard a jolly singing in the wood; such a glorious song he had never before heard in his life. In fact, he felt wonderfully enlivened; and as the weather continued to look quite dull and sulky, he said to himself, "Well, where's the harm if I take a glass? Yes, I must see what sport is stirring there." And away he slipped into the wood, still farther and farther, in search of the jovial songster, until he followed his nose so long that he could neither see nor hear anything of it at all.

In the meanwhile the conjuror, that wicked songster in the wood, was not idle. He changed places with the rustic, taking care of the oxen while their master went singing through the wood; and darting out of the thicket, in a few moments he had slashed off the oxen's ears and tails, and stuck them, half hidden, in the ploughman's last furrow. He then drove off the beasts pretty sharply towards the palace. In a short time the rustic found his way out of the wood; looks towards the spot for his oxen, and can see nothing. Then searching on all sides in the utmost anxiety, he finally comes to examine his last furrow, and beholds—oh, horror!—the ears and tails of his poor beasts stretched upon the ground! Imagining that the thunderbolt must have struck and the earth swallowed them up, he poured forth a most dismal lamentation over his lot, roaring aloud till the woods echoed to the sound. When he was tired he bethought himself of running home to find a pick and a spade to dig his unlucky oxen out of the earth again as quickly as possible.

As he went he was met by the king and the conjuror, who inquired the occasion of his piteous lamentations. "My oxen, my poor oxen!" cried the boor, and then related all that had happened to him, entreating them to go with him to the place to witness the disaster. The conjuror then said, "Why don't you try whether you can pull the oxen out again by the horns or by the tail?" With this the rustic, running back, seized one of the tails, and pulling with all his might, it gave way and he fell upon his back. "Thou hast pulled thy beast's tail off," said the conjuror: "try if thou canst succeed better with his horns; if not, thou must even dig for them." Again he pitched himself down in the attempt, while the king laughed very heartily at the sight. But as the worthy man now appeared excessively troubled at his misfortunes, the king promised him another pair of oxen, and the rustic was content.

"You have made good your boast," said the king to the conjuror, as they returned to the palace; "but now you will have to deal with a more difficult job, so muster your wit and courage. To-night you must steal my favourite charger out of his stable, and let nobody know who it is." So, thought the king, I have trapped him at last, for he will never be able to outwit my master of the horse, and all my grooms to boot. To make the matter sure, the king ordered a strong guard under one of his most careful officers to be placed round the stable court. They were armed with stout battleaxes, and were enjoined every half-hour to give the word, and pace alternately through the court. In the royal stables

others had the like duty to perform, while the master of the horse himself was to ride the favourite steed the whole time, having been presented by the king with a gold snuff-box, from which he was to take ample pinches in order to keep himself awake, and to give signal by a loud sneeze that he was awake. He was also armed with a heavy sword, with which he was to knock the thief upon the head when he approached.

The rogue first arrayed himself in the master of the bedchamber's clothes, without his leave. About midnight he proceeded to join the guards, furnished with different kinds of rich wine, saying that the king had sent him to thank them for their cheerful compliance with his orders, that the impostor was already secured, and that his master now permitted them to take a glass, and not to give the word quite so loudly, as her majesty had not been able to close her eyes. He then marched into the stables, where he found the master of the horse still astride of the royal charger, busily taking snuff and sneezing every now and then. The master of the bedchamber poured him out a sparkling glass, to drink to his majesty's health, who had sent it; and it looked quite too excellent to resist. Both master and guards then began to jest over the Arch-Rogue's fate, taking, like good subjects, repeated draughts—all to his majesty's health. They soon began to experience the soporific effects: they gaped and stretched, sank gradually upon the ground, and fell asleep. The master, by dint of fresh pinches, however, was the last to yield; but he too now blinked, stopped the horse, which he had kept upon a good walk, and said, "I am so confoundedly sleepy, I can hold it no longer: take you care of the charger for a moment, bind him fast to his stall, and just keep watch." Having uttered these words, he fell like a heavy sack of corn upon the floor, and snored aloud. The mighty conjuror took his place upon the horse, gave him whip and spur, and away he galloped through the slumbering guards, through the court gates, and whistled as he went.

Early in the morning the king, eager to learn the result, hastened to his royal mews, and was a little surprised to find the whole of his guards fast asleep upon the ground; but he saw nothing of his charger. "What is to do here?" he cried in a loud voice; "get up! rouse, you idle varlets!" At last one of them opening his eyes, cried out, "The king! the king!" "Ay, true enough, I am here," replied his majesty, "but my favourite horse is gone. Speak! answer on the instant!" While the affrighted wretches, calling one to another, rubbed their heavy eyes, the king was examining the stalls once more, and stumbling over his master of the horse, turned and gave him some pretty hearty cuffs about the ears. But he only turned upon the other side and grumbled a little: "Let me alone, you rascal! my royal master's horse is not for you." "Rascal!" then exclaimed the insulted king, "do you know who it is?" and he was just about to call his attendants, when he heard hasty footsteps, and the conjuror stood before him. He was laughing very heartily, and said, "My liege, I have just returned from an airing on your noble horse; he is indeed a fine animal, but once or so I was obliged to give him the switch."

The king felt excessively vexed at the rogue's success; yet he was the more resolved to hit upon something that should bring his fox's skin

into jeopardy at last. So he thought, and the next day addressed him thus : "Thy third trial is now about to take place, and if you are clever enough to carry it through, you shall not only have your life and liberty, but a handsome allowance to boot. In the other case you know your fate. Now listen ! This very night I command you to rob my queen consort of her bridal ring, to steal it from her finger, and let no one know the thief or the way of thieving." Thought the king to himself, "Now at least I have caught him ; for this is not possible, for how can he devise any means ? Well, we shall see."

When night approached, his majesty caused all the doors in the palace to be fast closed, and a guard to be set at each. He himself, instead of retiring to rest, took his station, well armed, close to the queen's couch upon an easy chair.

It was a moonlight night ; and about two in the morning the king plainly heard a ladder reared up against the window, and the soft step of a man mounting it, and just as he had reached the top and looked in, the king said, "Let fall !" and the next moment the outside shutter gave way, and something fell with a terrible crash to the ground. "Wit !" exclaimed the king, and ran down into the court, telling his consort he was going to see whether the conjuror had died of the fall ! No, he was not dead, but quite as whole and brisk as ever ; for he had only dropped a dead body which he had stolen from the gallows into the court below. The moment he heard the king's steps upon the staircase, he replaced the ladder, mounted, and going into the chamber, said in the king's voice, "Yes, he is stone dead, so you may now go quietly to sleep, only hand me here your marriage ring, it is too costly and precious to trust it, while you are asleep, in bed." The queen here imagining it was her royal consort, instantly gave her diamond ring without the least suspicion, and in a moment the conjuror was off through the window with it on his finger. Directly after the king came back. "At last," he said, "I have indeed carried the joke too far. I have repaid him ; he is lying there as dead as a door nail ; he will plague us no more !" "I know that already ; you have told me exactly the same thing twice over, though I think it a little hard that you should have required me to give up my ring." "How came you to know anything of that ?" inquired his majesty. "How ? from yourself, to be sure," replied his consort : "you informed me the conjuror was dead, and then you asked me for my marriage ring." "I ask for the ring !" exclaimed the king, "then I suppose you must have given it to him !" continued his majesty in a tone of great indignation ; "and is it even so at last ? By all the saints ! this is one of the most confounded unmanageable rascals in existence ; I never knew anything equal to it ;" and he then informed the queen of the whole affair, though before he arrived at the conclusion of his narration she was fast asleep.

Soon after it was light in the morning, the wily conjuror made his appearance ; he bowed to the earth three times before the queen, and presented her with the treasure he had purloined. The king, though excessively chagrined, could not refrain laughing at this sight, adding, "Now hear, thou king of arch-rogues : I only caught a sight of you through my fingers as you were coming, or you would never have come

off so well. As it is, however, let all old grudges be forgiven and forgotten. Only take up your residence for a time at my court, taking care at the same time that you do not carry your jokes too far; in which case I might find myself compelled, if nothing worse, to withdraw my favour from you."

CASTLE CHRISTBURG.

IT was many years after the famous Tir-hill fight,* so fatal to the then existing order of German knighthood, when the magnificent and beautiful castle† of Christburg, not far from the city of Dantzic, was laid in a heap of ruins, and so many noble families were compelled to seek a foreign soil, that a poor mendicant, "all tattered and torn," sought refuge under its decayed walls from the bitter blasts. Being unacquainted with the current reports, which bestowed a legion of spirits upon the old uninhabited vaults and other remnants of its former splendour, he built himself a little hut close upon the castle site, where he intended to close his earthly pilgrimage. Daily and duly, however, he continued to practise his old profession, begging alms in the neighbourhood, and frequently returning richly laden with bread-crusts to his solitary dwelling.

About a year had passed over his head, when in one of his evening rambles among the castle ruins, he remarked a light glimmering through the bushes which overspread its time-worn walls. Indulging no notions of a supernatural kind, he stood still, and peeped through an opening into the vaults below.

There in a spacious and lofty cellar he saw a large table, covered with well-filled pitchers, bumpers, and bowls. His mouth watered at the delicious sight. "There is neither butler nor lacquey that I see," said he to himself, "and who else is likely to refuse me a good draught?" So he quickly found out the door, which had a latch like any other door, and he opened it. Mounting a few steps, he entered into the drinking-room, which was only just light enough for him to see. Other steps at the end of it led into the vaults, which were very dark, and made him a little uncomfortable; but a row of vats stood before him, and he was content.

And behold! he found he was not quite alone; a respectable old man sat at a table in one corner, apparently employed in reckoning. Supposing he had now met with the owner, the intruder saluted him, entreating that he would afford him one glass of wine.

"Yes," answered the man, "drink! take as much as will agree with you, and come again in the morning." His mild manners took the fancy of his guest; he filled a glass of wine, which he four times repeated, and inquired as he went out if he might really venture there again.

"Yes," was the reply, "come when you please, seven times a week; but not twice a day. Be discreet and hold your tongue; you are a lucky fellow."

* The battle took place in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

† In some traditions it is mentioned under the name of the Banned or Cursed Castle.—*Lot.*

The beggar went and came again ; regaled himself and drank so much during the next seven days, that he had cause to fear it was beginning to make inroads upon his constitution. He then bethought himself of taking only half of his daily allowance and keeping the rest for sale, with the proceeds of which he might buy fresh food and raiment.

A mendicant selling wine was rather a rare sight in the city. His purchasers laughed ; all were eager to have a taste, and declaring that it was drink for the gods, they showed him the way to the town-house, for it was too good for the palates of ordinary citizens, and the patricians could afford him a good price. So he willingly went. The alderman emptied his pitcher, and requesting him to get more of the exact flavour, promised not to haggle with him about the price.

As often as he went with a fresh supply he obtained the same handsome reward ; but towards the fifth day they began to inquire as to the source of so rich a spring. His vow of silence luckily occurred to the beggar ; he began to invent a story ; but as they threatened to chastise him if he did not reveal the whole truth, he threw his pitcher at the alderman's head, and ran as fast as his heels could carry him.

When he next paid a visit to the cellar, it appeared that the old wine merchant who sat reckoning in the corner was acquainted with all that had passed. "Look to yourself," he said to the beggar, "for they are in pursuit. In fact, they have spied you out, but they will not come here again."

They had indeed caught a glimpse of him as he entered the ruins ; they followed, but their reception was such that, half dead with fright, they had no inclination to proceed. For his pursuers, the moment they reached the awful precincts of the castle, beheld a solemn funeral procession, that rose like an exhalation from the ground, advancing before them, until, seized with an agony of fear, they turned back, reached the city with some difficulty, took to their beds, and died.

This shocking occurrence, to which the voice of the people added fresh terrors, placed the beggarman in perfect security. He lived unmolested in his hut, drank his wine, forgot that he was a poor mendicant, and by comparing old and new dates, thought himself a very lucky fellow.

One day there joined his company just such another miserably clad wretch as he had once been. He had been equally roughly handled in the world, had nowhere to lay his head, and his good brother, uncorrupted by his late prosperity, humanely offered him a share of his own roof. In fact, he took him into partnership ; they beat up the neighbouring districts in different directions, made common stock of their net proceeds, and their firm continued for a considerable time. Nothing, however, was said to the new partner respecting the wine.

But one evening, returning home earlier than usual with a well-filled scrip, he heard as he came nearer loud sounds of revelry and mirth ; he thought a whole party must be assembled somewhere in the vicinity ; one voice, at least, was in full key. He found the door and windows open, as he drew nigh ; and all this loud jubilee came from within, as if intended to be heard through the country far and wide. He entered and found no one besides his old friend ; all the sounds of revelry were

his ; his countenance was lighted up with joy, his eyes sparkled, he sang, and two flasks stood between his knees, one empty, and the other full of wine. "Welcome, old boy !" he cried, as his friend came in ; "sit you down here !—drink, and sing a song for once in your life ! I am richer, man, than all the red cross knights in Germany that ever flouredished !" In silent astonishment the old man seated himself, drank as he was bidden, and soon began to sing. The other flask was speedily emptied ; and after this good drinking bout, both fell asleep. The new partner dreamed only of the oddity of finding so rich a beverage in so poor a place ; and the first question he asked himself when he awaked was, Where the deuce does he get it from ? His friend being still asleep, he searched his pockets, and examined every article in the house, to get, if possible, into the secret. All in vain ; yet the next day, the next, and the next, the flask was always full ; he looked, he inquired from his friend, but could get no satisfactory answer, more than "The butler has forbidden me to say a word about it ; he gave it me."

But the curious old fellow was dying to know the secret, and determined to keep a sharp look-out. With this view he had recourse to an old stratagem : just as they were going to take a glass, he suddenly fell down in a fit, began to kick and make mouths ; till getting under the table, he gave it such a hearty jog as quite upset the whole drinking apparatus, and every drop of wine was lost. During the continuance of his fit he took good heed of everything his friend did ; who, thinking it a good opportunity to obtain a new supply before the old man recovered, took a key out of his pocket, and went. He was no sooner gone than up sprang his friend, and glided softly after him. It was already dusk, and he had some difficulty to keep him in sight, till with the help of the moon he saw him enter the old castle, and actually disappear down one of the vaults. He had now like to have fallen into a real fit ; the ruins gleamed awfully upon his sight. Yet he had reached the entrance, his foot was upon the first step ; he went on through the overhanging shrubs, and he saw his partner, not far off, unlock a small door. He saw a light glimmering at a distance, and when the door opened it became still more visible ; but, he had scarcely gone a few steps farther towards the door, when it slammed to, with a hideous noise, and not without catching the old inquisitive beggar a pretty sharp hit on the elbow. At this he made a sad outcry, which echoed along the inner vaults ; a figure was seen going up the steps, and the old man in an agony of fear, leaving the skirt of his coat fast in the doorway, ran off quicker than he ever ran in his life, and only looking once round to see if he was pursued, he at length reached the hut, more dead than alive. Resuming a little courage with the return of light, and anxious for his friend's safety, the old beggar determined to visit the ruins, being now broad day, in search of him. He found the way, and came to the bushes which he had passed the evening before ; but he could nowhere discover the little door : the whole scene appeared to have been changed. Thinking he must have missed the way, he wandered up and down the ruins ; yet all his researches proved vain. Perceiving it was now near sunset, he began to be alarmed, and set off home at full speed, the speed of an old beggar-

man. He now came to the resolution of venturing no more near the fatal spot, but continued to beg honestly in the neighbourhood.

A year had elapsed, and it was the eve of St. Martin's Day. Once more, as formerly, seated upon the same spot where he had last been regaled by his lost partner, a victim to his fatal expedition, sat the old beggarman. Twilight was already coming on, when lo! the door opened, and in walked a figure of which he had some faint recollection; he fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, and ran towards him: it was his old friend. "What! is it possible?" cried he, "is it indeed you?" "It is, sir, sure enough," replied the other; "the same who took you into partnership and gave you shelter here. And yet you were so very ungrateful and unreasonable as to upset all my wine in return—a plague upon your fits—and thus compelled me to get into a horrid scrape, by disobeying the butler's commands."

The strange beggar then related all he had seen, how he had spent a whole year with the spirits of the under world, been initiated in all their secrets, and condemned to learn the most hard and frightful lessons of their power. At length, to his great relief, he was informed that the day of his release was at hand; that he must instantly depart, and acquaint the upper world with the secrets he had seen.*

* Both these adventurous beggars are said to have once formed a part of the council at Dantzic, but to have subsequently lost their property, and been subjected to the severest privations. The oldest of these lame gentlemen, known by the name of Thomas Penny, was exceedingly disliked by the people, and on one occasion, in a grand row, he was literally thrown out of the window into the street, by which he became a veritable cripple. It was currently reported of him in Dantzic that he had there displayed an immense heap of copper coin, but so badly executed in the mint as to have given rise to the nickname of Penny's Money, an appellation which, we are aware, has been retained to the present day. To this we may add the origin of the term sterling, to complete the primitive descent of pounds as well as of pence.

In the time of Richard I. money coined in the east parts of Germany came into special request in England, on account of its purity, and was called Easterling Money, as all the inhabitants of those parts were called Easterlings. Soon after some of those people skilled in coining were sent for to London, to bring the coin to perfection, which was soon called Sterling from Easterling. King Edward I. established a certain standard for the silver coin of England; but no gold was coined until the reign of Edward III., who, in the year 1329, caused several pieces to be coined, called *Florentes*, because they were coined by Florentines. Afterwards he coined *Nobles*, current at 6s. 8d., and half-nobles, at 3s. 4d., called half-pennies of gold; and quarters, at 1s. 8d., called farthings of gold. The succeeding kings coined rose nobles, and double rose nobles, great sovereigns, and half-Henry nobles, angels, and shillings. James I. coined unites, double crowns, and Britain crowns, shillings, sixpences, and inferior pieces. Charles II. converted most of the ancient gold coins into guineas.

FREDERICK BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.*

FEW modern writers of Germany have become greater favourites with the English reading public, or have received more gratifying proofs of its admiration in numerous versions from their productions, than the author of the following specimens. For many years past, indeed, his name has been familiar to us, no less through the medium of our contemporary journals, than by distinct translations of such of his ingenious and fanciful effusions as have acquired for him most celebrity with his own countrymen.

Among these last may be enumerated the tale recently so much admired, entitled "The Magic Ring," of which a very pleasing and able version has just appeared; the romance of "Undine," presented to us along with a few other of his shorter pieces by the pen of Mr. Soane, to which German prose fiction has been so largely indebted; and not least, the wonderful "History of Mr. Peter Schlemihl" (a tale said to be only edited, however, by the Baron), from the hand of one who has conferred so many obligations upon the poetical literature of various nations. To these versions, which are written much in the spirit of their original, mention might here be added of a variety of ingenious articles, accompanied by as excellent specimens, contained in the pages of a northern magazine, from the hand of one of its former editors, a gentleman long conversant with the language and literature of Germany. To him and to his able associates, indeed, much praise is due from the most learned scholars (as well as the novelists) of the north, whose enlarged spirit of critical research into the writings of our own illustrious countrymen they have at once so justly appreciated and replied to, both in their criticisms and in their translations from works of the most profound research and approved merit, of the Schlegels, the Richters, and the Ehlenschlägers of the age.

Nor are their opinions concerning the peculiar merits and characteristics of the author before us among the least valuable portion of their labours,—characteristics so admirably illustrated and developed as to leave little either novel or necessary to be added to the subject. Respecting his graceful and attractive manner of embodying and adorning some of the most favourite old traditions of his country there does not appear to be any diversity of feeling, any more than on the high degree of fancy, of pathos, and of art, with which, out of such simple materials, he succeeds in composing pictures whose admirable expression of nature, and whose allegorical force and beauty, enchant at once the imagination and the heart. There is a consistency of plan, united to a sincerity of tone and earnestness of feeling, which cannot easily be mistaken for the qualities of any contemporary writer in the same class of fiction, and which have the effect of riveting down the attention even to the most wild and improbable portion of his stories.

In common with most great and popular novelists, the Baron's productions are of a very voluminous as well as a diversified character,

* *Neue Erzählungen, Kleine Romane*, 1817, 1818. *Wunderbuch*, conjointly with Apel and Laun. 1817.

embracing subjects of a dramatic as well as a poetical and romantic kind. A collection of the former, entitled, "*Dramatische Spiele*," was put forth by his learned contemporary, A. B. Schlegel, dated Berlin, 1804. There subsequently appeared his "*History of the noble Knight Galmy, and a beautiful Duchess of Bretagne*," a romance, 1806. "*Alwin*," a tale, 1808. "*Sigurd the Snake-slayer*," 1808. "*Hero of the North*," 1810-14. "*Eginhard and Emma*," 1811. "*Old National Dramas*," 1813. "*The Seasons*," 1811-15. "*Wilhelm Neuman*," "*The Muses*," &c., 1812. "*Undine*," 1814. Second ed. 1818. "*Peter Schlemihl's Wonderful History*, by A. Chamissow," 1814. "*Dramatic Poems for Germans*." "*The Love Singer*," a romance, 1814. "*Corona*," an heroic poem, 1814. "*Lady's Pocket-Book for 1815*," with plates. "*The Magic Ring*," a tale of chivalry, 1816, &c., &c.

These will perhaps be sufficient, though forming only a portion of this writer's productions, to show their nature and extent, there being very little inducement on the part of the Editor to present his readers with a dry uninteresting catalogue. He may just mention, however, that in the remaining list is to be found a version from the Baron's hand of Mr. Moore's beautiful poem of "*Lalla Rookh*"—a version, doubtless, worthy of the highly gifted powers and the luxuriant fancy of its prototype.

The Baron's pseudonymous title, one so frequent in Germany, appears to be that of *Pellegrin*, under which some of his effusions were first announced. He also enjoys the title of Knight of St. John, and major in the Prussian service, and is an honorary member of the literary society of Iceland. He is said to reside on his estate at *Henhausen* near *Râthenau*; and he was born at the city of *Brandenburg*, on the 12th day of February, 1777, and is consequently about fifty years of age.

THE FIELD OF TERROR; OR, THE HAUNTED FIELD.

IT happened that, some little time before the Peace of Westphalia, there assembled at the foot of the *Riesenberg*, in a beautiful part of the country of *Silesia*, a number of persons who were the relations, and had lately succeeded to the property, of an opulent deceased farmer. This man had died without children, and had left several farms and fields scattered about that fertile country, and his heirs were now met together to divide the inheritance. For this purpose they had assembled in a barn in one of the principal villages, and they found no difficulty among themselves as to the allotment of every part of the estate, except with regard to a particular field, which was known by the name of the *Haunted Field* in consequence of the wonderful stories that were told respecting it.

This field was now entirely evergreen with wild flowers and weeds, which nevertheless from their strong growth betokened at the same time the excellent nature of the land and its desolate and neglected condition. For many years had now passed since it had been disturbed by the ploughshare, or received the seed from the hands of the indus-

trious husbandman ; as it was related that no sooner had the ploughman at any time entered within its bounds than the oxen became frantic under the yoke and ran off in affright, and that the ploughman and the seedman, struck with the like panic, would fly in dismay, affirming that some supernatural beings, under pretence of assisting them in their labours, approached them with such hideous aspects that no one could look on them and keep his senses.

The question now arose to whom this Haunted Field should be allotted. Every one felt an insurmountable objection to it himself, but thought his neighbour might perhaps manage it, and, as is the way of the world, was desirous of shifting the burden off his own shoulders. They could, however, come to no agreement, and it was now late in the evening and time to depart, when one of them proposed an expedient which he hoped would satisfy all parties. "We are bound," he said, "agreeably to the testator's will, to bestow a legacy on his poor cousin who dwells in this village. The maiden is, to be sure, only very distantly related to the departed, yet she is virtuous and frugal, and well deserving of a good husband, and goes by the name of the Pretty Sabine. Now I purpose that we present this maiden with the Haunted Field, and we shall in that way discharge the wishes of our lamented relation, and it may perhaps prove a rich dowry to her if she can find a husband that will venture to cultivate it." They were all delighted at this proposal, and immediately dispatched one of their number to communicate to the cousin the intelligence of their bounty.

It was about the same time in the evening that Sabine heard in the twilight a gentle tap at her cottage window, and on asking who knocked, was answered by a voice, at the first sound of which the rustic bolt was drawn back and the little window thrown open. It was the brave young Frederick, whom she had been long expecting, and who, being born as poor as herself, had for the last ten years devoted himself to the wars in order to win some little subsistence to compass his marriage with the pretty Sabine, whose kind heart was all his own. It was a delightful picture to see Sabine leaning out of her wired lattice with tears of joy starting in her beautiful eyes, and the brave young Frederick looking up to her and proffering her his faith. "Ah, Frederick," she said, "God be praised, thou art returned safe ! this has been my constant prayer morn and evening ; and tell me, Frederick, have you made your fortune in the campaign ?" "Fortunes are not so soon won," said Frederick, shaking his head and smiling, "and prizes do not fall to every one. However, I am better off than when I departed, and if you have a bold heart I think you may venture to marry." "Ah !" sighed Sabine, "thou kind-hearted Frederick, to take a poor naked orphan for better and worse." "Nay," said Frederick, "give me but one friendly yes, and promise to be mine, and I will warrant we shall thrive and live like princes." "And hast thou got thy discharge and art no longer a soldier ?" Frederick, looking into his knapsack that held his treasures, brought out a silver medal, which he reached to Sabine, and as she received it, the light of the little lamp in her chamber fell on the piece. There was a burst drum figured in an old-fashioned manner, and over it was written the words—"God be praised, the war is ended."

"Perhaps," added Frederick, helping her to decipher the medal; "in truth it is not yet peace, but we shall have no more fighting at present, and our colonel has discharged his men." At this intelligence Sabine held out her hand as a pledge of affection to her lover, and invited her betrothed to come into her little chamber, where he seated himself by her side and related how he had won his gold and silver in honourable battle, and in the open field, from a foreign officer of rank whom he had made prisoner, and obtained the money as his ransom. After an approving smile conferred on her brave soldier, the industrious maiden took up her spindle, rejoicing that there was no ill-got gain belonging to either of them.

Just at this moment the cousin arrived to communicate the message entrusted to him. Sabine, with maidenly blushes, presented to him the stranger as her intended husband, and the cousin added, "This is well! I am arrived just in time, for if your betrothed has not brought back a fortune from the wars, this will be a welcome gift, which I am directed to present to you in the name of your relations, as it was the will of the testator that you should be remembered in some way or other." Frederick was too much offended at the boasting manner in which this communication was made to testify any joy on the occasion. But Sabine, in a humble manner, thanked God for His gracious dispensation, and, ignorant of the evil motives of mankind, she with a joyful heart bowed her head in token of her great satisfaction. But when she heard that the Haunted Field was assigned to her as her portion and in satisfaction of her just claims, the sordid behaviour of her relations struck her to the soul, and she could not restrain her tears at the grievous disappointment. The cousin with a malicious smile said he was grieved to find she thought herself wronged, as it was in fact a much larger share of the inheritance than really of right belonged to her. And thus speaking, he was taking his departure, but Frederick interrupted him, and addressing him in a cool and deliberate manner, "Sir," said he, "I see you are disposed to make a jest of this matter, and that you have all conspired together not to give my young bride a single farthing. But we will accept your present in God's name, in the hope that in the hands of a brave and active soldier the Haunted Field may be a better bargain than a parcel of covetous envious old relations wish it to be."

The cousin, abashed at the presence of the bold young man, returned no answer, and made the best of his way back. The bridegroom then kissed the tears from the eyes of his young bride,* and hastened away to the priest to arrange matters for the marriage.

After the lapse of a few weeks Frederick and Sabine became man and wife, and commenced their slender housekeeping. The young man had expended the greater part of his gold and silver pieces in the purchase of a yoke of fine oxen, and in the buying of seed and of implements requisite for his husbandry, reserving no more than sufficient to support himself and his wife in the most frugal manner until they should be enriched by the next year's harvest.

As Frederick with his oxen and plough now took his departure for

* In Germany the appellations of Bride and Bridegroom are attached to the respective parties on their betrothal.

the field, he looked back and smiled at his good Sabine, saying that he was now about to lay out his gold, and that he should next year have it all back, and to spare. Sabine looked anxiously after him, wishing in her own heart that he might return home in safety.

And home truly he came, and that too before the ringing of the curfew, but by no means so full of cheer as when he set out joyfully singing in the morning. He was himself dragging along the plough, which was battered and broken, and was at the same time leading one of his oxen lame and wounded along with him, and himself bleeding on the shoulders and head. Still his soldierlike courage did not fail him, and calling on his wife with a cheerful countenance, "Prepare for salting," he said, "for this goblin in the Haunted Field has provided us with an abundance of beef. This ox that I have brought back with me has run mad, and injured himself so much that he will not be fit for any further work. The other ran off to the mountain, and there I saw him plunge from a steep rock into the river below, where I fancy he now lies at the bottom."

"Oh! these cousins, these wicked cousins!" cried Sabine, weeping; "already has their accursed present robbed thee of thy hard-earned gold, and what is more, thou art thyself hurt and bleeding, my brave young soldier!" "My hurt is of no consequence," said Frederick, "it was but the oxen that crushed me between them when they ran mad, and I endeavoured to stop them. But it matters not grieving, and in the morning I will start afresh."

Sabine was now so terrified at what had happened, that she endeavoured to dissuade her husband from any further attempt at cultivating the unlucky field. But he declared in reply that the field should have no rest as long as he lived, and "land that one cannot plough one must delve," said he, "and I think this goblin will not frighten a good steady soldier in the way he does a poor brute animal." He then slaughtered the wounded beast and cut him up, and the next morning, as soon as Sabine was ready to begin salting the meat, Frederick was again on his way to the Haunted Field, and departed with his pickaxe and his spade, with as good a heart as on the morning before he had set out with his good yoke of oxen and his new shining plough.

He returned from his work in the evening as on the previous day. He looked pale and wearied, but was in good spirits. "This is rather hard work," said he, laughing, "for there comes a lubberly goblin, first on this side, then on that, bantering me with his foolish talk and tricks; but he seemed to wonder at last that I took no heed of him, and from that I begin to get fresh courage. Besides, what has an industrious man to fear that goes straight forward and minds his work?"

Many days now passed away in the same manner. The brave Frederick continued unwearied, delving and sowing and destroying the weeds. And he had now cultivated a good portion of the Haunted Field by the aid of his spade alone, for he never relaxed in his exertions, and his land began to promise a crop, if not very rich, still a handsome return for his trouble; and he now cut his corn and carried it all home himself, for his land was yet too poor to afford him reapers to help him, and he would not let Sabine venture into the field, more particularly as he was expecting her soon to present him with an in-

fant. The child was born, and in three years two more, and so his life went on without any remarkable occurrence. By hard striving and industry he compelled the Haunted Field to yield him one crop after another, and thus like an honest man redeemed his word to Sabine, that he would find sufficient to support her.

It happened one evening at harvest-time that Frederick had remained at work until near dark, when all at once he perceived at his side a strong-built swarthy-looking man like a collier, with a huge turnace-iron in his hand, who said to Frederick, "What! are there no oxen left in the land that thou workest with thine own hands? Thou shouldst be a rich farmer if one may judge from the extent of thy land." Frederick well knew who it was that thus addressed him, and did as people are accustomed to do on these occasions, that is, held his tongue, and worked even the harder, and tried to turn his thoughts another way. But the goblin did not on this occasion disappear as these beings commonly do when they are thus treated, in order to appear afterwards in a more hideous form, but again addressed Frederick, and said in a friendly tone, "Friend, thou wrongest both me and thyself. Answer me truly and sincerely, perhaps I may find a cure for thy misfortunes." "Well, then, in God's name speak," said Frederick, "and if there be mischief in thy words, the blame be with thee." Frederick then rose from his work and related in a true manner to the collier all that had happened since he took possession of the field, nor did he conceal his hatred to the goblin, and how difficult it was, owing to his persecution, to work out a subsistence with his bare pickaxe and spade, and support his family.

The collier heard all with a serious countenance. He then stood still for some time in a musing attitude, and at last spoke as follows: "It seems, friend, that thou knowest who I am, and that is commendable in thee, that thou hast not sacrificed the truth, but spoken boldly out, notwithstanding thou hast so much cause to be angry with me; and to confess the truth, thou hast indeed had too much reason. But now, since I find thee a right honest churl, I will make thee an offer that will recompense thee for all that is past. Thou must know, then, that when I have had my fill of sport in woods and mountains, I have a fancy to dwell in a comfortable house, and to live a sober and orderly life for some half-year or so. How, now, if thou wert to engage me as thy servant for the next six months?" "Now, that is ill done," said Frederick, "to banter an honest man in this way." "No! no!" said the other, "it is no bantering—I am really serious. Thou shalt find me a truly hard-working drudge, and as long as I serve thee no hobgoblin will venture to be seen in the Haunted Field, so that thou mayest work thy oxen there without interruption." "That I should like well," said Frederick, after some thought, "if I only knew whether thou wouldst keep thy word, and moreover if it is right to deal with thee." "That you must settle yourself," said the stranger, "but my word will never be broken as long as the Riesenbergs stand; and moreover I am not a malicious-minded spirit—somewhat sportive, and tricky, and wild, but that is all." "Why, then," said Frederick, "thou must needs be the famous Rubezahl!" "When thou thinkest so," said the

collier, interrupting him, "learn that that powerful spirit will not allow of a name so ignominious, but calls himself the Monarch of the Hills." "That would be a droll affair," said Frederick, laughing, "to have the King of the Hills for my serving-man." "Thou mayest call me Waldmann then," answered the other. Frederick now stood considering for a considerable time, and at last said, "Well! so be it. I don't think I do wrong in engaging thee. I have often observed that people employ irrational animals to turn the spit and do other household offices; why not a goblin?" The collier uttered a hearty laugh, and said, "Now, such an offer was never made by any of my kind before. But that I heed not—'t is my humour, and so 't is a bargain, my honoured master!" Frederick, however, made it a condition that his new servant should on no account whatever discover to Sabine or the children that he had lived in the Haunted Field, or in the old caverns of the Riesenbergh, nor at any time play any goblin tricks about the house or farm. Waldmann pledged his word to all this, so the matter was concluded, and home they both went together in a friendly mood.

Sabine was not a little surprised at this addition to their household, and could scarcely look upon the swarthy gigantic servant without fear. The children were at first so much alarmed that they would not venture out of doors when he was at work in the garden or in the croft; but his quiet and good-natured and friendly behaviour soon reconciled all the household; and if he now and then had a frolicsome fit, and chased the dog and the fowls, they thought it only sportiveness and good humour, and a single word from the master was sufficient to bring him back into his usual bounds.

Frederick, now relying on the promise of the spirit of the mountain, inconsiderately expended his long-treasured gold in the purchase of two fine new oxen, and again went joyfully forth to his field with his plough newly repaired. Sabine looked after him anxiously, and anxiously awaited his return at night, fearing that he might again have all his prospects blighted, and be worse hurt himself than on the former occasion. But with the curfew, home came Frederick, singing through the village, driving before him his yoke of fine oxen, and kissed in great glee his wife and children, and shook his servant kindly by the hand.

Waldmann also often took out the oxen to plough, while Frederick laboured in the garden or in the barn. The greater part of the Haunted Field was now cultivated, and everything went on prosperously, to the surprise of all the inhabitants of the village, and to the chagrin of the envious relations.

The harvest was now finished, and winter approaching, when Frederick went one day with his team to gather wood for the hearth and the oven. It so happened too that Sabine was at the same time called away to see a poor widow in the neighbourhood who lay ill of a fever, and whom she was accustomed to befriend to the best of her means. She knew not well what to do with her children, but Waldmann desired her to leave them in his care, and as she knew that they were always amused with his tales, she did so, and departed on her pious errand.

In about an hour's time from this Frederick returned home from the

forest. He placed his waggon in the shed, and put up his oxen in their stalls, and was cheerfully turning his steps to the house to warm his benumbed limbs at the fire, when the piercing cries of his children suddenly alarmed his ears. He rushed into the house and burst open the kitchen door, and there found all the children shrieking and pushed together behind the oven, and Waldmann madly laughing and leaping about, making hideous faces, and his hair all in fire and flames.

"What's to be done here?" said the master in an angry tone. The fire was instantly extinguished on Waldmann's head, and he stood in a humble posture before his master, excusing himself by saying that he was only amusing the children. But the children ran crying to their father, and told him that he had terrified them with frightful faces, and ran to them now with a ram's head and now a dog's. "'Tis enough," said Frederick to him; "depart, friend—we dwell no longer under the same roof." And he therewith took him by the arm, and pushed him out of the house and beyond the garden, telling the children to remain quiet in the chamber and not terrify themselves any more, as their father was now come and they were as safe as in Abraham's bosom.

The strange servant made no resistance, but as he now stood beside Frederick on the wintry ground, he said, laughing, "Hear, master! suppose we strike a fresh bargain? I have, I confess, made a great disturbance, but it shall not happen again. I fell unfortunately into a fit of my old humour." "For your own pleasure," said Frederick; "but you might have terrified my children out of their senses. There is an end of our contract." "My half-year is not yet expired," said Waldmann, arguing, "and I insist on going back to the house." "Thou shalt not again touch my threshold," said Frederick; "thou hast broken the contract by playing thy accursed pranks; but I will pay thee thy full wages—there they are—take them and depart." "My full wages!" said the goblin with a contemptuous laugh; "hast thou then forgotten my treasures in the mountains?" "'Tis more on my own account than thine," said Frederick; "I don't wish to remain in any one's debt." And with that he forced the money into Waldmann's pocket. "And what will become of the Haunted Field?" said Waldmann, with an angry look. "What God wills," said Frederick. "I would rather lose fifty fields than that you should injure one hair of my children's heads. Away with thee, or I shall serve thee in a manner thou wilt not like." "Softly," said the goblin; "when spirits such as I assume a man's form it is generally a strong one, and thou might'st perhaps come the worst off in such a contest, and then God be merciful to thee!" "That He has ever been, and has given me a good strength of arm, as thou shalt find. Back to thy mountains, thou odious brute! I warn thee for the last time." On this the goblin attacked Frederick in a furious manner, and an obstinate contest ensued. They wrestled and threw each other without the victory being decided for the one or the other, until at last Frederick by a masterly stroke brought his opponent to the ground, and kneeling on his breast, he began to beat him with his fists, exclaiming, "I'll teach thee how to attack thy master, thou accursed mountain spirit!"

Rubezahl, however, laughed so heartily at this, that Frederick, think-

ing that he was mocking him, repeated his blows with renewed vigour, until the goblin at last cried out, "Enough, enough! I was not laughing at thee, but at myself, and cry mercy!" "That's another matter," said Frederick; "rise, then," and he helped him up on his legs. "I have had a sufficient trial of human life," said the spirit, laughing—"none of my kind, I think, ever carried the sport so far. But hark, friend! thou must nevertheless allow I made a brave resistance; for thou know'st I could easily have called a host of mountain spirits to my aid had I so pleased. Truly I am almost killed with laughing."

Frederick stood regarding the merry Rubezahl, and said, "You will, I fancy, bear me a grudge, and send me ill luck not only in the Haunted Field, but in other matters; but still I cannot repent of what I have done. I have only exercised my just authority and protected my children. Were it to happen again I should treat thee in the same way." "No, no," said Rubezahl, "do not give yourself that trouble—I have had enough for this time. But listen to my words: go on working thy Haunted Field, and I promise thee not the shadow of a goblin shall henceforth be seen in it as long as the Riesenbergs stands, and so farewell and prosper, my honest strong-fisted master."

And on this, with a familiar nod, he disappeared, and Frederick during the remainder of his life never saw him again. But Rubezahl kept his word to the full and more. An unheard-of prosperity began to manifest itself in all the affairs of Frederick, and he became in a short time the richest farmer in the village. And when the children played in the Haunted Field, which both they and Sabine now walked in without fear, they would often relate how the good Waldmann had appeared to them and told them humorous tales, and how they found choice confectionaries, or beautiful carved toys, or golden ducats in their pockets on their return home.

THE MANDRAKE.

THERE arrived one fine summer evening in the city of Venice, the far-famed commercial queen of Italy, a young German merchant of the name of Reichard, a joyous and spirited boon companion. This happened at the time when almost all the German states were disturbed by the Thirty Years' War, and on that account the young merchant, who longed for a pleasant journey, was not a little rejoiced that his business led him for a season into Italy, where wars were not so frequent, and where, as he had heard, he should find the richest wines and the most delicious fruits, to say nothing of the women, whose beauty is so justly celebrated.

The first thing he did on his arrival was to hire a gondola, and he soon became immersed in all the gaieties of Venice, and found no want of companions to share his festivities. Day after day passed in reiterated pleasures, and in the society of a set of joyous comrades, all of whom evinced the utmost hilarity during their carousals, one only excepted. This was a Spanish captain, who was indeed a partaker in all the sumptuous entertainments that Reichard gave to his friends, but

he was observed seldom to exchange a bow with any one, and a settled gloom, from some cause or other, seemed at all times to pervade his countenance. The company, however, never reproached him with this, as he was a person of rank and character, and was moreover accustomed frequently to defray the whole expense of their nightly banquets.

Notwithstanding this latter circumstance, and that the young merchant became more sparing in his hospitality than he had been on his first arrival in Venice, still his money began to fail, and he saw with no little uneasiness of mind that a course of life so licentious and extravagant must soon come to an end, and his money all be expended.

As his case was no uncommon one to his comrades, they only laughed at his disconsolate situation, and passed their jokes on his downcast looks, while at the same time they joined together in consuming the small remainder of his means. It was at this time that the Spanish captain one evening kindly drew Reichard aside, and entering into a friendly conversation with him, led him into an unfrequented spot in the suburbs of the city. The young merchant felt no little uneasiness at this proceeding, but, thought he, my comrade knows he has nothing to expect from me but my skin, and that might cost him more trouble than it is worth.

But the Spanish captain, seating himself on the ruins of an ancient and mouldering castle, motioned the young merchant to him, and thus addressed him: "It appears," said he, "my much-esteemed young friend, that you are deficient in a quality which to me is become almost a burden. I mean the power of possessing at any one moment as large a sum of money as you could wish, and of repeating this as often as you please. Now, this privilege, and many other things to boot, I will dispose of to you for a very reasonable sum."

Reichard on hearing this avowal said with surprise, "What wish, then, can you have for money from me, when you thus throw away the power of possessing it at will?"

"The case is this," said the Spanish captain. "I know not whether you are acquainted with a certain little creature which they call a Mandrake. It is a very diminutive black-looking imp, enclosed in a phial. Whoever possesses one of these creatures may by its means obtain whatever is most desirable in life, particularly an unbounded quantity of money. In return the Mandrake requires the soul of the possessor for his master Lucifer, provided he dies without having transferred the Mandrake into other hands. This can only be done by selling it, and that too for a smaller sum than the possessor himself has given for it. Mine cost me ten ducats, and if you will give me nine for it, 't is yours."

Whilst the young Reichard was considering this proposal within himself, the Spaniard thus continued his speech: "It would be an easy matter," said he, "for me to deceive any person with this glass and pass it off as an article of another kind, as indeed happened to myself, who received it at the hands of an unprincipled merchant. But I wish to keep a clear conscience, and therefore make this honourable and open proposal to you. You are yet young and capable of enjoying life, and will have opportunities sufficient to rid yourself of the thing, in case it should become burdensome to you, as it has done to me."

"Excuse me, sir," answered Reichard again, "I hope you will not take it amiss, but I am very much on my guard, from the number of times I have been cheated since I arrived in this same city of Venice." "How now, young fool!" said the Spaniard in an angry tone; "you need only recollect the feast of last night, and then reflect for a moment whether it was worth my while to become a cheat for the sake of nine beggarly ducats."

"Who treats well must pay well," said the young merchant modestly, "and a handicraft only, not a purse, has a golden bottom. As you last night expended all your money, my nine ducats may be very acceptable to you." "You may think yourself well off," said the Spaniard, "that I do not this moment cut your throat. But I forbear, in the hopes that you will rid me of this little Mandrake." "Will you allow me a trial of it?" said the young merchant with prudent foresight. "How can that be?" said the captain. "I have already explained to you that it will neither remain with nor serve any one who has not previously paid a just price for it."

The young merchant was embarrassed. The darkness of the night and the loneliness of the spot inspired a fear in his mind, although the captain assured him he should not attempt to force the purchase on him, on account of the hard conditions annexed. At the same time all the delights that the possession of the little Mandrake would make him master of floated before his eyes, and he at length resolved to venture one-half of his remaining money in the purchase, first seeing if he could obtain it at a lower rate.

"Thou fool!" said the captain, "it is for thine own benefit, and that of those thou mayest hereafter sell it to, that I fix the highest possible price, that it may not be so soon sold for the lowest possible coin, and the purchaser's soul become the property of Lucifer, when he is not able to sell it for a less sum than that at which he bought it."

"Ay, well!" said Reichard, laughing, "I shall not sell the wonderful thing, depend upon it, if you will let me have it now for five ducats." "Even so, for my own sake," said the captain, "although it shortens the little imp's period of service, and brings perdition the sooner on some poor soul or other."

And on this he handed over to the young man, on payment of the purchase money, a small thin glass phial, in which Reichard by the light of the stars could observe a little black object frisking and frolicking about.

He immediately put his new purchase to the proof, and, on wishing for it, found the sum he had laid out doubled, and grasped the ten ducats in his hand. He then repaired in high glee to the tavern, where he found the rest of the company still drinking, and all wondered to see their two comrades, who had left them in low spirits, return with such glad countenances. But the Spaniard soon took leave without stopping to partake of a sumptuous supper which Reichard ordered to be prepared, although it was then late in the night, first paying the mistrustful host beforehand, for by aid of the little Mandrake both his pockets were now ringing with ducats.

They whose boundless desires would lead them to possess a charm

like the little Mandrake may best conceive what a life of pleasure the young merchant led from this time forth. But a prudent and pious mind will easily imagine that it was highly profligate and licentious. The first thing he did was to attach himself to a former flame, the beautiful Lucretia. He purchased for her a castle and two delightful villas, and procured for her and himself every possible luxury of life.

Now, it happened one day that he sat with his mistress Lucretia in the gardens of one of his country houses, on the bank of a swift-running brook. The time was spent in laughing and jesting, until Lucretia suddenly and unexpectedly seized the little Mandrake, which Reichard kept in his breast fastened to a golden chain. Before he could prevent it she had already broken the chain and held the little flask against the light. At first she could not help laughing at the frolicsome caperings of the little black imp, but suddenly exclaimed with a cry of affright, "Ah! what a horrid toad!" and flung chain and flask and the little Mandrake all together into the brook, where the rapid stream soon swept it from their eyes.

The unfortunate young merchant endeavoured to hide his chagrin, lest his mistress should ask him further respecting it, and might perhaps denounce him to justice for witchcraft. He passed it off, therefore, as a curiosity, and as soon as possible disengaged himself from Lucretia to consider in private what steps were most advisable to take. He still possessed the castle and the two country houses, and he had also a considerable quantity of ducats left in his purse. But how agreeably was he surprised when the first thing he found, on putting his hand into his pocket, was the phial with the little Mandrake! The golden chain indeed was left at the bottom of the brook, but the phial and the little imp were duly returned to their rightful owner. He could not avoid a sudden exclamation of joy. "And now," said he, "I possess a treasure of which no power on earth can rob me!" And he would have pressed the dear little phial to his lips, if the little jumping imp had not looked so grim at him.

But if Reichard had before led an abandoned life, it was now ten times more so. He looked down with pity and contempt on all the potentates and rulers of the earth, convinced that there was not one who could command so many pleasures of life as he. In the luxurious city of Venice no one could count so many rarities of the table as were to be found at his costly banquets. And whenever any moderate man admonished him for his extravagance, "Reichard is my name, and my riches (*Reichthum*) are so boundless that no expense in the world can exhaust them." And he would often laugh at the Spanish captain in an extravagant manner, for having parted with so invaluable a treasure, and for having afterwards, as was reported, retired into a monastery.

But all things on earth endure only for a season, and this truth the young Reichard was doomed to experience, and so much the sooner as he abandoned himself to every kind of sensual pleasure. An unconquerable lassitude seized on his exhausted powers, in spite of the little Mandrake, which he on the first day of his illness called ten times in vain to his assistance. No relief, however, came to him, but in the night he was visited by a terrible dream.

It seemed to him as if one of the medicine-bottles at the side of his bed suddenly began to dance, striking with violence all the other phials that surrounded it. On further observation Reichard recognized the phial with the Mandrake, and said, "How now, little Mandrake! dost thou not only refuse to help me, but must break my medicine-phials into the bargain?" But the little Mandrake began to sing in the phial thus:

"Hey! little Reichard, Reichardlein, come,
Be patient, and bear thine eternal doom;
We will find thee plenty of room.
The devil a bit will he help the sick,
'Gainst death avails neither herb nor stick;
Mine thou art, however thou kick."

And he thereon began to grow suddenly long and thin, and, in spite of all Reichard could do, crept out through the pitcher cork and through his fingers, and became a huge black demon, who began a horrible dance, flapping his broad bat-like wings, and at length laid his heaving breast on Reichard's breast, and glued his grim face so fast and so close to Reichard's face that Reichard believed he was growing like him, and cried out for a looking-glass. He awoke in an agony of fright and in a cold perspiration, and thought he saw a black toad run with great haste from his breast and hide itself in his bedclothes. He felt in the bed, shuddering, but found only the phial, but he observed the little black imp seemed exhausted and lay dormant.

Alas! what a long night was this to the poor sick patient! He dared not trust himself to fall asleep, lest the black monster should again surprise him, and yet he dared scarcely open his eyes, lest it should be lurking in some corner or other of his apartment. If he closed his eyes for a moment, he imagined the monster had secretly got into his bed, and he sprang up from it in horror. He rang again and again for his servants, but their sleep was not to be broken, and the fair Lucretia since he had been sick was no longer to be seen in his chamber. So he was left all alone to his miseries, which were the more heightened when he thus reflected: Ah, God! thought he, if this night be so long in its duration, how long will be the endless night of hell! He resolved, therefore, if God should spare his life till morning, to rid himself at all risks of the Mandrake.

When morning at length appeared, he felt himself somewhat refreshed and invigorated by the cheerful light, and began to consider whether he had yet turned the Mandrake to all possible advantage. The castle and the villas, with their furniture, did not seem to him sufficient, and he instantly desired a huge heap of ducats under his pillow, and as soon as he found his wishes fulfilled he began to consider where he should find a purchaser for his phial. His physician, he recollected, had a number of natural curiosities preserved in spirits, and he was in hopes to add the little Mandrake to his collection, as an object of that description, well knowing that the doctor was himself a pious man, and would have nothing to say to it in its real shape. He could not indeed conceal from himself that he was playing the poor devil a sad trick; but said he to himself, "Better to incur a small sin that may be washed away in purgatory than to deliver one's self up irrevocably to the devil. Charity begins at home, and my desperate case admits of no delay."

Having made this resolve, he straightways carried the little Mandrake to the doctor. It had by this time recovered all its wonted agility, and played a thousand frolicsome tricks in the glass, which attracted not a little the doctor's admiration. He observed it more narrowly, and evinced his desire to become possessed of so singular a *lusus nature*, as he termed it, if the price were not beyond his means. Reichard, in order to satisfy his own conscience to the utmost of his power, put as high a price upon it as he could, and four ducats, two dollars, and twenty groschen was the price he asked. The doctor, however, refused to give more than three ducats, and moreover required a couple of days to consider of it. On this the young man fell afresh into an agony and bloody sweat. He at once renounced the Mandrake, received three ducats in exchange, and immediately distributed them among the poor by the hands of his servants. He, however, concealed the gold that was under his pillow as well as he could, believing that all the prosperity of his future life depended on it.

He had now a second attack of his fever. He lay almost in a state of constant delirium, and if he had not been rid of the burden of the Mandrake would certainly have died through terror. He began at length to recover, and his convalescence was only retarded by his anxiety respecting the ducats which he had hidden under his pillow, but which from the time he first recovered his senses he had looked for in vain. At first he was scrupulous of asking any person respecting them, but when he did he could obtain no tidings of them. He sent to the fair Lucretia, who he believed had visited him in his illness; but she returned for answer that she knew nothing of the matter, and said she supposed from the question that he was still raving. He arose in a melancholy mood, and resolved to convert his castle and villas into money. But to his surprise he found them in the possession of persons who exhibited to him a release for the purchase money under his own hand and seal, for he had in an unlucky hour given the artful Lucretia a *carte blanche*, and saw himself now reduced to poverty, and so straightway packed up his few articles to wander forth a poor beggar. At this moment the physician who had cured him appeared before him with a very grave countenance. "Ah! doctor," cried the young man in tribulation, "I entreat you, as you would become celebrated in your profession, to furnish me with a speedy poison, for I know not where to buy a loaf to save me from starvation." "Do not despair," said the doctor, with a composed aspect; "I will present you with the cost of my attendance. But here is a new medicine which I have enclosed in this box, and which is requisite to strengthen your constitution in future, and for this you must, if you please, pay me two ducats." "With all my heart," said the young merchant, and paid the sum to the doctor, who immediately quitted the room. As soon now as Reichard put his hand into the box he felt the Mandrake phial between his fingers, and a ticket was attached to it with the following lines:

"I wished to cure thy body's smart,
Thou laidst thy snares for soul and heart;
Yet conscience quickly told me true
The wicked scheme you had in view;

So pray leave off your counter-trick,
 I hand you back your Mandrake quick;
 It likes me ill, this kind of truck—
 A gallows imp for gallows luck."

The young Reichard at first shuddered when he found he had again purchased the Mandrake, and that too at a very low price. At the same time he was not without some feelings of joy; and as he was determined to rid himself of it again on the first opportunity, he resolved by its means to revenge himself on his mistress Lucretia, and punish her for her inconstancy and neglect. And this he effected in the following manner. In the first place, he wished to have in his pockets double the number of ducats which he had placed under his pillow, and which in an instant almost weighed him down to the ground. The whole of this large sum he placed in the hands of a neighbouring money scrivener, and took an acknowledgment of it, reserving only to himself one hundred and twenty gold pieces, with which he repaired to the residence of his Lucretia. With her he immediately renewed a life of dissipation, as he had done some months before; and Lucretia, won by the reappearance of his treasures, pretended a revival of her attachment. Reichard one day, when the little Mandrake was playing all kinds of frolicsome tricks in the phial, showed it to his astonished mistress, as the same kind of creature as the one she had formerly thrown into the water, and of which he said he possessed many varieties. With the curiosity natural to women, she was seized with a sudden wish to possess it; and as the crafty young man said he must have gold for it, she thoughtlessly gave him a ducat as its value.

When the bargain was concluded, Reichard straightway left the house, and called upon the money scrivener for a part of the sum he had lodged with him. But he did not replenish his purse in that quarter, for the scrivener, regarding him with surprise, declared he had never seen him before. Reichard now took the receipt out of his pocket, but found, to his great consternation, that it was a naked and blank piece of paper. The scrivener had in fact written his receipt with a prepared ink, of which, after the lapse of a few hours, not the slightest trace was left. The young man thus saw himself again unexpectedly reduced, and would have been a beggar, if he had not happened to have retained ninety ducats, the remains of his prodigality. He that has too short a bed must lie close, and he that has none must lie on the ground; he that has no chariot must ride on horseback, and he that has no horse must travel on foot. So after spending some days in idleness, Reichard saw that in that way his money must soon come to an end, and that from being an opulent merchant he was now reduced to the sorry condition of a poor pedlar.

He therefore looked out for a pack for his goods, and procured another for the remainder of his money. It was with bitter feelings that he now strapped his pack on his shoulders, and offered his wares for sale in the same streets which a few weeks before had witnessed his pride and consequence. He was everywhere well received, and many persons offered him more for his goods than he himself expected. The citizens are very kind, thought he to himself, and if I can continue in this way,

a little time will repair my lost fortunes. I will then return home to my native country, and the more happy for having escaped the snares of the accursed Mandrake, and extricated myself by prudence and caution.

In this happy mood he repaired in the evening to a tavern, and there laid down his boxes. Some of the guests came around him; one of whom, more inquisitive than the rest, said, "What curious thing is that, friend, that you have in the phial, that seems to play so many antics?" Reichard turned round, and now saw, to his great horror, that among some other boxes which he had purchased, he had bought one which contained the Mandrake. He instantly offered it to this man for three groschen, as he had given four for it, and to all around for the same price. But they all viewed the little black imp with disgust, as he did not inform them to what purpose it might be applied; and as he was incessant in crying his poor wares, and interrupted their conversation, they at last turned the hapless pedlar, with his boxes and his little black imp, out of doors.

He then repaired in great trepidation to the man who had sold him the casket, and offered him back the little Satan for a small sum. But the man was going to bed, and said he recollected nothing of the business, but that if he wished to return the odious phial to its original possessor, he must send it to Lucretia, who had sold him this with some other toys; and so bade him a good night.

"Happy man!" sighed Reichard deeply, "that canst thus sleep in peace!" As he was near crossing the great square to go to Lucretia's house, he thought he heard something rustling behind him, and ready to leap on his neck. He rushed forward in affright, and entered Lucretia's apartment by a well-known secret door. His shameless mistress was seated amidst a company of new admirers. At first they exclaimed at the rudeness of the pedlar. The company then bought nearly the whole of his goods for Lucretia, who now recognized him, and indulged her mirth at his ridiculous appearance. None, however, would purchase the Mandrake; and as he offered it to them once more, "Away with the loathsome toad!" said Lucretia; "I have already had it in my possession, and sold it for some groschen to a beggarly pedlar like this, who persuaded me to give him a ducat for it." "As you value your good fortune," said the young merchant in an agony, "you know not what you throw away, Lucretia. Let me speak with you alone for five minutes, and I will warrant you will to a certainty purchase the phial."

She accordingly stepped on one side with him, and he then discovered to her the wonderful properties of the Mandrake. But she began forthwith to exclaim, "Do you take me for a fool, you dissolute vagabond? If what you say were true, you would have wished something better from Satan than this box and these straps. Away, or I will denounce you as a sorcerer, and have you burnt at the stake in spite of all your boasting."

The two lovers of Lucretia, in order to please their mistress, then fell on the terrified young man, and thrust him downstairs, so that, what with rage at this treatment and the apprehension of being burnt as a wizard, he made all haste to quit the city of Venice. By noon next day he had

passed beyond the territories of the state, and then stood on the borders, execrating the city as the source of all his misfortunes. In the violence of his gesticulations he happened to snatch the little Mandrake out of his pocket. "Now, you good-for-nothing wretch," said he, "I will speedily turn you to account, and that too to get rid of you the sooner."

And he immediately wished for himself an untold sum of gold, still greater than the last, and so holding his pockets he secretly approached the best city that offered itself. He then purchased a splendid equipage, hired servants, and proceeded on his journey in pomp and magnificence towards Rome. He there felt assured he should be able to rid himself of the little Mandrake amidst such a crowd of men of various desires and manners. As often now as he expended his ducats he took care to replenish his purse by the Mandrake, in order that when he sold the phial he might have the whole sum undiminished. This seemed to him only a just compensation for the anxiety which he suffered; for not only was he persecuted by the visits of the horrible black fiend in the night, but he also saw that the little Mandrake danced so madly in the phial that he now considered his prey as almost certain, and the expiration of his imprisonment as near at hand.

His riches and his liberal expenditure had no sooner introduced him among the best society in Rome than he began to seek an opportunity of selling the Mandrake. He invariably offered it to every person he met for three groschen, German money, and soon became the laughingstock of the community. Gold, however, makes friends. He everywhere met with a warm reception on account of his riches; but as soon as he began to speak of the phial and the three groschen, German money, people smiled at him and got out of his company, so that he sometimes said, "I might as well sell myself to the devil altogether, for people think I more than half belong to him already."

A despair so terrible at length seized on him that he could no longer stay in Rome, and he resolved to seek his fortune in war, and to see if he could not by that means rid himself of the Mandrake. He heard that two Italian states were engaged in hostilities, and so earnestly prepared himself to take part with one or the other. Provided with a beautiful cuirass bordered with gold, a superb hat and feather, two choice light muskets, a well-tempered and brilliant sword, and two highly ornamented daggers, he rode out of the gates mounted on a fine Spanish horse, followed by three well-armed attendants on noble steeds.

We may well imagine that a cavalier so gallantly armed, and moreover willing to serve without pay, would meet with a welcome reception in any camp. The brave Reichard was immediately appointed to a company, and now led the life of a gallant soldier, and was as happy as his anxiety from possessing the Mandrake and the persecuting nightly dreams would let him be. Instructed by his ill success in Rome, he was now cautious in pressing on his friends his merchandise. Indeed, he did not mention the matter to any of his comrades, in order the more unexpectedly to conclude a bargain with them on some day or other.

One fine morning a firing was heard from the neighbouring hills. The officers who were at play with Reichard threw down their dice,

and instantly the trumpets sounded to horse throughout the camp. Every one being now mounted and falling into order, they proceeded towards the foot of the hills. There they saw the infantry on both sides already engaged, and the enemy's cavalry coming down on the plain. Reichard's spirits were excited, as his high-mettled charger pawed the ground and neighed, and the leaders gave the word of command, and the trumpets sounded. A squadron of the enemy's horse advanced against them to intercept them, but were routed immediately, and Reichard, with his brave followers, were not the last to pursue. But suddenly they heard a strange whistling in the air—many horses fell. It was heard again, and a knight and his horse were overthrown, and lay, struck by a cannon-ball, in their blood. Reichard now thought he should be safer with the larger body, when to his surprise he found it close behind him advancing to attack the cannon. The brave young soldier held his place for some time, but when he saw the shot falling thickly around him, and a large body of the enemy's cavalry approaching with drawn swords, "What folly is this," he said to himself, "to be found here! for I am still more likely to meet my death than in a sick-bed, and if one of those accursed whistling balls hit me, I am the Mandrake's and the devil's for ever." And he had scarcely uttered these words before he turned round his Spanish horse, gave him the reins and the spur, and fled to a neighbouring wood.

He pushed his horse forwards under the high trees until he stood still, exhausted. He then dismounted, unbuckled his cuirass and his armour, took off his horse's bridle and saddle, and said as he threw himself on the grass, "I must think no more of fighting as long as I have this little Mandrake in my pocket." He then began to consider what course he should take, but soon fell into a deep slumber.

After some hours' quiet sleep, a whispering as of men's voices and a sound like approaching steps came upon his ear. He was, however, heedlessly composing himself to fresh slumbers, when a thundering voice cried out, "Wretch, art thou dead or alive? Speak, before this powder be wasted on thee." He now opened his eyes, and saw a musket presented to his breast. He that held it was a fierce-looking soldier, who with his comrades stood around him, having already seized his horse and accoutrements. Reichard cried out for quarter, and entreated in the greatest agony that if they were determined to shoot him, they would first buy from him a phial in the right-hand-side pocket of his waistcoat.

"What a strange fool!" cried one of the soldiers; "buy it I shall not, but shall take it nevertheless!" and so immediately seized the Mandrake and put it in his breast. "In God's name," said Reichard, "if you would keep the creature you must buy it, otherwise it will not stay with you." The soldiers laughed, and withdrew with the horse and other plunder, without troubling themselves further about Reichard, whom they thought to be mad. He, however, felt in his pocket, and there found the Mandrake safe as usual. He then called out to them and showed them the phial. The soldier who had carried it off put his hand in his breast, and not finding it, ran back and took it afresh. "I tell thee," said Reichard, agitated, "it will not stay with thee by these

means; give me but the smallest farthing for it." "Yes, yes, Mr. Conjuror," said the soldier, laughing; "but don't think to rob me in that manner of my hard-earned money," and running after the others, he held the phial carefully in his hand. On a sudden, however, he stopped and cried, "The devil! 't is gone again." As he was looking for it in the grass, Reichard again called to him, "Come back again, for here it is again in my pocket." When the soldier saw this, he now first conceived a real desire of possessing the Mandrake, which now as usual when it changed hands seemed full of play and frolic, for by these means it knew its servitude was drawing nearer to an end.

The three groschen seemed to the soldier too much, on which Reichard impatiently cried out, "Well then, niggard, since you so wish it, let it be a bargain; give me then one and take your purchase." And so the bargain was concluded, the money paid, and the little Satan transferred. Whilst the soldier stood still to examine and laugh at the creature, Reichard was reflecting on his future destiny. He stood there with a light heart indeed, but light pockets also, and without a prospect of any good employment; for he could not venture to return to the squadron where he had left his servants, arms, horses, and money. At one time he felt ashamed of his dastardly flight, and at another he thought he might perhaps be pursued as a deserter. It then occurred to him that he might join the troops to which these soldiers belonged. From their discourse he had found that they served the opposite party, where nobody would know him, and he felt well enough disposed, now that he was rid of his Mandrake and all his gold, to venture his life for a good booty. He therefore made an offer which was accepted, and he departed with his new comrades to their camp.

The commander did not hesitate to engage a tall active well-grown young man like Reichard, and he now lived for a considerable time henceforth as a soldier. But he was oftentimes not a little dejected in his mind. Since the last battle the armies on both sides remained inactive, as negotiations were pending between the hostile states; there was indeed no danger of being killed, but at the same time there was little opportunity for booty and plunder. The soldiers were obliged to live quietly in their camp on their small pay and their poor rations. Now, it happened that many of the soldiers had enriched themselves by spoil in the late campaign, while Reichard, once so caressed by fortune, was almost the only one among them who lived like a beggar. He naturally soon became weary of such a life, and one day as he received his small monthly pay (too small to procure any pleasure and too much not to attempt something with), he resolved to repair to the sutler's tent, and there try whether the dice would not be more favourable to him than commerce and war had hitherto been.

The game took its usual chequered course, and the wine passed freely round till late in the night, when at last all the dice seemed to conspire against the half-intoxicated Reichard. His pay was staked and lost, and no one would now give him credit for a halfpenny. He now felt in all his pockets, and as he there found nothing, he felt at last in his cartridge-box, but there met with nothing but his cartridges. These he drew forth and staked them in play, and as the dice were falling saw

that his opponent was the same soldier who had bought from him the Mandrake, and by whose aid his antagonist was certain to win. He would have called halt, but the dice fell and decided the cast in favour of his opponent. He departed to his tent, muttering curses as he went against his bad fortune. One of his comrades, who had also lost his money, but was more sober than he, took him by the arm. This man asked Reichard by the way whether he had got a stock of cartridges in his tent. "No," said the enraged Reichard; "if I had any more stuff I should try my luck again." "Then," said his comrade, "you must prepare some, for if the commissary comes to examine and finds a soldier without cartridges, he will order him to be shot forthwith." "That were a bad case," said Reichard with an oath, "for I have neither cartridges nor money." "Well," said his comrade, "the commissary will not come before next month." "Ho! that is well," said Reichard; "before then I shall have my pay again, and can buy cartridges enough." On this they bade each other good night, and Reichard began to sleep off the fumes of his wine.

He had not, however, lain long, when the corporal called out, "Holla! a muster in the morning, and the commissary will be in camp at break of day!" Reichard was by this suddenly roused out of his sleep. The cartridges came across his half-inebriated senses, and he anxiously inquired of his comrades in the tent if no one would lend him some, or sell him some on credit. They, however, all called him an idle drunkard and bade him go back to his bed. In the greatest apprehension of being shot in the morning, he sought again through all his clothes for money, but could find no more than five farthings. With them he ran from tent to tent in the dark night to purchase cartridges. Some laughed, others swore, but no one complied with his wishes. At last he came to a tent where he heard the voices of the soldiers who had the day before won the cartridges from him. "Comrade," said Reichard, touchingly, "you must help me or none. You yesterday took from me all I had, and in the morning if the commissary finds no cartridges by me he will order me to be shot, and you will have my death at your door. Then for God's sake lend me some, or borrow, or sell me some." "I have made an oath against giving and borrowing," said his comrade, "but to get rid of thee I will sell thee some. How much money have you left?" "Five farthings," answered Reichard sorrowfully. "There, then," said the soldier; "and that you may be convinced that I am a good-natured fellow, I will give you five cartridges for your five farthings, but now begone, and leave me and my tent in quiet." He reached him the cartridges out of the tent, and Reichard gave him the money, and then slept in peace till morning.

The muster-roll was called, and Reichard passed by means of his five cartridges. Towards noon the commissary departed and the soldiers withdrew to their camp. But the sun shone so intolerably hot that Reichard's comrades repaired to the sutler's tent, whilst he himself remained sitting with a piece of dry bread in his hand, sick and fatigued with the exercise of the day. "Alas!" said he, "that I had but one of all the ducats I have so lavishly and so foolishly expended!" And he had scarcely expressed this wish, when he found a bright new ducat

in his left hand. A thought of the Mandrake instantly shot through his mind and embittered the joy which he felt at the sight of the golden ducat. At this moment his comrade who had sold him the cartridges came in haste into his tent. "Friend," said he, "the phial with the little black tumbler, the one you remember which I bought from you in the forest, is escaped from me, and I may perhaps have by accident given it to you for a cartridge, for I lapped it in paper and laid it among my cartridges." Reichard looked carefully in his cartridge-box, and in the first folded paper he found the small phial. "Now, that is well," said the soldier; "I would not willingly lose the thing, though it looks so disagreeable, for it seems to me as if it always brought me good luck. There, comrade, take back thy farthing, and give me the creature." Reichard cheerfully granted his request, and the soldier returned rejoicing to the sutler's tent.

But the poor Reichard was very miserable since he had seen the Mandrake again; nay, and had it in his hands, and carried it about with him. In every folding of the canvas he thought he saw it smiling at him, and that it might probably strangle him in his sleep. Although he was in want of refreshment, he threw away the ducat he had wished for, and as he thought the Mandrake might possibly conceal itself in his tent, he rushed out in the evening and sought a thick shady wood, where he fell down exhausted with fear and fatigue. "Alas!" said he, "that I had but a canteen with water to quench my thirst!" And instantly a canteen with water stood by him. First, after looking at it with much longing, he asked himself where the canteen could come from. The Mandrake then crossed his mind, and he anxiously felt in his pocket, and finding the phial there, he fell into a fit of terror and into a deep sleep. During his sleep he was visited by the same horrible dreams as before, and the Mandrake seemed to grow larger and longer, and to lay itself grinning on his breast. He was about to remonstrate with it, as it did not now belong to him, but the Mandrake said with a hollow laugh, "You bought me for a farthing, and you must sell me for something less, else the bargain is void."

He then looked upwards with affright, and thought he saw again the shadow retiring to the phial in his pocket. Half bewildered, he hurled the phial down a precipice, but found it instantly again in his pocket. "Alas, alas!" he cried, "once it was my joy and my treasure that it was always returned to me, out of the water or out of the deep; now it is my torment, my eternal torment!" And he began to run through the dark wood, and struck himself against the trees and the stones, and heard at every step the phial rattling in his pocket.

At break of day he arrived at a beautiful cultivated plain. He was very heavy at heart, and he began to hope that all was nothing more than a disordered dream; and perhaps the phial in his pocket might be no more than a common one. He drew it out of his pocket and held it against the morning sun, and there to his horror he saw the little black Satan dancing between him and the joyful light, and stretching out its misformed arms towards him like a pair of tongs. He uttered a loud shriek and let it fall to the ground, but the next moment again heard it rattling in his pocket. His only chance now was to procure a piece of

money below the value of a farthing, but he inquired in vain, so that he began to lose all hope of selling the horrible dwarf, who now soon threatened to become his master. He would no longer ask anything from the detestable little imp, and his anxiety deprived him of all exertion, so that he was obliged to beg his way all through Italy. While he looked so distracted, and moreover was always asking after half-farthings, every one took him for a madman, and called him the crazy half-farthing man, under which name he was known far and wide.

It is said that the kite sometimes pounces on the roe, and buries its talons in its neck, while the poor animal runs madly through the brakes struggling in vain to escape from its fiendlike enemy. So it happened to poor Reichard with the satanic imp in his pocket, and as it would excite your compassion too strongly to relate all his misery, I will say no more of his long and helpless flight, but tell what befell him after the lapse of several months.

He had one day wandered to the side of a wild mountain, and seated himself sorrowful and silent by a little stream that pursued its course through the tangled brakes, and seemed to wish to soothe him by its gentle murmurs. Suddenly the tramp of a horse was heard on the adjoining rocks, and a tall, black, wild-looking horse, bearing on his back a man of gigantic figure in a blood-red gorgeous dress, approached the place where Reichard sate. "Why so sorrowful, friend?" said the stranger, addressing the wretched and despairing youth; "one would suppose thou wert a merchant and had bought something at too high a price."

"Too low, alas! on the contrary," said Reichard, with a feeble trembling voice.

"So I believe," said the stranger, with a horrible laugh; "and have you ever such a thing as a Mandrake to sell? or am I mistaken when I conjecture you to be the mad half-farthing man?"

The young man scarcely dared to allow his assent to this question escape his pallid lips, expecting every moment that the rider's cloak would expand with blood-dropping wings, and that his horse would turn into a black monster, snorting flames of fire, and bear him, a poor miserable wretch, to the mansions of eternal torment.

But the rider said in a milder tone and with less horrible gesture, "I see for whom you take me, but be comforted, I am not that person. On the contrary, I may perhaps help you out of his clutches, for I have now been seeking you for some days past in order to purchase your little imp from you. You have indeed unhappily given too little for it, and I myself am not acquainted with a coin of a lower denomination. But listen and attend to my words. On the other side of yonder mountain there dwells a valiant young prince: to-morrow morning I will send against him a horrid monster, as soon as I have separated him from his followers in the chase. Remain thou here till midnight, and depart just as the moon appears over yonder rock, and pursue thy way along the dark ridge to the left—delay not, hasten not—and thou shalt come to the spot at the very moment when the wild beast has the prince under his claws. Attack the monster without fear, and he will flee and straightway plunge into the sea; then beg as a favour from the grateful prince

that he will order some half-farthings to be coined for you, give me two in exchange, and for one of them will the little imp be mine."

So spoke the grisly horseman, and, without waiting for an answer, rode slowly off into the forest.

"But where shall I find thee, when I have got the half-farthings?" cried Reichard after him. "At the Black Fountain," said the stranger: "any child can tell you where it is;" and with measured and gigantic steps the swarthy steed departed with his dark master.

He that has lost his all at play has nothing more to risk. Reichard, therefore, in his despair resolved to follow the advice of the grim horseman.

The night approached, and the red moon appeared over the pointed rock. The young man then arose and proceeded along the cliff. He pursued his solitary way in the dark, except that now and then a moonbeam would glance through the cleft rocks. Reichard here felt no desire to loiter, and he could not hasten his speed: he determined to comply as far as in his power with the horseman's request, and resolved not to lose the thread which seemed to lead him to light and hope.

After some hours the distant light of day began to beam on his dark path, and the fresh morning breeze fanned his face; but just as he was ascending from the deep path, and beginning to enjoy the sight of the forest and the blue waves of the sea that lay stretched out before him, he was alarmed by a dreadful shriek. Looking round, he saw a young man in a hunter's dress already under the fangs of an infuriated wild beast. Reichard's first impulse was to run to rescue him; but when he looked at the monster again and saw that it resembled a horrible and furious ape, and bore huge horns on its head, his courage forsook him, and he had nigh, in spite of the pitiable cries of the young man, hid himself again among the rocks; but the words of the horseman now occurred to his recollection, and, animated by the fear of eternal perdition, he ran and attacked the apish monster with his club. The beast had already clasped the hunter in its arms, and now threatened to gore him with its horns; but when Reichard approached, he let his prey fall and ran off with a horrible gibbering, Reichard pursuing him, till he cast himself from a precipice into the sea and disappeared under the waves.

The young man now ran back in triumph to the rescued hunter, who declared himself to be the sovereign prince of the country, and called his protector a valiant hero, requesting him to demand from him, as an acknowledgment, anything in the world that it was in his power to grant. "Are you really in earnest," said Reichard, rejoicing, "and will you pledge your princely honour to grant my request?" The prince confidently assured him that he would to the utmost of his means. "Then," said Reichard, with tears of joy, "then for the sake of Heaven, coin me a pair of half-farthings."

As the prince stood looking at him in amazement, some of his followers came up, to whom he related all that had happened, and one of whom immediately recognized Reichard for the crazy half-farthing man, whom he had formerly seen. The prince now began to laugh, while the poor Reichard clasped his knees in agony, imploring him to

keep his word, as he should inevitably perish if he was denied the half-farthings. But the prince replied, still laughing, "Arise, friend, I give you my princely word that I will have as many half-farthings coined as you can wish for. At the same time, if farthings of one-third value are as convenient, there needs no mint for them, for my neighbours declare my farthings are so light, that three of them generally pass for one or more of another state." "If that were absolutely certain!" said Reichard, doubting. "At any rate," said the prince, "you will be the first that has found them too good; but, if that should happen, I here give you my solemn word to coin you worse, if that indeed be possible."

And he forthwith ordered one of his servants to deliver to Reichard a bushel of his farthings. Reichard ran like one possessed to the borders, and became wild with joy, when he found in the first tavern on the road that it was with grumbling and hesitation that any one would exchange a common farthing for the princely ones which he had selected for the experiment.

He now inquired for the Black Fountain, but the children in the tavern, who heard him, ran off in affright. The host himself told him, not without shuddering, that this was a haunted spot, frequented by evil spirits, and which few persons had ever seen, but that he knew it well. The entrance was not far distant, through a cave, with two withered cypresses before it, and no one could miss the way that ventured in; from which God prevent him and all good Christians.

Reichard now became very sorrowful again, but resolved to exercise his courage for the last time, and so commenced his way. The cave appeared horribly dark, even at a distance; the two cypresses seemed withered through horror of the hideous gulf, which discovered, as Reichard approached, a wonderful stone in its lap. He saw a number of grim visages peeping out, some of which bore a resemblance to the apish monster on the shore; but when examined, they were merely oddly-formed pieces of rock. The young man entered on his way with trembling. The Mandrake in his pocket felt heavier at every step, as if it would have drawn him back; but his courage on this account increased the more, as he well knew their different interests. At last the cave became so dark that he could distinguish no more of the horrid forms. He now felt his way carefully before him with a staff, lest he should fall into some hidden abyss, but he found nothing but soft moss under his feet; and if it had not been for a strange whistling and croaking, he would have been exempt from all fear.

At length he emerged, and found himself in a wild mountain basin. On one side he saw the huge grisly black steed of the horseman, unharnessed, and standing with his head aloft, motionless, like some brazen colossal statue. Opposite there gushed a well from the rocks, in which the horseman was washing his head and hands. But the evil stream was dark as ink, and made everything it touched as black as itself; for when the gigantic figure turned towards Reichard, his hideous face was as black as a Moor's, which formed a horrid contrast to his red dress. "Fear not, young man," said the grisly figure, "this is one of the ceremonies I am obliged to observe to please the devil. Every

Friday I am bound to wash myself here in contempt of Him whom you call Creator ; and so to my sorrow when I require a new dress I must heighten the crimson of my coat with drops of my own blood, and 't is this indeed which gives it so rich a colour. Moreover I have bound myself, body and soul, in such a manner that I have no chance of escape ; and what think you the niggardly miser gives ?—a hundred thousand gold pieces the year. With that I can never get free, and wish for that reason to purchase thy Mandrake. And that I do to play the old curmudgeon a trick ; for he has my soul already, and so the little satanic imp will return to hell without gaining anything after his long service, which will make the old dragon mad with rage." And with this he laughed, that all the rocks resounded, and startled the huge black steed, that seemed hitherto motionless. "And now," said he, turning himself to Reichard, "have you brought your half-farthings, comrade?" "No comrade of yours," retorted Reichard, half trembling and half offended, opening his purse. "Nay, do not give yourself airs," said the giant bargainer ; "who was it that set the wild beast on the prince, and enabled you to conquer him?" "All your sorcery went for nothing," said Reichard, and related how the prince was accustomed to coin not only half-farthings, but even pieces of less value.

The red man seemed angry at having thus given himself so much unnecessary trouble about the monster. He then received three base farthings for one good one, gave Reichard one of them, and received in exchange the little black imp, which was very heavy as he was drawn out of his pocket, and lay gathered up dejected and melancholy at the bottom of the phial. The purchaser again burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, "That will not at all help you now, Master Satan—gold ! gold ! as much as my black steed can walk under !" and immediately the giant's steed groaned under a huge burden of gold. He then received his master on his back, and walked away in the same manner that a fly ascends the walls, straight up the steep rocks, but with such horrible gestures and dislocations that Reichard fled in all haste out of the cavern to be rid of the sight.

It was not until he had emerged on the other side of the mountain, and had nearly got out of the jaws of the abyss, that a joyful feeling of his liberation first came over his spirits. He now felt a confidence in his heart that he had expiated his first great errors, and that in future no Mandrake could attach itself to him. He lay down on the green grass for joy, caressed the flowers, and bade the sun a joyful good morning. His mind now recovered its accustomed hilarity, but divested of his former bad passions and affections. And although he might with great justice boast of having circumvented the devil, he never indulged in such self-praise. On the contrary, he devoted his renewed strength to honourable exertions, and attached himself to a pious and respectable course of life. And in this he succeeded so well, that after some years' hard labour he was enabled to return to his native country in the character of a substantial merchant. He there took a wife, and was accustomed in his old age often to relate to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren the tale of the Mandrake as a useful warning to them.

HEAD MASTER RHENFRIED AND HIS FAMILY.

“**S**HUT the door, Margery, my dear,” said her old grandfather, “and bolt it too very carefully. Our young gentlemen students are about to jubilate in the streets to-night, as neighbour Schwertfeger informs me, and it may be better for quiet people who occupy the ground floor, like us, to be something upon our guard. Meanwhile I will look to the window-shutters; it is already getting quite dark, and it is high time to light a candle.”

“But how will our old lodger find his way in, then, grandfather?” said the little maiden; “you know he is still out among the pine-trees, and wandering about the old heathen monuments and tombs.”

“Let him rummage there as long as he pleases, child; we cannot hinder him. And he may please, likewise, to wait awhile before the door when he comes; for, to say the truth, I do not like his ways at all, and I am sorry that I ever promised the professor, on taking the house, not to turn the strange lodger out of doors.”

“Oh, grandfather! it was surely hard enough upon poor Mr. Professor to be obliged to leave his nice family house, all owing to his wicked creditors; and it vexes me to think of it. For Mr. Professor always looks so kind and pleasant, and not so old as the other professors; then he can tell so many fine stories of bygone times, which, though they almost make one’s hair stand on end, are very pretty to hear. And as to the strange lodger, he is, perhaps, much better in his heart than he sometimes appears to me.”

“Maybe so, child; but I wish I had stayed in my own little house. Whenever I go past it, I feel a kind of sinking at my heart; it was much pleasanter there.”

“Yet I think you used to complain and groan more there than you do here, grandfather.”

“How can you make that out, Margery? You know I only removed just to please good Mr. Professor. I wish from my heart he had continued to live here instead of us; at all events, he would have paid no house-rent! yet he would not listen to the idea for a moment. But now, my dear, let us think of the door; see that it is made quite fast.”

Little Margery did as her grandfather bade her: she turned the key three times in the lock, slipped the bolts as far as they would go, and then both seated themselves with a feeling of quiet and security snugly round their little hearth.

“Shall I go on reading where I left off, gran-gran?” said the pretty child, with a smile. The good-natured old man nodded assent, at the same time taking out of his portfolio his lead pencil, paper, and ruler, at his accustomed hour, in order to draw designs, which he afterwards exhibited for the instruction of the young artizans, as head master of the joiners’ trade. For the same reason he kept but little company, living quite retired, attended only by a single maid-servant and his little granddaughter.

She had, by this time, seated herself opposite to him, began to turn over the leaves of a huge richly-bound folio in parchment, and proceeded to read as follows:

"And it likewise once happened in the famed city of the sea, at Venice, that a gondolier, whose occupation there is to row backwards and forwards in boats, hung with black, upon the canals, had taken into his service a stranger, for his rower, of uncommon size and strength. Neither the gondolier, nor any one else, could learn whence the lusty varlet had last come, nor where was his native place. Some there were, more deeply read, who, observing that this huge hireling was deprived of the use of speech, though he could drink well and hail passengers politely enough, imagined that he must be some great animal metamorphosed through the wondrous power of some sorcerer into the human shape; and that, from his strength and docility, he was most likely formed out of an elephant.

"Be that, however, as it may, the gondolier was well satisfied with his journeyman who, if he devoured a good deal of food, also went through as much labour, and he troubled his head very little with inquiring into his descent and country, leaving all such conjectures to the solution of the learned.

"In this proceeding, however, he could not be justified, as no Christian master and householder ought to engage any servants whose faith, good character, and conduct are not sufficiently known to him, since he must remain accountable both to God and man for the demeanour of such domestics or other hired persons."

Here the old man sighed deeply, and leaned down his head, white with age, upon his hand. Margery stopped and looked at him with surprise. He then recovered himself, and forcing a smile, observed, "Well, my love, read on, I want nothing. I was only thinking how much better it had been, if—but go on, Margery, my dear." And Margery thus proceeded.

"About the same period there happened to pass that way a famous necromancer, who applied to the said gondolier for three able bodied boatmen, in order to make a long and quick passage by night. The gondolier thought he was rendering him a great service by letting him have his dumb rower for one of the hands which he calculated at the rate of five others. This he seemed to show by the speed with which his gondola began to skim the waves. But just at midnight there was heard, from the vicinity of the route it was then going, a most hideous uproar, in which the voice of the great sorcerer was most loud, and resounded far over the waters. A few of the boldest young men hastened with torches and arms towards the spot. Soon they saw the form of the huge rower conspicuous on the deck, engaged in sinking his own vessel, and stamping it deeper and deeper into the waves below; at the same time he seemed to be playing at ball with the sorcerer, and at a single blow struck off his head, after which boat and boatman both sank together into the deep.

"On the following morning the shattered limbs of the necromancer were found scattered in different places, washed up by the waves. What appeared still more remarkable was the discovery of a dead elephant lying, apparently drowned, upon the sea-shore a few miles distant from the city. But whence the strange monster could have been brought, or by what means, no one knew.

"It was surmised, however, by many, that the same necromancer had, by his infernal art, metamorphosed the huge animal into the human form, and employed it in this way, at Venice, for the purpose of effecting some of his diabolical schemes; that at this time he must for once have miscalculated the exact hour and planet under which he was operating; and had, unluckily for himself, been deceived by the evil spirits with whom he was tampering, so that in ascending the gondola he did not even recognize the enchanted beast, as oftentimes, indeed, happens to such practitioners in the 'black arts' before attaining their end. Others again wished to infer that the magician had only assumed the strange ancient-looking form in which he appeared, and was in reality a very handsome young man, deeply smitten with a passion for the lovely consort of the Doge. That moreover he had sent the huge elephantine rower before him, in order to assist in the abduction of the noble duchess, or at all events to stir up some wild insurrection in the city, and in the state council of the Republic, favourable to his views. As it has been stated, however, he in this instance fell a victim to his own want of foresight in directing the potency of his own fatal arts.

"Hence we may learn——"

Just at these words Margery was interrupted by a tremendous bustle in the street. She cast an anxious glance towards the windows, and at length whispered, "Ah, grandfather! I fear the young gentlemen students are even more wild than usual to-day!"

"It is only according to custom," said the old man, with a smile; "and birds of one feather will flock together, as the saying goes. So give no more heed to it, love, than to the blustering of a storm towards spring, and go on quietly with the book."

Margery was once more applying herself with all diligence to the exact line and word, when suddenly there came three such thundering blows against the window-shutters, that the fine old vellum book slipped out of her hand, and she hid her face in the cushion of the arm-chair, which rattled, along with all the furniture in the room.

But not so the worthy head master; for hastening close under the window, he exclaimed in the same strong clear tone in which he gave the word of command, when serving *à la militaire* in his youth, "Who has the boldness to disturb a free citizen in his own house? Let the wanton young blade give his name from the outside, and we shall soon see if he be as valiant as he would make us believe. As to this house, let him know it is the residence of Head Master Rhenfried—Philibert Rhenfried, President of the Honourable Joiners' Company, belonging to this town and country. What say ye?"

A low anxious wailing was heard on the outside, very strongly distinguished through all the violent mirth and uproar of the collegians, and gradually dying away along with the same in the distance.

"What was that?" inquired both the grandfather and the child at the same moment, with a look of surprise.

The students meanwhile made a fresh movement, and formed in a grand square in the mark. Torches were seen waving in the air, mingled with no few cudgels, and it is said that a number were ob-

served to be sharpening their hangers upon the stones. Apparently they had pronounced their *pereat* upon many an unlucky professor's pate, and in particular upon his who had so greatly won little Margaret's regard. For though he was accustomed to banter in a friendly way with some of these wild spirits of the gown, he was extremely bitter and unrelenting in cases of excessive wickedness and extravagance on their part, inasmuch that between the two they hardly knew in which way to deal with him. However, they were in hopes, at least, of terrifying him out of the vexatious censorship which he had assumed, and they were the more emboldened by the efforts of a new collegian, named Marcellin, who had been residing during some weeks, while on a tour, in the town, and ingratiated himself extremely with the whole fraternity by his superior courage and dexterity. Though a good deal older than the usual run of them, he it was who schemed and executed the most mad and juvenile tricks, while at the same time he won equal admiration by his superior abilities and acquirements. He had also conceived a great dislike to poor Margery's favourite, the Professor Nordenholm; hated to hear him named; could never be prevailed upon to call on him as on the other professors, and felt infinitely delighted at the idea of beholding the rod which was now hanging over him descend *in terrorem* upon his professional shoulders.

Their whole force marched forthwith until they formed a junction before the said Nordenholm's house; and there they set up a shout for Marcellin! Marcellin! echoed from a hundred voices; but it was in vain; no Marcellin made his appearance.

At length he was seen sinking quite pale and breathless, with difficulty supporting himself upon his sword-stick, out of the crowd about him. Some of the senior natives approached him with looks of eager and terrific inquiry, while the light of their torches glared strangely upon his livid and distorted features. "What!" cried he, scornfully, as they gathered round him, "do you think this either well-bred or right to dog me in so scandalous a style to the very steps of a strange old master joiner, one whom I may not so much as call by name? and would you delude me by maintaining that this is the family house of the hated Professor Nordenholm?"

"Of a truth," replied one of the students, in no good-humoured tone, "the head master resides in Nordenholm's family house. But who, as you so outrageously insist, has offered to dog your steps thither? and, moreover, how happen you to know anything respecting Nordenholm's residence? you who detested to hear him named, and gave yourself no sort of concern about him. All this appears to me somewhat strange."

Marcellin's pride took the alarm, but at the word "strange," he seemed greatly confused, and replied in a hurried, unconnected manner. This only plunged both parties deeper into the brawl, and shortly, in his excessive choler, he challenged two of the natives to meet him with sword and pistols on the ensuing morning.

After fierce words on both sides, they separated, and went in different directions without attempting to resume any of their former schemes, and without a single *pereat* executed on any professional head.

Nordenholm watched their retreat through his half-closed windows

barricadoed with huge tomes, and burst into bitter laughter, as he recalled to mind a similar convulsion, which was years before followed by the loss of his sweetest earthly enjoyments.

Meanwhile the head master and Margaret had ceased to read, and were sitting nearer each other quite still and contemplative.

"No, read no more to-night, child," said the old man, "the evening seems to have set in so strangely; and then the history you began to read was so very extraordinary, who knows but still more wild and absurd accounts may follow it? Better bring your spinning-wheel to the table, and then if you should happen to call to mind one of your prettiest ditties, sing it for me, my dear."

Margery smiled and nodded her head, at the same time beginning to spin in right earnest; but no pretty song seemed to rise up in her trembling little heart. She seemed rather to anticipate from her looks, though the streets were again quiet, that there was yet something strangely unusual and dismal in the approaching night that weighed heavier and heavier on her mind. Nor were her forebodings felt without reason, for just then they heard heavy footsteps pacing backwards and forwards in the room above them, the same which was occupied by the old lodger, who had not yet returned home, and of which he always carried the key about with him, being extremely jealous of any one entering it in his absence. At times, too, they thought they heard a fearful sobbing and sighing, almost like that of a man dying of great pain. Margaret raised up her hands, as if directing her grandfather to the spot, but said not a word, while he went and took down his old broadsword hanging on the wall, prayed a few moments within himself, and lastly went towards the door.

"Dearest grandfather, my own best grandpapa," whispered Margaret, "take me with you, then! for whatever terrible there may be, it cannot be half so agonizing as I should imagine, were I to be left here in the little study by myself—all alone, with such dreadful thoughts. Oh, yes, you must take me along with you!"

And after a few moments, while the old man had been engaged in trimming the lamp for his lantern, and putting out the candle which they were before burning, he motioned to the timid girl to accompany him, and lighted her on the way. But she clung fast to him, and they began to ascend the stairs together. As they proceeded up the narrow stone steps and along the creaking landing, they continued to hear more plainly the same strange moaning and whimpering from the lodger's chamber. They were now standing before the door, and could perceive there was a light burning within, apparent through the keyhole. "In God's name," cried old Master Rhenfried, "what kind of being is within there, and in what manner engaged?"

The door flew suddenly open, wide open, and "Huzzah! halloh! who disturbs, who affrights me?" was repeated from a voice within, so horribly wild and mad, that Master Rhenfried involuntarily stepped back, and the child fell upon her knees, muttering her prayers, behind him.

In the middle of the chamber stood arrayed in a blood-red mantle the strange lodger, and he trembled greatly. After a short pause, he said in a low hollow voice, "See! take your rent for one half-year. It is upon the table; there, take it away, for it fell due the week before."

"I shall not receive it to-day for all that," replied the old master, with a firmly recovered and determined tone of voice; "but I both will and must know what it is that so dreadfully agitates you, and by what means you gained access into my fast-locked and bolted dwelling?"

"What I moan, and what I sigh for," half sobbed and laughed the offended lodger, "eh! Surely the spirits that haunt the gallows have a right to do that; and why not he who regularly and orderly pays for his own lodging? How did I gain access here, you say?—Eh! what kind of questions are these?—why, the house door was standing wide open when I came; upon my honour, I can assure you, nevertheless, that I remarked nothing else."

"For all that," said Master Rhenfried, "I have earnestly to entreat of you to leave these lodgings to-morrow morning, for truly I am not accustomed to live with people whose doors fly off their hinges when they just approach them; I will never live with them any more."

"But I do not happen to be of the same opinion," said the strange lodger, in a contemptuous tone. "I laugh at the idea of going out; you know you are bound over to the former landlord to suffer me to remain. So there is your rent, pick it up, it is all there."

The old master, glancing sideways at the glittering gold, observed, "Hand to hand, I can receive nothing from you besides; I see you have brought such curious old doubloons, all marked Venice, and I know not what date they may bear. I believe too I have said before-time that I am no exchange broker, and have no dealings in strange obsolete coins, though I were to gain ten times the amount by them."

"Here, however," cried the lodger, laughing, "are no Venetian doubloons. They are old Saxon gold coins, which your forefathers have been acquainted with these thousand years. And if you sottish folk no longer prize them, yet the former master here, the wonderfully wise Nordenholm, may surely contrive to exchange them. Now, pray leave me alone, or take what is due to you!"

And as old Master Rhenfried was turning reluctantly away, the strange lodger slammed-to the door with such violence as to blow out their light. Slowly and sad did the grandfather and daughter descend the stairs and along the landing, which sounded dismally to their footsteps, until they again reached the snug little study, and felt as if a burden were suddenly removed from their minds. They lighted and trimmed their lamp, and Master Rhenfried shouted aloud for the maid-servant, to go instantly with a message for Professor Nordenholm, entreating him to come thither without loss of time. Should he be gone to rest, he must nevertheless get up, and hasten as fast as possible to consider of some very important business.

In a short while the professor made his appearance, pale and terrified. "You have sent for me on account of the lodger—is it not?" he inquired in a low voice. "My God! I might well think how it would be! But let our pretty little Margaret go to bed. I have much strange matter for your private ear, and our conference may be prolonged far beyond midnight."

The head master expressed his assent, and bade the servant go along with Margaret, and both retire to rest. Margery looked a little anxiously

round her, but observing that her good old grandfather, as well as the professor, was going to keep watch, she thought it would be better to try and forget her fears in sleep, and, without a word, she bade them both a sweet good night. Soon she fell into a soft slumber, and lost all recollection of the fearful occurrences of that dismal night: it had no longer power over her gentle spirit, for the smile that played upon her lips betokened innocent and angelic rest.

Meanwhile the professor and Master Rhenfried were in earnest communion together, seated near one another at the little round table. After a long pause, the former in a low and fearful tone thus resumed the discourse: "I ought in the outset, my dear Rhenfried, to remind you of a great calamity which happened to you, though I am also aware that so singular a period of your excellent life should, if possible, be wrapped in an impenetrable veil of oblivion; but it is all of no use now. I loved your lost daughter who disappeared ten years ago, and if she did not return my affection, there was a time when she seemed to receive it with a degree of sweet complacency and friendship. The cause of the beloved girl's loss, so inexpressibly bitter to my feelings, remains still as unaccountable to me as I suppose it yet does to you."

The old man made a sign for him to say no more, and seemed to be absorbed in deep meditation within himself. At length he said, "No; that dreadful occurrence is not such a complete mystery as you seem to think, though more severely felt, my dear sir, than any similar affliction that perhaps ever befell me. Yet, when I take all into consideration—your known integrity, your present sincerity, your kind attachment to my granddaughter, and the confidence she seems to feel in you—I feel I can no longer withhold mine; I feel that you fully merit it, and I will state every circumstance I know relating to the fate of my poor unfortunate girl.

"It may now be rather more than twelve years ago when there came to my house, where till then I had resided so quietly and pleasantly with my little girls,—there came, I say, one day, a handsome young man who expressed a wish to see my workshop, and after examining my models, &c., very attentively, he began to talk about an apprenticeship. As you may imagine, I at first treated the matter as mere jest, and then rejected it as a piece of uncalled-for mockery on his part, warmly entreating him not to think of amusing himself at my expense. Still the young gentleman insisted he intended neither jest nor insult; he was much attached to turning and joiners' work of all kinds, and he had resolved to become acquainted with it in all its branches thoroughly and upon principle, under the care and instructions of a skilful master. He then hoped he had succeeded, and he was resolved, with my permission, never to relinquish his design until he had made himself fairly master of all that it was in my power to teach. Like a madman as I was, I gave my consent, though I knew literally nothing either who he was or whence he came; not even whether he had any testimonials with him. I showed him everything in my shop; drew up an agreement, as if the devil possessed me; and called him, at his own request, by the name of Ludibert Wendelstern." "Ludibert!" said Nordenholm mournfully. "Alas, there is a Ludibert occurs likewise in

my own history. But go on ! go on ! dear master. Was he, then, the man who deprived you of your angelic daughter ?”

“He ! he ! no other on earth !” replied the old man, his face growing darker and darker as he spoke. “Right well did the cunning seducer know how to apply himself to my noble art ; never had I an apprentice half so skilful, for he possessed fine talents, and in more branches than one. He could play the flute beautifully, and could sing as well ; while with his rapier he was a perfect master.”

Nordenholm earnestly signified his assent, and the old man continued, without noticing it :

“During our leisure hours he amused himself with instructing the rest of the apprentices and their companions in the noble science of defence, and having myself been a soldier, fond of the sword exercise, it afforded me no slight pleasure to witness their feats with the foil. On all occasions the young master exhibited the greatest politeness and good breeding in his conduct, and daily established himself more firmly in my good graces. This continued for the space of two years, when suddenly the scales fell from my deluded eyes, and I stood lost in astonishment and dismay. The young students had engaged in a similar piece of work to that we have witnessed this evening ; and one of those who returned no more that night to supper, and was never afterwards seen, was Ludibert Wendelstern. On the ensuing morning I found a paper lying in my daughter Agnes’ chamber, but she was gone—gone for ever.”

The old man here rose, and unlocking a small cupboard, took out two letters, which he handed to the professor, who, recognizing the hand of his beloved Agnes, began to read, though almost blinded by the tears that came into his eyes.

“A happy destiny calls me away from you, my dear father ; but I know you would never have yielded me your consent. Farewell, then, and take comfort ; for I feel quite assured we shall soon meet again, when you will congratulate me a thousand thousand times on the happiness which will soon be mine.”

“That,” said the old master, “was indeed a poor prophecy,” and he drew his hand across his eyes, as if in pain : “she was far too confident, and that ever brings failure and disappointment along with it, for wretched mortals such as we are. There is only one thing certain, but that is quite certain ; wherefore the Lord be praised.”

He took his cap from his reverend white head, held it between his folded hands, and prayed within himself. Afterwards he continued, with more cheerful resignation, “During four years I could learn nothing regarding her ; but at the expiration of that period, one fine morning, an infant of about four years old was found wrapped delicately up, and laid at my door. It was Margaret, and the following note was found attached to its arm, which I will endeavour to read to you :

“‘I have been lawfully united at the altar with my beloved Ludibert ; and the sweet pledge of our affection, which I herewith commit to your care, was, I assure you, by all that is holy, born in honourable wed-

lock. If you would not wish to curse and to kill me, I beseech you to preserve the dear infant for me until I come to claim her; till when her existence must remain a mystery. My noble consort maintains me in great wealth and splendour; yet, oh! best and dearest father, you cannot believe what abundance of wishful tears I shed—what sighs I pour, once more to cross our sweet home's threshold; and which I am fondly trusting soon to do. Oh, think often of your absent, but faithful, fondly-loving
'AGNES.'

"In the basket that contained the child was a large sum of gold and silver, with precious stones. This, however, I deposited as the subscription of some stranger for the use of St. Ursula's hospital. But I deliberated not a moment in announcing that the young child was my granddaughter, the offspring of the marriage of my daughter with the stranger. And now, God be praised, our good city is pleased to give full credit to any assertion from the lips of head master Philibert Rhenfried: so far my good name helped me, and I troubled myself no further with any needless inquiries. So at all events my poor Agnes has not been the occasion of adding the sin of lying to the account of her aged father's soul. I have brought up her little girl to the best of my knowledge of what is good and right, and so by Heaven's mercy she has gone on improving, doubtless under its wise dispensations, to the fulfilment of God's purposes here below."

Nordenholm here pressed the old man's hand, and, leaning down his head, wept bitterly. After a long sad pause he then said, "Alas! my good master, I see how much you suffer; but your sufferings are not barbed with the stings of guilt, therefore do you bear them freely and boldly. But woe alas! I feel no sweet confidence in the same freedom. I have my misgivings, though I have done nothing dreadful to reproach myself with. There is something weighs at my heart, which seems to grow heavier and heavier as the night proceeds. The cause of this first arose on occasion of the forementioned festival, when I was young and happy, alas! doubly happy, for I then flattered myself with delightful hopes of winning your daughter's love, and came along with other students to enjoy ourselves here."

"After our rounds, we held a jubilee in a grand decorated hall, where we were joined by a mask arrayed in very splendid apparel. We had once, and only once, before observed the same man make his appearance, and concluded that he was one of our merry company who had some especial piece of mirth in view. This time the unknown made his obeisance, and with very humble voice petitioned for leave to propose a question for the consideration of our society. Receiving our unanimous consent, he began: 'It is a question of honour and of duty:—whether a lover have a right to carry off his beloved when he is persuaded that he can maintain her in all due and lawful honour and worthiness, and is equally persuaded that her happiness and his own can be accomplished by no other means.' He paused; and the voices on both sides rose loud on the ear, though most were perceptibly in favour of a mad assent to such a proposition; many of the students being pretty well heated with wine, and full of adventurous spirit, eager

for exploits. I, even I! good master, joined in the wild and wicked votes that carried the question; but it was the first truly blameable act of my life. Even now within this last half-hour I have heard from your own lips how very lamentably I may have assisted by such a vote, by supporting such a proposal, in striking at my own sweetest hopes of happiness on earth."

He hid his face in his hands and was silent. The old master laid his hand gently upon his bowed head, and while he pronounced his forgiveness, also gave his blessing: his repentance was enough. Nordenholm then rose with renewed hope and strength, and thus continued:

"It seemed, at the same moment, as if I was carried away by a strange impulse of wilful rioting and folly, quite foreign to my usual calm and moderate feelings of enjoyment on such occasions. It appeared as if I no longer recognized myself; I wished to be foremost in the mad career we were pursuing; everywhere ambitious to give a spur to the follies of the hour; and in all companies striving to lead the revels, in singing, dancing, drinking or rioting. Shortly I heard reports that the stranger was exerting himself very strenuously among our colleagues to obtain some of the most bold and adventurous hands for the purpose of carrying into effect the identical exploit which had gained our unanimous applause, and that he spared no powers of oratory, no influence, to gain his point. My rude and boisterous mirth seemed to offend his more genteel and delicate bearing; and soon we had words together. Then he tore the mask from his face, and we beheld a perfectly strange but beautiful youth, with a smile of scorn upon his features, which could not, however, impair their noble symmetry and lively expression. 'My name is Ludibert,' he cried, approaching me nearer; 'for that of my family, it is noble, princely; but I shall not mention it to you. Enough that I now cite you to appear and decide our difference in honourable combat. enough that I so far condescend.'

"The challenge was as quickly received; everything was prepared: I met him with perfect ease and confidence, for I was the unrivalled master of our ring; and stripped to our shirts, with single rapiers, we set to. Almost at the first pass I was overpowered by the irresistible vigour of my rival's arm: I could not even stand my guard; but was instantly struck senseless and bleeding to the ground, a part of his weapon sticking in my breast.

"Many weeks afterwards, on my first return to consciousness, my first inquiries were respecting Agnes, and the tale of her abduction then saluted my ears. I could learn nothing of the time and place, while my ideas on the subject were so mingled with the occurrences of that dreadful night, that I could only feel remorse for the mad disposition which I had indulged, and confess myself unworthy of the happiness which once appeared in store for me.

"Yet alas! good sir, my cup was not yet full. There was a favourite subject, I don't much like to mention, which I once pursued for the sake of poetical embellishment—the research after strange old charms, and other magical influences; and this my despair respecting the fate of Agnes now led me to employ, for the purpose of discovering whither the beloved girl had disappeared. Ah, my worthy master! fix not your

eye so sternly, so reproachfully upon me, much less turn away your sympathy from my sorrows; for know, God be praised, I have never either denied or misapplied what is holy by any investigation or pursuit of mine." At the same time he stretched out his right hand in token of such assurance, which the good master with a look of compassion accepted, and motioned to him to proceed; as he did in the following words:

"I knew that it has been conceived possible, through a fit conjunction of times and circumstances, so to fabricate a magical mirror that it shall retain the moon's beams in such a manner as to exhibit by secret reflection on the surface everything that passes upon the earth's sphere in succession, according as such magic mirror shall be directed and applied. This wonderful piece of mechanism I succeeded with infinite labour and great expense in procuring; and once in the garden of this your, but formerly my house, I began, when the moon was shining clear in the heavens, and at the full, about the eleventh hour of night, to try my secret experiment. That my own apparition would be seen, in case my image fell upon my glass, seen even from the farthest corner of the earth, I was well aware; but my whole soul was so intent upon learning the fate and residence of Agnes, that I could dwell upon nothing else.

"It now seemed as if some assistant being were directing my hand in the motions of the mirror, which fortunately had been placed aright. At first only small strange forms cast their reflections over the surface of the mirror; when at length, in the direction of the south, there arose one so enchantingly sweet and lovely before my eyes!—Oh, my good master! father! she sat looking so beautiful and angelic, amidst the blooming orange bowers, in the soft moonlight which shed its beams upon the lofty pines that crowned the heights above——"

"I see your eyes sparkle with delight," interrupted the old man, in a tone of displeasure; "you ought rather to take shame and sorrow to yourself, for having dared to dabble in any forbidden species of witchcraft, than to display the least feeling of exultation. Let me hear you describe what follows with a becoming degree of seriousness and regret. What further appeared?"

With the humility of a repentant offender, the professor cast his eyes upon the ground, and in a lower tone said, "It was indeed Agnes! she was splendidly attired, and was again seen walking by moonlight, leaning on Ludibert's arm. I concealed my features cautiously, at a distance, to prevent them from falling upon the mirror. Next, you yourself, sir, suddenly appeared in the garden; and on the mirror's surface the pale and sorrowful cast of your features was plainly visible. Seized with alarm, that you too should catch sight of Agnes, I ran to the glass, beheld my own distorted features reflected there; and bursting into a thousand fragments, the wonderful instrument fell from my trembling grasp."

"I know it all, as well as if it happened to-day," said the white-headed Rhenfried; "yet amidst all the images that floated before my eyes I could distinguish no one; clouds of heart-sprung tears concealed them from view. For at that time I had not fully resigned myself to the will of God: I lay weeping upon my bed, but suddenly I heard a

light whispering as if it had said in my ear, 'Rise, unhappy father; in Nordenholm's house it is known what is become of thy daughter.' I obeyed, and doubtless it was no good spirit which had so whispered me in my chamber. Then when I came and found you labouring under such excessive terror, you know well that I retired without speaking a single word, and never more alluded to the appalling and mysterious subject. Long afterwards, however, a heavy weight seemed to oppress my soul; from which you may learn, my poor deluded friend, how very critical and dangerous a pursuit it is, that can involve in its forbidden operations even the peace of the innocent, who would willingly resist its incantations to their last breath."

Meanwhile they again began to hear the voice of the strange lodger above stairs, mingled with sobs and sighs and wild fierce laughter, even louder than before.

"Good God!" cried the professor in much alarm; "suppose the horrid noises were to awaken the child!" Already he had raised his hand with threatening gesture towards the room above; when instantly checking himself, he sank down upon his knees and said, "Help! help me to pray, good master! that will avail us much better here."

Both then prayed, and all grew still! When they had again seated themselves at the table, the old master first spoke.

"Assuredly, Mr. Professor, you must have disturbed my mind by some other means besides those used with the magical mirror. You had better at once speak boldly out, and confess how it is that this strange unhappy lodger continues here; he is in some way connected with your proceedings."

"So indeed it is," replied Nordenholm. "For having learned that my Agnes was to be sought for somewhere in the south, I instantly collected the scattered remnants of my fortune, in order to seek her in those parts. The better to further my views, and gain access to various classes of society, I assumed the title of Doctor and Professor. While I was absent, you were presented with little Margaret, whom you found at your own door; but it was my fate, alas! to encounter many less fair and pleasing sights, cruel and frightful adventures, which bore me, like a whirlpool, into the gulf."

"I had journeyed as far as the city of Venice. There I heard mention of a certain sorcerer, who knew how to unravel all mysteries upon earth, and as I found all my inquiries after my lost Agnes were fruitless, I formed an acquaintance with him; and he is the very same strange being whom we just now heard crying out and lamenting over our heads. On consulting him he declared that he must have some fixed abode, where he might prepare his conjurations, and that having first provided him with a floor in my own house, he would attend to my wishes. When he got possession, however, he did not keep his word, pretending that the image of Agnes appeared only dimly floating before his eyes. Moreover, I heard it currently reported at Venice that this was merely the apparition of a real sorcerer who had flourished centuries ago, and owing to some want of foresight in his art had fallen a sudden victim, and never since been enabled to enjoy the least repose."

"Just Heavens! that I feared," exclaimed Rhenfried. "Margaret

has this very evening read me his dreadful history aloud ! Come what may, however, no time is to be lost ; we must rid the house of him, at all events." As he had said this, the old master proceeded once more to trim his lantern, took his good sword under his arm, and strode boldly out of the room. Nordenholm ventured not to oppose him, but followed at a distance, trembling with doubt and terror, up the steps and along the sounding staircase, till they reached the strange lodger's room.

The grey-headed host knocked smartly at the door ; it began to open very slowly, but not as if moved by a human hand ; for the fearful guest was seated quite at the other end of the chamber, upon the ground, wrapped in a red mantle ; several household implements scattered round him, and a dull blue fire flickering and casting its fitful shadows upon the opposite walls.

The strange lodger cast a keen glance at the intruders, with a smile of scorn upon his lips ; and as they continued to gaze upon him, more fierce and fiery glances shot from his hollow eyes.

"Give yourselves no trouble," he shouted in a hollow voice ; "I well know your object, and what you want here ; but nothing will come of it, at least during your lives ; and it is a question even whether Master Philibert's grandchildren will make me quit. For I am of a very tenacious nature, and apt to tarry long at a place."

The professor here sighed deeply from the bottom of his soul. The Red Mantle tried to force a laugh, but in this he could not rightly succeed ; though he said in triumph, "One of you, I well know, is burdened with heavy thoughts. Of that at least I am certain !"

"For me," replied old Master Philibert, very calmly,—"for me, I feel still more certain that I am not the person. Yea ! and I know something yet more : that you will not venture to stay in this house another quarter of an hour ; for I hereby conjure you, in pure and lively faith, with the fear of God before my eyes, confiding in Him only, to depart from hence out of this house, and never to cross its threshold more. What is more, you shall decamp forthwith, secretly and quietly, without offering to disturb a single Christian soul within these walls, without any knocking, rumbling, or roaring of any kind. Now !—avaunt !—are you going ? or will you have me appeal to more strong and terrible adjurations, in the name of the Lord ? Will you wait and rue your folly, or be gone ?" At these words, with quick, horrible, and threatening gestures, the lodger gathered up his strange furniture, and hiding them under his red mantle, he hastened towards the door, fiercely murmuring as he went by, "Thou cunning old professor—thou arch deceiver—not a word in my defence against that savage greybeard, dumb villain as thou art ! I will away from these walls, but then what woe—what woe—yet—yet !"

His voice continued to utter this, close in their ears, after he himself had disappeared. With the careful eye of a prudent householder and father, Master Rhenfried examined all parts of the room with his lantern, in order to ascertain that nothing of an unhallowed or diabolical kind had been left in the haunted room. He could discover nothing, except that upon the little table there remained the same old gold coins, counted out in payment of the strange lodger's rent.

"Hem!" said the master, thinking awhile to himself, "an honest ghost in his way; yet I must not venture to take possession of it; though, again, it is doubtless a godsend, which ought not to be buried without turning to use, nor misapplied; I will convey it, then, to St. Ursula's hospital. Morning is already glimmering through the window-shutters; I think we will awaken little Margáret, and take her along with us, for the child is always eager, and quite fond of walking that way; none so pleasant, she thinks, when I go along with her."

Very soon, then, the professor and Master Rhenfried were proceeding on their route, conducting the pretty Margery carefully between them, along the beautiful avenue of lime-trees which leads with gentle ascent to the front of the hospital. The little girl laughed and jested in so artless and engaging a manner as to lighten up the sad contemplative features of her companions with occasional smiles. They met one of the women of the establishment, and clasping her little hands, Margery addressed her in the most friendly voice: "Ah, Lady Sibyl! ah, Lady Sibyl! thou that art wont to bring me always such sweet fruit, and get'st nothing but a pat on the cheek in return. Good morning, a very good morning, Lady Sibyl."

Just at that moment was heard a confused uproar on the opposite side to where they stood, and a group of students made their appearance carrying a bier, apparently with some wounded person, to seek assistance at the hospital. Lady Sibylla, at this sight, breaking loose from the child, hastened to her post; the two friends followed her thoughtfully, while Margery hid herself anxiously behind a rose-bush.

The bier was now laid down, the students gathered round in a circle, while the woman began cautiously to examine the person's wounds. They all made way, however, for the professor and Master Rhenfried with marks of great respect, and one of them began to whisper them how the strange student, Marcellin, had engaged with and disarmed one of the senior students, and then confessed the injustice of which he had been guilty on the previous evening, upon which a complete reconciliation took place. "So it might have been likewise with the second duel," continued the relater, "or at least nothing fatal would perhaps have happened; when suddenly—no one knew whence—an old strange-looking man clad in a red mantle stood in the midst of us all, murmuring some unintelligible words, and looking highly displeased at us. The combatants seemed to fight more and more furiously. In a moment the stranger, stooping down, filled his hands with sand, which he cast repeatedly with the speed of light in thick clouds between the rivals, at the same time loudly laughing, 'Hail to you, old master! well-a-day! have I played you a trick? Now for Venice; now thou hast got it well—woe—woe!'"

"We heard him say these words, though he was gone, nobody seemed to know how. Lost in astonishment, we at length turned our eyes to the duellists, who both lay bleeding upon the ground; the senior was dead, and Marcellin we have here brought along with us in the situation you see. Their seconds have made their escape: and we, though less guilty, are come forward willingly to deliver ourselves up to whatever punishment may be thought due. No, we did not leave him helpless upon the ground."

The professor and Rhenfried, not without evident reluctance and shuddering, drew nigh the bier: pale and bloody, Marcellin raised himself up; he knew Nordenholm; moaned, and then exclaimed in rage, "Thou black sorcerer—abandoned sorcerer—I swore to do it—I saw thy hateful visage when you conjured up the image of my sweet wife's father, all sorrowful and bathed in tears. Then sat she in her orange bower, near Naples—in the soft moonshine—know you it—know you it well? In an agony of remorse she turned away from me, and thenceforth our bonds of love were broken asunder . . . Nay, I have never since once beheld her anywhere on this wide and desolate earth. Then hastened I hither, to have my revenge on thee; and here I must sadly die. And yet now were all obstacles overcome, and the sweet saint were mine again—the partner of my ducal power and splendour—she for whose sake I became a vile apprentice—and God knows what worse—yea, I had led her home—had her mine own in all the pride of love and splendour . . . But now she is far away, and I am dying—dying, another and another victim of thy hateful infernal arts."

A murmur was heard among the students, "The fever is mounting into his head;" others, however, were more doubtful, and hazarded a variety of conflicting conjectures. Master Rhenfried looked round him with a free and friendly air; he then took his cap off his fine grey head, and spoke in a clear but mild tone, "To the very respectable young students, and any other spectators who may wish to put questions on this affair, I here stake my life and honour that Professor Nordenholm is wholly innocent of causing this young man's death."

The murmurs became still, all moved respectfully in token of assent to the worthy old man, and they began to advance excuses, and canvass the professor's conduct in a more favourable manner. He himself, however, appeared unconscious of what was passing around him; he stood the very picture of grief, the hot bitter tears coursing each other down his cheeks.

Master Rhenfried meanwhile bent over the dying man, and with gentle firmness said, "You will soon appear in the presence of the great God, my dear sir, and now you see before you the face of that man whom you have the most deeply betrayed and injured, even deprived of his last sweetest hopes on earth. But God be praised—I know, I confess Him who purchased us with His blood, bore all our sins, and has paid the price even for yours. So take comfort, dear sir. I forgive you from the bottom of my soul, and if you depart with feelings of reconciliation and regret, be assured you will likewise meet with still greater compassion—pardon—blessed peace, in that better state to which you are now fast hastening. With whatever evil, deceit, and falsehood, Ludibert, you so vilely assumed the name of Wendelstern on earth, I do confidently predict that for this your sorrow and ruth you shall yet retain your name, and become a fair bright star (*stern*) in heaven, high above all your earthly pomp and state; in a sphere where friend and enemy may unite in the enjoyment of the same heavenly blessedness and delights. Go, take thy rest, then, dear Ludibert, with a meek and reconciled spirit, in holy hope, in lively assurance, that thou shalt wake 'mid the light of a brighter and happier morn."

The supposed Marcellin, now the unhappy Ludibert, stretched forth his hands to the good master, and mildly turning his eyes to the spot where stood the late-hated Nordenholm, a friendly smile played upon his features; he pressed his hand, bowed down his head upon it, and died.

Now, too, it was first observed that the female attendant had fallen into a swoon by the side of the bier. The old man gently raised up her head, and held her until she came to herself; when, refusing all further assistance, with feeble step, and drawing her hood and cloak closer around her, she proceeded towards the hospital. The students again raised the bier, and in perfect silence bore the deceased slowly along towards an ancient half-dilapidated church at a short distance; while Nordenholm, not a little consoled after seeing Ludibert's happy departure, with his usual promptness and decision pointed out to them, in few words, when they had laid down the bier at the church door, all that was necessary to be observed on such an occasion, and how they might best clear up their conduct by shunning not, and by disguising nothing from, the civil power. The students bowing respectfully and returning their unanimous thanks, while they at the same time condoled with him, then took their leave, showing by the sorrow of their countenances how much their hearts were amended.

Meanwhile the spital woman had beckoned the aged Rhenfried to accompany her, and stopped as she was entering the hospital under the vaulted entrance, where she began to enter into earnest discourse with him. Seeing the professor approaching, the old master beckoned to him, and said, "Here, friend, this good woman wishes to communicate something to us; let us hear her."

She then threw back her veil and hood, and there stood before them the long-lost and lamented Agnes; saintly pale, indeed, and bearing the traces of deep suffering, but whose features were not to be mistaken by the eye of a father and of a lover. In the same serious and lofty frame of mind, produced by what had so recently happened, all three seemed now to regard earthly sorrows and earthly wishes with a spirit of serene and cheerful patience, and whatever the future might have in store for them, either to part with or bear, they were already prepared for, and saw as it were approaching along the vista of coming years.

Little Margaret, who had laid herself to sleep beside the rose-tree, overpowered with the last night's anxieties and fatigue, now came skipping towards them, and playfully caressing the weeping Agnes, said, "How beautiful you look this morning, dear Lady Sibylla, now you have thrown aside your black cap and hood; but you must not cry—women neyer cry!" But her delight knew no bounds when she learned that the lady was going home to live with her, and was to have the room of the strange old lodger for her own, who was never coming back any more.

This, too, she found to be all true; she was quite enraptured at the change; and under the delicate and incessant guardianship and attentions lavished upon her by the three friends, pretty Margery grew and flourished, until she bloomed in full beauty, one of the most fair and lovely flowers in the rich garland of Germany's gentle women.

POPULAR TALES.

MUSÆUS.*

THE following sketch of this very pleasing and ingenious writer's life is from the pen of his friend and pupil, the celebrated Kotzebue. Like the productions of him whom it commemorates, it is written with kind and earnest feelings, and everywhere bears that stamp of sincerity and truth, which at once carries pleasure and conviction to the reader's heart.

"He was once my instructor, and he afterwards became my friend," observes Kotzebue: "let my heart, then, speak, while his image continues still fresh in my memory. I wish I could excite something of the interest I feel in the reader's bosom; but he was unacquainted with him. It is of small consequence when and where such men as my friend were born, at what age they went to school, and whom they married; they are everywhere sure of dispensing pleasure and of doing good.

"Should I be esteemed too partial to do justice to his life, I may, at least, be permitted to pronounce his funeral oration. I have nothing more important than what is of daily occurrence, and familiar to all, on which to dwell—except his own good heart and fine genius.

"Charles Augustus Musæus was born at Jena, in the year 1735. His father was a magistrate residing at the same place, but who, subsequently becoming a counsellor and intendant, found occasion to remove to Eisenach.

"Young Musæus was of an open lively disposition; and he so far won upon the affections of his friends, that one of his elder cousins, the Superintendent Wessenborn, of Alstadt, wished to adopt, and invited him to reside with him; and on being promoted to the general superintendentship at Eisenach, he returned with him thither the following year. At this period he was only nine years of age, and he remained under his relative's charge until he attained his nineteenth year.

"He prosecuted his studies at Jena; took a degree of Master of Arts, and ultimately became an Associate of the German Society—a title which, at that time, meant more than it does now. Upon this, he returned to the roof of his parents, and his name was entered at Eisenach, during a space of nine years, as a candidate for the university. He is known likewise to have preached there with much credit and applause; but a somewhat odd circumstance shortly determined his future destination. He expected to have been elected pastor of Pfarrode, a small hamlet not far from Eisenach; but, on its being ascertained that he could dance as well as preach, the scrupulous elders refused to

* "German Popular Tales." By John Augustus Musæus. Edited by C. M. Wieland. Five vols., 8vo. Gotha, 1805.

receive as their spiritual comforter one who had danced even once in his life.

"Some time in the year 1763 he was made governor to the pages at the court of Weimar, and subsequently he became professor in the gymnasium at the same place. About the same period he married Juliana Kruger, by whom he had two sons.

"Thus his life had nothing remarkable in it; nothing distinguished him from the throng of fellow-citizens who surrounded him except the qualities of his head and heart. The mind of an author survives him in his works: we may read and admire; but the heart of the man can with difficulty be duly appreciated. I can convey no clearer idea of it than by the fact that he wrote satires, and had no enemies; not a single being within the walls of Weimar wished him any ill; for in his own temper there was not a drop of gall. The arrows of his wit were well pointed, but they were not dipped in poison. He extorted the respect of the great, and deserved the love of all the middle and lower ranks of people.

"I fancy I can behold him going, as he daily did, with a book under his arm, from his own house towards the gymnasium. The citizens on all sides saluted him as he passed, with his hat always in his hand, and a good-natured smile upon his face, his only thanks. He was in the habit of walking to the gardens without the city walls, to watch the citizens at work, conversing with each in his own way, so as constantly to interest all with whom he spoke, in whatever branch of rural economy they were conversant. Willingly would the pleased husbandman, leaning for some moments upon his mattock, and, holding his cap in his hand, join in the conversation; while Musæus had invariably his hat in *his* hand, which he never replaced until the other was first covered. It was thus he won the hearts of all; and if you wished to behold a kind and pleasant countenance, you need only accost Professor Musæus as he went by. It happened in the year 1780, while he was suffering under a very painful malady, that his servant-maid was standing, surrounded by a number of people, in the baker's shop. 'How is your master to-day?' he inquired. 'Oh! he is very bad.' 'May God help and restore him!' said the baker. 'I am not acquainted with him, but I sometimes see him passing by, and I never hear anything but good concerning him.'

"In truth, he was alike esteemed by those who knew and those who did not know him: his looks were everywhere a friendly passport for him: the magic he employed was a gentle and courteous spirit—the same which pervades, with a highly popular air, the whole of his fictitious productions. He rendered unto every one all that was due to him; to rank its minutest titles, and to all classes respect and deference. When perplexed as to the exact title of a counsellor, he has been known to address him by 'My dear noble privy councillor!' and a noble, though only an ensign, with the words, 'Your grace!' for that, said he, pleases him, and costs me nothing. He censured no follies except in his writings, though his own little whims and singularities were often subjected to the strokes of his wit. He knew how to entertain his friends by sallies of the happiest humour; and would keep them, for hours

together, in a roar of laughter, along with his wife. His looks and manner were then inimitable; trifles the most insignificant furnished him with amusing stories, numbers of which now occur to me, though without him they will not bear repetition.

"His habitual cheerfulness and serenity of mind seldom deserted him, though he suffered greatly, and in particular from violent headaches, with a long series of other grievances. The remuneration afforded him by his office was trifling, though it occupied many hours daily; and to add to it, he was compelled to give lessons, in his leisure hours, upon history, &c., to young persons of noble birth. Yet such was his passion for study, that, feeling he carried within him an inexhaustible source of more lasting wealth, he resolved to devote himself wholly to his desk.

"Had Lavater's physiognomical enthusiasm only served to give rise to the '*Physiognomical Travels*' of Musæus, it would justly be entitled to our gratitude; for, with the exception of some early poems, it was with this humorous production that he first appeared, without a name, in the field of German literature. It was by no means, however, the first-fruits of his genius; for about the period when Richardson's '*Sir Charles Grandison*' half turned the heads of the Germans, like Göthe's '*Werter*' not long afterwards, he wrote a satire, though none of the bitterest, entitled '*Grandison the Second*,' a work which reflects no disgrace upon the era in which it made its appearance. At the publisher's request, who, after the reputation acquired by the '*Travels*,' wished to profit by the author's rising fame, he was induced, in 1781, from mere goodness of heart, to remodel this work in the shape in which it appears in the present day. It abounds with original and humorous traits, and is full as entertaining, if it be not so well known, as '*Lige-fride of Lindenberg*.'

"These were some of the most successful essays of his early years; to which, however, we may add a comic opera, called the '*Gardener's Maid*;' the '*Four Steps of Human Life*,' a Prelude, with Songs; '*Criticisms for the General German Library*;' and occasional poems; all of which were given to the world. What! the reader will perhaps exclaim, a genius like Musæus write occasional poetry! Yes; and I am free to add that he wrote such pieces for money, though German poetry is a sort of exotic rarely nurtured by princes, or preserved from the rude blasts, being doomed to draw its nutriment with the common herbs around it, from the same air and soil. I have seen the excellent Musæus, previous to the new year's feast, occupied (in a single chamber, surrounded by his whole family, and the noise of rattling spinning-wheels) in composing new year's verses for the sexton of the town church at Weimar, and for which he charged no more than a dollar. These were printed, together with a list of births and burials, bound in gold paper, and carried about to the different houses.

"In fact, his exceeding modesty and diffidence of his own powers long restrained the free expansion of his genius, and led him to play a less brilliant part among some of his great contemporaries. He was attached to domestic peace and comfort with the strength of a passion, and he even rid himself of his pupils in order to indulge his taste for

reading and composing with more assiduity and ease. He was invariably the last to feel convinced of the sterling merits of his own writings, and he timidly suppressed his name to the title-page of his 'Physiognomical Travels.' As few persons knew that he was the author, he listened to the opinion of the world, remained silent while the voice of Fame proclaimed its merits, and suffered the literary journals of the day to name other men as the author.

"The name of Musæus, however, was destined to burst from its obscurity; and the writer of the 'Physiognomical Travels' was assigned a place near that of Swift and Rabner, while the German public acknowledged its justice with shouts of applause. Men of wit and talent, many of whom were then resident at Weimar, were astonished to find among them a man, with whom they had not even been acquainted as a companion and fellow-citizen, capable of such productions. All now courted his society; his house was besieged, and his little boy became so accustomed to these kind of visits, that one day looking out of the window, he exclaimed, 'Here are more coming to praise papa!'

"Yet Musæus was proof against the incense they bestowed, at least it never mounted into his head; he preserved the same simple and modest manners as before. He stood exalted, as it were, above his fame; though he felt gratified, as the father of a family, in having succeeded in uniting certain competency with domestic peace. His gains, indeed, were scanty, for his publisher repaid him ill: he received (*horrible dictu!*) only eight shillings for his copyright of the 'Travels'! a work by which M. Richter of Altenburg realized many thousand pounds.

"His path now lay smooth before him, and he continued to write assiduously. It was now he produced his 'Popular Tales,' 'Friend Heine's Apparitions,' 'The Plume,' &c., which are familiar to almost every reader. Yet it is probably known to few that when he determined to write his 'Popular Tales,' he assembled round him a crowd of old women with their spinning-weels, inviting them to talk as much as possible, and watching their tone and language, which he subsequently repeated in his own manner. He conversed, too, with the children in the streets, made them tell him stories in their own way, and rewarded each tale with a farthing.

"He devoted every hour he could snatch from the business of his office to the instruction or the amusement of the public. He had a small cottage on the river Elm, just spacious enough to contain a table and a few chairs, whither he retired during the summer heats to enjoy the shade, with the river murmuring at his feet. There, too, I have been seated at his side, as he sat composing for posterity, while I was engaged in offering up my first incense to the Muses. After writing a few sides, he would often turn to me, and read them, watching the effect they produced; and these were some of the pleasantest hours of my early years. In the evening, when we were about to return home, we were in the habit of pulling a few dozen of radishes from the cottage garden to season our frugal supper. On separating, it was always a condition to meet as early as six o'clock on the following morning at the garden; and whichever of the two should be last was to treat the other to a cup of coffee. It occasionally happened that we approached

equi-distant from the garden ; and then, when he first caught a glimpse of me (yes, I can still see and hear him), he began to run and laugh till he was almost out of breath, in order to anticipate me. All his pleasures were equally simple and innocent : those were, indeed, delightful hours, and they will never return.

"During the latter part of his life, he purchased a small piece of ground at Altenburg, not far from Weimar, laid out his own garden, and built a pleasant little house. This became his favourite abode, and he delighted to observe the progress of the plantations and flowers which he had arranged with his own hand. Would that he might only have lived to behold every plant become a tree !

"But the place soon passed into other hands ; being sold by auction for the benefit of his widow, it was deprived of its beautiful prospect. Yet Musæus had resided there, and this added greatly to its value. Should the reader ever happen to travel between Jena and Weimar, as the carriage rolls down the hill approaching the latter place, look out on your left hand, and you will see our favourite spot :—you would weep, too, if you had known its possessor, or you might weep that you knew him not ; for he was a rare—a very singular character ; in whose external appearance there was little, as he never displayed more knowledge in his conversation than the person with whom he spoke could appreciate, and he let every fool talk, and left him to his folly. He had nothing in common with those wits who are never able to check a witty sally, or who pique themselves upon the decoration of their person : he always went in his old grey coat, and with loose dishevelled hair, and he imagined he always did his wife a great favour when he dressed himself in a new coat. Yet he always took pleasure in beholding his wife well dressed ; for he was invariably, till his final separation, the most indulgent and tender of husbands, as well as the best of fathers ; indeed, he was always a child with children. Never have I beheld him more full of mirth than on the Christmas festival, when the children were expecting the approach of the feast. I have seen him busily making the preparations : there he sat very seriously gilding roses, apples, and nuts, cutting wax tapers, and decorating the sugar-tree ; then he placed an angel with a flag of tinsel upon it, lighted the wax tapers himself, and loudly joined in the children's shouts of triumph, hopping and skipping and making odd faces with the merriest of them.

"He was often in the habit of making little tours on foot as far as Jena or Gotha. He invariably walked with an umbrella, which he used for a threefold purpose, according to circumstances,—to defend himself alike from the wet, the wind and dust, and from the sunbeams. Often, too, he went with his open waiscoat, and carrying his coat with clean linen upon a stick thrown across his shoulder, being quite indifferent whether or no, in such equipage, he might be confounded with a travelling pedlar. Once I made a similar journey with him and Klinger as far as Gotha. At this place he bought a rocking horse for his son, and hitting on no better expedient, he tied it also, on his return, fast to his stick, and thus reversing the rule, with the horse upon his back, he marched quite happy through the gates of Weimar. His singularities,

like his genius, seemed bent upon affording amusement, and he was only, perhaps, the more beloved.

"Alas! why was not friend Heine grateful to the man who once so delightfully painted his apparition?"

"Musæus died in the month of October, 1787, in the fifty-second year of his age, and of that very singular disease, a polypus* in the heart. His death, therefore, was so far enviable as it was the work of a moment—but, alas! what a moment for those who loved him! He had for many years before been threatened with it, and it probably may have been aggravated by excessive study; for, though of temperate habits, he was quite insatiable in his intellectual pursuits. After being occupied the whole day in his office, he was accustomed to seat himself at his desk after supper, and composed until two o'clock in the morning, drank cold coffee, and smoked cigars.

"In this way, in spite of the repeated entreaties and remonstrances of his wife, and of all who loved, that is, of all who knew him, he exhausted the powers of his frame and mind. He had long suffered, he had been warned by many alarming symptoms, but he paid no attention to them, and he died.

"The tears that were shed on the day of his funeral were the sincerest testimony of the affection of his fellow-citizens, no less than the throngs of people that followed his hearse. The great Herder voluntarily came forward to preach his funeral sermon; and a simple and beautiful tablet was erected to him shortly after his decease, in the churchyard of Weimar, by some person unknown. There was likewise a bas-relief, bearing a striking resemblance to him, raised upon the walls of St. James's church; and under it appears an urn, upon which was laid a book with the inscription, '*To the immortal Musæus.*' And that name is immortal. Spirit of my dear Musæus, my preceptor and my friend! hover near me, and wipe away these tears from my cheek, fraught with feelings to which the heart can give no utterance.

"Let the reader forgive me if I have narrated incidents unworthy of being given to posterity; let my friendship plead somewhat for the poignancy of my feeling. Let him think that he is passing by a grave, where a son has just been lamenting and scattering the last flowers over his father. Who would not stop?—who would not give one charitable tear to the afflicted?"

"Had you known him—the truly honest upright man, the faithful indulgent husband, the fond father, and the tried friend, always calm and contented with the little Heaven bestowed upon him—sharing that little with his poorer brethren, and never cringing before wealth and rank, never courting favour;—but no more! The spirit of my friend even now reproaches me. Does the same modesty which was the companion of your life still survive in the Elysian scenes to which you are gone? Be it so! I am silent! and silent and unheeded flow my tears!"

—Kotzebue's "*Historical, Literary, and Political Anecdotes.*"

* The polypus is a hard concretion of clotted blood that gradually forms in the heart.

THE DUMB LOVER.

HERE was once a wealthy merchant called Melchior of Bremen, who always laughed and stroked his chin very complacently when the preacher read the parable of the rich man in the Gospel, whom, in comparison with himself, he considered but a poor pedlar. Such, indeed, was his wealth, that he had the floor of his banqueting-room paved with dollars; for luxury, though of a more substantial kind, was prevalent in those rude times, as well as now; and while his friends and fellow-citizens were not much pleased at such a proof of his ostentation, yet it was, in fact, intended more as a mercantile speculation than for idle display. He was sagacious enough to see that reports would go abroad of his excessive wealth, which would greatly add to his credit even among those who censured his vanity. This was exactly the case: his idle capital of old dollars, so prudently as well as ostentatiously employed, brought large returns of interest: it was a visible bond of payment, which gave vigour to all the wily merchant's undertakings. Yet, in the end, it proved the rock upon which the stability of his house was wrecked; for Melchior, one day partaking rather too freely of a rich liquor at a city feast, died suddenly, without having time even to make out his will. His son, however, having just attained the age of manhood, succeeded to the whole of the property.

Frank was a noble-spirited youth, endowed with some excellent qualities. He was well made, strong, and very good humoured, as if the old French wine and hung beef, of which he had partaken largely, had produced such happy results upon his constitution. Health glowed upon his cheek, while content and animation shone in his dark hazel eyes. He grew like a vigorous plant, which only requires water and a hardier soil to bear noble fruit, but which shoots to waste in too luxuriant ground. The father's prosperity, as it often happens, was the son's ruin; for no sooner did he find himself possessed of so princely a fortune than he contrived how he could best get rid of it; and instead of smiling in scorn at the parable of the rich man, he imitated his example to a hair, and clothed and fared most sumptuously every day.

The feasts of the court bishops were far exceeded in superfluity and splendour by those he gave; nor will the good city of Bremen ever behold such substantial and magnificent proofs of hospitality, as long as it is a city, again; for each citizen was presented with a fine joint of roast beef, with a flask of Spanish wine: the people drank to the health and long life of old Melchior's son,* and young Mr. Francis became the hero of the day.

In this round of continual pleasure, no wonder he never thought of balancing his accounts—then the favourite "Pocket Companion," the *vade mecum* of our old merchants, but since unfortunately gone too much out of fashion. Hence the evident tendency of the modern scale of calculations towards utter bankruptcy and heavy losses, as if drawn

* Hence, according to the tradition, a merry health was used to be drunk, which is still continued in a number of places—"Come! long live the good old fellow's son!"

by magnetic influence. Still, the old merchant's coffers had been so well stocked as to give his son no sort of uneasiness; hitherto his difficulty was rather how to dispose of his annual income. Open house, well-furnished tables, and throngs of parasites, loungers, gamblers, and *id genus omnes*, left our hero small time for reflection; one kind of pleasure followed another; his friends took care to provide a succession of extravagancies, lest he should pause, and think, and snatch the luscious prey from their grasp.

Suddenly the source of such prosperity ceased to flow; Francis found he had drained his father's money-bags of their inexhaustible stores. He ordered his steward one day to pay a large sum; he was not, however, in a condition, and returned the bill. This was a severe reflection upon the young spendthrift; but he flew into a violent passion with his cashier, instead of blaming himself. He gave himself no kind of trouble to inquire into the cause; like other dissipated characters, he swore some dozen oaths, and, shrugging up his shoulders, ordered his cashier in a very laconic style "to provide money!"

This was good tidings for the old usurers and Jews of the city. They furnished Francis with means to continue his mad career, though on very exorbitant terms. In the eye of a creditor, a room well paved with dollars was then better security than bills upon an American house, or even upon the United Provinces. It served as a good palliative, for a period; but it shortly got wind that the silver pavement had disappeared, and was replaced with one of stone. Judicial inquiry on the part of the creditors followed, and it was ascertained to be the fact. No one could deny that a floor of variegated marble, like mosaic, was more elegant for a banquetting-hall than one of old worn-out dollars; but the creditors, disliking this proof of his improved taste, unanimously demanded their money. This not being paid, a commission of bankruptcy was issued against him; and forthwith an inventory was made of all that the family mansion, the magazines, grounds, gardens, furniture, &c., contained. All was then put up to auction; and spite of the law under which Francis tried to shelter himself, the law deprived him of all he possessed. The mischief was now done: it was done too late to ponder and philosophize, and he never once dreamed of terminating his perplexities by the summary method so prevalent in the present civilized age. He might have made a dignified exit by hanging, drowning, or shooting, or have turned his back upon his native city in high dudgeon for ever, as he could no longer cut a noble and fashionable figure in it. But no such thing; the light careless young fellow never once troubled himself with that formidable reflection for which we are indebted to French frivolity and fashion, of "what will the world say?"—a saying meant to bridle some, and to spur on other follies quite as absurd.

Luckily Frank's feelings were not sufficiently fine to make him ashamed of the result of his dissipation: he was like a man awakening out of a state of intoxication, almost unconscious of what had passed; and he lived on, heedless alike of sorrow and of shame, as most unlucky prodigals are known to do. He had saved a few of his mother's jewels from the general wreck, and with the help of these he contrived to prolong existence for a period, though not in a very enviable manner.

He took up his abode in a retired quarter of the city where the sunbeams seldom shone, except towards the longest days, when they occasionally glanced over the high-built roofs. Here he found all he looked for in his present altered circumstances. He dined at his host's frugal board; his fireside was a protection against the cold; and he had a roof to shelter him from the effects of rain and wind. There was one enemy, however, he could not so well deal with—a killing *ennui*: here neither stone walls, nor the fireside, nor the moderate enjoyment of the table were of much service to him. He had lost a whole host of parasites, who used to do their best to entertain him, and, along with them, his former friends. Reading was then too rare an amusement to kill much time, nor did the honest folks understand the art of weaving love-sick fancies, and other modern innovations, which are usually the product of the shallowest brains. Alas! he had neither sentimental, pedagogical, nor comic romances to resort to; no popular, moral, and fashionable tales; family and monastic legends were rare; while novels, both new and old, had not then commenced their havoc upon good white paper, and converted the unfortunate race of poor printers into mere slaves of the grocers and tobacconists: for, as yet, noble knights continued to break their lances at the tournaments—such as Dietreck of Berne, Hildebrand, and Liegfried the Horny, and with Rembold the Strong, rambled in search of dragons and other fiery monsters, and encountered dwarfs and giants, each equal to more than a dozen men cast in the modern mould. The old venerable Theuerdunk was in those times the great model of German art and sagacity; his work was the earliest production of our national intellect, though it was only calculated for *beaux esprits*, poets, and philosophers of his age. Francis belonged to none of these classes, and had, therefore, no occupation but to play upon the flute, to look out of the window, and take observations of the weather. But this led to no better conclusions than the rest of the theories of the soaring meteorologists of the day. It was lucky, then, that he met with a more engaging object of attention, which served to fill up the daily increasing vacuum both of his head and his heart.

Opposite his own window, in the same narrow street, dwelt a respectable widow, who gained a scanty living, not, however, without the hope of better times. She had a very beautiful daughter, who assisted her at the spinning-wheel; and between them, indeed, they produced as much yarn as would have encircled the whole city, walls and suburbs included, of Bremen. Yet they seemed born for a better fate than a spinning-wheel; they were of a good family, and at one period had lived in great respectability. For the Lady Brigitta's husband, and the fair Mela's father, was the owner of a merchant vessel, which he freighted on his own account, and every year made a voyage to the city of Antwerp. He had, however, the misfortune to be lost in a storm—ship, cargo, and crew were all swallowed up in the waves.

His wife, a well-principled, prudent woman, bore the loss with exemplary fortitude, and the more so for her daughter's sake. Yet she nobly rejected all offers of assistance from the hand of charitable friends and relatives, declaring that it was dishonourable to receive alms so long as she was enabled to support herself by the work of her hands. She gave

up her grand establishment in favour of the creditors, who had the meanness to take everything, while she had sought refuge in daily toil under her present humble roof. At first, to be sure, such occupation proved irksome to her; often she moistened the flax with her tears. Industry, however, went hand in hand with independence; she submitted to no uneasy obligations, and habituated her daughter to the same sentiments and the same mode of life. They lived so frugally as soon to save a small sum, which being laid out in the purchase of lint, they began to carry on business in a small way.

Still this excellent lady had no idea of spending the whole of her remaining days in this state. She anticipated better times, if not restoration to her former prosperity, so as to enjoy in the autumn of her days a portion of the sunshine which had enlivened the spring. Nor was it only an idle dream: it was founded on reasonable calculation; on the growing evidence of her daughter's charms, now fast ripening into womanhood, like a full-blown rose, but not quite so soon to fade. She joined modesty and virtue to her beauty, with so many other excellent qualities, that her mother already derived consolation and pleasure from her society. With the view of conferring upon such a daughter every accomplishment, she almost deprived herself of the necessaries of life, being convinced that if a young woman could only be brought to answer the description given by Solomon, that royal friend of woman, of a good wife, the costly jewel would be sure to be sought for as the cheapest ornament a wise man could ever possess. For in those good times virtue added to beauty was in as much request among young men, as grand connexions and a vast fortune in the present age. There were far more rivals too for such a lovely girl's regard, a helpmate being then considered as a chief requisite, and not, as in the present false hair-brained theory of economy, an incumbrance to a household.

The sweet Mela, to be sure, was blooming more like some rare exotic than a hardy plant in the open air. She lived in seclusion under maternal sway; she visited neither public walks nor rooms, and was seldom seen above once a year beyond the precincts of her native city. This was in direct opposition to the present matrimonial and manœuvring system. The existing race of matrons are better informed: they consider their daughters' charms as available capital to be brought into circulation, and not, like the poor maidens of other days, to be kept under durance and duennas, though good matrimonial speculators knew well enough where the treasure was to be found. The Lady Brigitta sighed for the period when she should thus be liberated from her servile Babylonish captivity in the narrow street,—when she and her fair daughter were to be transported back into the land of milk and honey. The charming Mela was justly considered by her mother as worthy of the highest station, and she spared no pains in developing her natural fine qualities by every advantage of education.

Standing one day studying the weather at his window, Frank caught a glimpse of the lovely Mela as she returned from church, where she never omitted going with her mother to hear mass. Hitherto he had paid no serious attention to the other sex; during his prosperous days, all his finer feelings had been blunted, his senses bewildered in a per-

petual round of dissipation, encouraged by his boon companions. But now the wildness and effervescence of his youth was over; the chords of his feelings were finely strung, and the least breeze was enough to ruffle the surface of his soul. Enchanted at the lovely sight, he instantly threw up his dry studies of meteorology, and entered on a more favourite pursuit. He began by questioning his landlord respecting his pretty neighbour and her mother, from whom he heard the chief part of what has been already related.

For the first time he began to accuse himself of his former wilful and extravagant conduct: he could not now offer a handsome fortune, as he might have done, to the beautiful Mela; yet his wretched abode was dearer to him than a palace, and he felt that he would scorn to exchange it for the finest house in Bremen. His beloved dwelt opposite to him, and he passed whole hours together at the window. When she appeared, he felt greater delight, perhaps, than the astronomer Horocks himself, when he first beheld Venus passing over the sun's disk at Liverpool. But her mother was as vigilant in her observations as her lover, and soon understood the meaning of his constant station at the window. Being no favourite with her, on account of his former conduct, she became so angry at his repeated watching and staring, that she drew close all the blinds, and then entreated Mela never to venture near the windows. She looked out also one of the thickest veils to wear in going to church, and hastened round the corner as fast as possible, to screen her from the unhallowed gaze of her new admirer.

Young Frank was not remarkable for his penetration; but love is known to sharpen the faculties. He fancied that his intrusive looks had given some offence, and he retreated from his post at the window, vowing that he would look out at it no more, though the sacred host itself were to pass by. He began to contrive how he might best continue his observations unseen—a plan in which he easily succeeded. He procured a large mirror, and hung it so ingeniously in his room as to reflect everything which passed in the opposite sitting-room of the ladies. During several days he refrained from showing himself; the blinds were gradually withdrawn, and the looking-glass sometimes reflected to his infinite delight the form of his beloved. His passion was striking deeper root, and he longed to declare it to Mela, being infinitely anxious to learn how she felt disposed towards him.

But in truth it was far more difficult in those good times to get an introduction to the young ladies of a family than it now is, and the poor youth's destitute situation added to this not a little. No morning visits were then in vogue; a *lête-à-lête* might have ruined a young lady's reputation; and the whole list of balls, masquerades, routs, suppers, walks, rides, &c., with a thousand other modern inventions to facilitate the intercourse of the sexes, were then unknown. The nuptial chamber was the sole place permitted to young lovers for a more confidential explanation of their feelings. Yet in spite of such restraint, things were carried on much in their usual manner. Weddings, christenings, and burials followed each other, particularly in a city like Bremen, as they do now, and were the only licensed occasions for entering into new compacts of the kind, so as to illustrate the old proverb which

says "no marriage is consummated, but some other is sure to be planned." The underplot of appealing to the lady's-maid, or other subordinate persons, was here beyond Frank's ingenuity,—the mother retained none in her service; she carried on her own little trade of spinning yarn, and might have served her daughter instead of her shadow. It was next to impossible, so circumstanced, for the lover to find an occasion of declaring himself; though he shortly invented a language meant only to serve as an idiom of lovers, which precluded the necessity either of speaking or writing. Not that our hero could boast of the discovery: it was known to many of those sentimental Celadons both of Italy and Spain, who chanted it under the balconies of their favourite ladies. More impressive than the finest eloquence of Tully or Demosthenes, its pathos seldom failed to reach the hearts of its fair audience, to inspire tender and delicious feelings and express all the emotions of the lover. But in that illiterate age, poor Frank had neither heard nor read of it; and he had all the merit of original discovery in employing music as an explanation of his passion.

In doleful hour, therefore, he seized his lute, and calling forth strains that far surpassed his usual powers, in about a month he made such rapid progress that he might very well have been admitted to play an accompaniment to Amphion. To be sure his sweetest melodies were at first little noticed; but ere long they attracted the admiration of the whole neighbourhood,—for, the moment he touched his lute, mothers succeeded in quieting their children, the riotous little urchins ran away from the doors, and at length he had the delight to behold a white hand open the window opposite, when he began to prelude an air. Having so far gained her ear, he played several happy and triumphant strains as if to express his joy; but when her mother's presence or other occupations deprived him of her sight, his sorrow broke forth in mournful tones, expressive of all the agony of disappointed affection.

Mela proved an apt pupil, and soon acquired a knowledge of the new language. Indeed, she often made an experiment to learn whether she interpreted it correctly, and invariably found that she could influence the invisible musician's tones according to her own feelings. Mild and modest young maidens are more correct in observation and possess quicker perceptions than those wild careless creatures, sporting from object to object; like a simple butterfly, without fixing long upon any. Fair Mela's vanity was much flattered at finding she could bring just such strains as she liked best, whether mournful or merry, from her young neighbour's lute.

Occupied with trade, her mother paid no kind of attention to the music; and her daughter did not think it necessary to impart her late observations. She rather wished, either from inclination or as a proof of her sagacity, to show that she understood, and also knew how to reply to, the symbolical language, in some other that would discover equal skill. With this view, she requested her mother to permit her to place a few flower-pots in the window, and the good lady no longer observing the prying young neighbour, and dreaming of no possibility of any harm, easily gave her permission. Now, to attend to all these flowers, to water, to bind them up to the sticks, and to watch their progress in leafing and

budding and flowering, brought their young mistress very often to the window. It was now the happy lover's turn to explain these hieroglyphics, and he never failed to send his joyous greetings across the way, to the attentive ear of his sweet young gardener, through the medium of his lute. This at length began to make a powerful impression on her young virgin heart; and she felt vexed at her mother for calling him an idle spendthrift, a very worthless fellow, which she took great pleasure in repeating during their conversations after dinner,—sometimes even comparing him to the prodigal son. Poor Mela, though with great caution, would venture to take his part, ascribing his follies to youthful indiscretion and the seductions of bad companions, only blaming him for not having attended in time to the good proverb which bids us "Spare to-day, as it may rain to-morrow."

Meanwhile this young spendthrift, whom the old lady was so busily reviling at home, was indulging only the kindest feelings towards her, reflecting in what way, as far as his situation would permit, he could best improve her circumstances. His motive, to be sure, was rather to assist the young than the old lady by his gifts. He had just obtained secret information that her mother had refused his Mela a new dress, which she longed to have, under pretence of bad times. Apprehensive lest the present of a gown from an unknown would be refused, and that all his hopes might be blasted were he to name the donor, it was only by chance that he was relieved from this awkward dilemma, and the affair succeeded according to his wishes. He heard that Mela's mother had been complaining to a neighbour that the crop of flax having proved so small, it had cost her more than her customers would pay her again, and that this branch of the trade had become wholly unprofitable. Frank directly hastened to a goldsmith's, sold a pair of his mother's good ear-rings, and purchasing a quantity of lint, sent it by a woman to offer it to his neighbour at a more moderate price. The bargain was concluded, and on such good terms that on next All Saints' Day the lovely Mela was seen in an elegant new dress.

On her appearance on this occasion, such was the passion with which it inspired our hero, that had he been allowed to select one from among the eleven thousand virgins, that one would have been Mela. Yet, at the moment he was congratulating himself on the success of his stratagem, it was unluckily discovered. For Mother Brigitta, desirous of doing a kindness to the good woman who had served her in the sale of the lint, invited her to a treat, very common in those days, before tea and coffee were known, of rice milk, made very savoury with sugar, richly spiced, and a bottle of Spanish wine. Such a repast not only set the old lady's lips in motion, as she sipped and sipped, but likewise loosened her tongue. She declared she would provide more lint at the same price, granting her merchant would prove agreeable, which, for the best of reasons, she could not doubt. The lady and her daughter very naturally inquired further, until their female curiosity was gratified at the expense of the old woman's discretion, and she revealed the whole secret. Mela changed colour, not a little alarmed at the discovery, though she would have been delighted had her mother not been present. Aware of her strict notions of propriety, she began to tremble

for her new gown. The good lady was, indeed, both shocked and displeased at so unexpected a piece of intelligence, and wished as much as her daughter that she alone had been made acquainted with it, lest their young neighbour's liberality, by making an impression on the girl's heart, might eventually thwart all her plans. She forthwith determined to adopt such measures as should eradicate every seed of budding affection which might be lurking in Mela's virgin heart. Spite of the tears and entreaties of its possessor, the gown was next day sold, and the proceeds, together with the profits of her late bargain, returned under the pretence of an old debt by the hand of the Hamburgh trading messenger to young Mr. Frank Melchior. He received the packet as a very especial blessing on the part of Providence, and offered up a prayer that all the debtors of his father's house might be induced to discharge their debts with as much punctuality as the honest unknown. The truth never glanced across his mind, for the gossiping old body was careful not to betray her own treachery, merely informing him that Madam Brigitta had wholly discontinued the lint trade. His more faithful mirror, however, shortly told him that a great change had occurred in the opposite dwelling in the course of a single night. The flower-pots had vanished, and the blinds were drawn down even closer than before. His Mela was rarely to be seen, and when she did appear, like the lovely moon gleaming through a mass of dark clouds on the benighted traveller, her eyes were downcast, she looked as if she had been weeping, and he fancied he saw her wipe a tear away. The sight of her filled his heart with sorrow : he took his lute, and in soft Lydian measures expressed the language of his grief. Then he tried to discover the source of her anxiety, but here he was quite at a loss. Not many days afterwards he remarked that his looking-glass was useless—it no longer reflected the form of his beloved. On examining more minutely into the cause, he found that the curtains had been removed, that the rooms were not inhabited : his neighbours had left the place in perfect silence only the evening before.

Now, alas ! he might approach the window, inhale the fresh air, and gaze as much as he pleased. But what was all this to him—to him, who had just lost sight of the dearest object on the face of the earth ! On first recovering from the trying shock, he was led to make many sage reflections, and, among others, the painful one that he had been the cause of their flight. The sum of money he had received, the cessation of the lint trade, and the departure,—each seemed to throw light upon the other. It occurred to him that Madam Brigitta must have discovered his secret, that he was no favourite with her, and that this was no kind of encouragement. Yet the symbolic language he had held with the fair maiden herself,—the flowers and the music,—seemed to revive his spirit. No, he was sure she did not hate him : her melancholy, and the tears he had seen her shed, not long before she left, served to restore his confidence and courage. Of course, his first effort was to find out the ladies' new residence, in order to renew, by some means or other, his delightful intercourse with the lovely Mela. This he soon accomplished ; but he was grown too prudent to follow them, contenting himself with frequenting the same church, whither

they went to hear mass, and never omitting to meet them, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, on their return. He would then find opportunities of greeting Mela kindly, which was about as gratifying as a *billet-doux*.

Now, had Mela had more liberty, instead of being thus immured like a nun, and had her good mother not played the duenna and guarded her as the miser does his treasure, her lover's dumb wooing would not have made half the impression it did upon her heart. She was just, however, at that critical period of a girl's life when Nature and a cautious mother are in the habit of teaching a different lesson. For the former gives birth to a succession of warm and novel feelings, which she instructs her to view in the light of the sweetest panacea of existence; while the latter carefully prepares her against the surprises of a passion which she describes as more dangerous and destructive than a fatal disease. The former inspires her heart with a soft genial glow peculiar to life's sweet season of the spring; while the latter would often have her remain ever cold and cheerless as wintry snow. Two such opposite systems of two equally kindly-disposed mothers, both acting at a time upon the flexible feelings of the poor girl, made her obedient to neither, so that she was induced to take a sort of middle course, appointed her by neither. For Mela highly valued the virtue and propriety inculcated by her education, though her heart was open to the most gentle impressions. Francis was the first who had appealed to her affections, and she felt a secret inclination for him. Yet of this she was hardly conscious, though a more experienced girl would have known it was love. Leaving her dwelling, therefore, was a cruel blow: her lovely eyes were filled with tears; but now she softly returned her lover's salutation with charming blushes whenever he met her and her mother on their return from church. Yet both were mute: neither had exchanged a single word, though they as perfectly comprehended each other as any language could have made them do. Both vowed in their inmost hearts to preserve the strictest secrecy and fidelity, and never even dream of forgetting one another.

In the neighbourhood of the place where the ladies had now settled there were certain persons who made it their occupation to discover the abode of the most lovely young women, and the charms of the sweet young Mela did not long escape their attention. Almost opposite their humble dwelling lived a thriving brewer, known among the wags of that period by the title of the King of Hops, from his superior influence and wealth. He was a brisk young widower, whose days of mourning were drawing fast to a close, and who might now with strict propriety be again upon the look-out for a trusty helpmate. On the decease of his late wife he had offered up a secret vow to his patron, St. Christopher, that he would present his church with a wax candle as long as a hop-pole, if he might only be fortunate enough to possess in his second wife a little more happiness than he had done with his first. Scarcely had he set eyes on the beautiful Mela before he dreamed that he saw St. Christopher looking through his bed-room window on the second floor to remind him of his promise. To the tasty young brewer this appeared an auspicious sign of his future happiness, and he resolved forthwith to try his fortune once more.

Next morning he ordered a quantity of well-bleached wax, and then arraying himself in his Sunday attire, he sallied forth upon his new marriage speculation. Possessing no ear for music, he was of course unacquainted with the language of secret symbols and silent love, so familiar to his rival; but he had an extensive brewery, had immense capital, all of which was out at interest, a fine ship in the Weser, and a productive farm near town. Availing himself of these for an introduction, he might reasonably count upon success, even without the patronage of St. Christopher, in particular with a young woman who could boast no marriage portion. So, agreeably to the ancient forms, he first waited upon Madam Brigitta, and like a good neighbour declared the kind and filial intentions he was indulging respecting her and her very pleasing and virtuous daughter. The visit of a patron saint or an angel, accompanied with such a revelation, could not have afforded the good old lady more pleasure than the brewer's. She was now about to reap the fruits of her long and persevering efforts;—her hopes would at length be gratified. She fancied she saw her daughter placed beyond the reach of poverty, surrounded with opulence, and happy. She thought how lucky it was that they had changed their place of residence; and considering poor Frank as in some measure the cause, she felt kindly disposed even towards him. Though she had conceived some dislike for him, she still promised, after what he had done in her behalf, to give him, in some way or other, a share in their approaching prosperity.

She already fancied the marriage articles were as good as copied, only she felt herself bound in propriety to take a short time to deliberate. So she returned thanks to the honourable brewer for his kind intentions, said she would acquaint her daughter, and trusted she should be able to give him a favourable answer in the course of a week. With this promise the King of Hops took his departure, very well pleased at the progress of the negotiation.

Scarcely had he cleared the vicinity before reels, spinning-wheels, &c., were all thrown aside, in spite of their long services, as articles fit only for the lumber-room. On returning from church, Mela was surprised to see the alteration that had taken place in their parlour, where everything was so elegantly arranged as would have done justice to any church festival. She was still more surprised to find her industrious mother sitting idle on a week-day, and smiling very complacently, so as to show that nothing unpleasant had occurred. Before she had time to inquire into the reason, the latter eagerly began to give a joyous explanation of the change. What a stream of eloquence flowed from her lips! her imagination was all in a glow, and in brilliant colours she described with female minuteness the approaching happiness in store for them. She looked into her dear girl's face for the mantling blush of virgin modesty—the earnest of future love, and full obedience to all her maternal wishes. Daughters in those ages were exactly in the same situation as modern princesses: their inclinations were the last thing to be consulted, and they were spared every kind of trouble in regard to the period of wooing,—they had merely to signify their consent at the altar.

How surprised, then, was Madam Brigitta to find herself mistaken! for, instead of blushing rosy red at these unexpected tidings, she grew white as a sheet, and had like to have fainted in her mother's arms. On being recalled to life by the speedy sprinkling of cold water, her eyes were drowned in tears, as if she had just met with some great misfortune. Her more experienced mother was soon convinced that the rich brewer's proposal was not received with the least pleasure, at which she expressed her astonishment.] She then spared neither prayers nor entreaties, with much good advice, to remove Mela's unaccountable objections to so desirable an offer; for where could she find a wealthier husband? Still, the latter could not be persuaded that she should be happy in a match to which her heart was so much averse, though the arguments on both sides were continued with little intermission for the space of many days. Early and late, before meals and after meals, until the period for returning an answer approached, was the spirit of their debate kept alive. The brewer was on the tip-toe of expectation; the grand gigantic candle intended for an offering to St. Christopher,—a candle which might have delighted the heart of a King of Bashan to have been burning at his wedding,—was now in readiness. It was beautifully ornamented with variegated flowers; yet with all this the ungrateful saint had neglected to propitiate the heart and feelings of the fair Mela to accept the jolly brewer's suit.

Meanwhile her mother's persuasions and appeals affected her so much, that she became almost blind with weeping, and began to fade away like a blighted flower. Sorrow was busy at her heart: for three whole days she refused to eat, or to moisten her feverish lips with a drop of water; no slumber visited her eyes: in short, she fell very sick, and alarmed her mother by requesting to see a priest, in order to make her last confession and receive the sacrament. Her fond mother thus beheld the last prop of all her hopes about to be snatched away; she became apprehensive lest she should lose her only daughter, and began to think that it would perhaps be more prudent to sacrifice the most flattering prospect, in preference to following her dear girl to an untimely grave. She wisely, therefore, resigned her own views to gratify those of her daughter. Yet it was not without many a severe pang that she did this, and submitted, as a good mother ought, to the superior authority of her pretty child, without even reproaching her. When the willing widower made his appearance on the appointed day, trusting that the heavenly mediator St. Christopher had been during the past week busily engaged in his favour, he was quite astounded on meeting with a refusal, though delivered with so much reluctance and politeness, that to the King of the Hops it tasted very like wormwood sweetened with sugar. Soon, however, he became more resigned to his fate, though for some time after he was as much affected as if a good bargain for malt had been broken off. Yet he had no reason to despair: his native place abounded in amiable girls, many of whom exemplified King Solomon's description, being well qualified to make unexceptionable wives. So, spite of this disappointment, he still relied firmly on the assistance of his patron saint, who requited his faith so well, that ere the end of the month he had placed his promised gift with much ceremony on St. Christopher's altar.

But as to poor Lady Brigitta, she was once more compelled to restore her spinning-wheel to its place and proceed with business. Affairs flowed back into their old channel, Mela recovered her cheerfulness and her bloom; she set to work with alacrity, and never omitted going to church. Her mother, however, could not disguise her grief at the failure of all her plans, her fond and favourite hope, and she grew peevish and melancholy. But on the day appointed for the marriage of the King of Hops, she became quite unwell and suffered extreme pain and uneasiness. Her sighs and groans, as she beheld the procession, attended by all the trumpeters and fiddlers and pipers in the city, proceeding towards church, were truly pitiable. They were the same she had uttered when she first heard tidings that her husband and all his fortune had been buried in the waves. Mela, however, gazed on the festive train with much complacency; not even the fine jewels and precious stones sparkling in the bridal crown, and nine rows of large pearls round the bride's neck, ruffled her composure. This was truly surprising, when we consider that a new Parisian bonnet, or any other fashionable trifle, is often enough to disturb the peace of a whole family. Her kind mother's grief was the sole drawback upon her happiness, and it indeed made her very uneasy. She would often beg by a thousand little winning caresses to bring her into better humour, and she so far succeeded that the good lady became once more communicative.

Towards evening, when the dancing began, she exclaimed, "Oh, my poor daughter! at this very moment you might have been the queen of the day! What happiness would have been mine, so to be rewarded for years of care and anxiety. But you turned away from Fortune's sweetest smiles, and I shall never live to see you led to the altar!" "Put your confidence in Heaven, dearest mother," answered Mela, "as I do. If it be ordained there that I should go to the altar, yes, you will live to adorn me in my bridal dress; for when the right suitor comes, my heart will not long refuse its assent." "Child, child!" exclaimed the more experienced mother, "portionless young women are not much in request: they ought to accept those who will have them. The young men of our days are somewhat selfish: they only marry when it suits them, and never think about other persons' diffidence. The heavens are not in your favour: planets have been consulted, and they are not auspicious to such as are born, like you, in April. Only look what the almanac says: 'Maids born this month will have kind good-natured countenances, be of slender form, and changeable in their inclinations, much like the weather, and must keep an eye upon their virgin mood. Should a smiling wooer come, let them not reject his offer.' See how well that suits you! The suitor has been and none will come after him, for you have rejected his offer."

"Mother, mother! heed not what the planet says! My heart whispers me that I ought to love and honour the man whom I wed; and if I find no such man, or am sought by none, let me remain single all my life. I can maintain myself by my own hands. I will learn to be both content and happy, and nurse you in your old age, as a good daughter ought. Yet, if the man of my heart should come, mother, oh! then

bless us both, and inquire not whether he be great, honoured, and wealthy, but only whether he loves and is beloved." "Love, my poor daughter, keeps but a scanty table; it is not enough to live upon." "But where love is, mother, there peace and content will abide; yes, and convert the simplest fare into luxuries too."

So inexhaustible a topic kept the ladies awake as long as the fiddles continued to play, nor could Madam Brigitta help suspecting that Mela's magnanimity, which in the bloom of youth and beauty made her hold riches in such slight estimation, must be owing to some secret attachment previously formed. She moreover suspected its object, though she had never before entertained the idea that the lint merchant in the narrow street occupied a place in her daughter's heart. She had considered him merely in the light of an extravagant youth, who made a point of gallanting every young creature that came in his way. The prospect before her gave her very little pleasure, but she held her peace. Agreeable to her strict notions of propriety, she believed that a young maid who allowed love to enter her heart previous to marriage was no better than cankered fruit, very well to look at, but with a maggot within: she thought it might do very well to decorate a chimneypiece, though it had lost its intrinsic flavour, and was of no kind of use. Henceforth, then, the poor old lady despaired of ever resuming her lost station in her native city; resigned herself, like a good Christian, to her fate, being resolved to say nothing to her daughter on the subject: least said, the soonest mended.

Tidings of Mela's refusal of the wealthy brewer, having speedily gone abroad, shortly came to the ears of Frank, who felt quite overjoyed. He was no longer tortured with the suspicion lest some rich rival should supplant him in Mela's heart. He felt that he had ground for hope, and knew how to solve the problem which puzzled so many wise inhabitants of the city of Bremen. Love had metamorphosed a profligate youth into an excellent musician, but unfortunately that character was not a very strong recommendation for a lover in those times, for it derived neither as much honour nor emolument as now. The fine arts were not then the means of riches and prosperity, but rather consigned their votaries to penury and neglect. No other wandering artists were then known besides Bohemian students, whose loud shrill symphonies clamoured for alms at the doors of the more opulent. Frank could afford but a simple serenade, and his beloved had made too mighty a sacrifice of the King of Hops, for his sake, to be rewarded by this alone. The idea of his former conduct now pierced his bosom like a sharp thorn, and in many a bitter monologue he execrated his previous infatuation and folly.

"My dear, dear Mela!" he cried, "would that I had known you sooner! you would have become my guardian angel; you would have saved me from utter ruin! Ah! could I recall the years that are sped! could I be again what I was, when I began my mad career, the world would look like a Paradise, and I would make it a Paradise for you! Noble girl! you are sacrificing yourself for a wretch and a beggar—one who has lost all, but a heart torn with love and agony;—he cannot offer you a destiny worthy of your virtue." He then smote his forehead in a

fit of passion, reproaching himself as a thoughtless, wilful being, whose repentance had come too late.

Despondency, however, was not the sole result of his reflections. The powers of his mind were put into action; he became ambitious of altering his present condition, and he was resolved to try what exertion and activity would effect. Among other plans that occurred to him, the most rational and promising appeared to be to examine into his father's accounts, in order to see what debts were still due to the house. With such remnants of a princely fortune, should he be lucky enough to recover them, he trusted he might be some time enabled to lay the groundwork of another, if not as large as that he had lost, yet enough for the happiness and support of life. He resolved to employ the money he recovered in some business, which he hoped would increase by degrees, until, as he flattered himself, his ships would visit all parts of the world. But he found that many of the debts were due from persons residing at a distance, and that he would have a better chance of succeeding were he to wait upon the parties in person, and claim his own. Accordingly, to effect this, he sold his father's gold watch, the last remains of his inheritance, in order to purchase a horse which was to carry him before his debtors, under the title of a Bremen merchant. All that he regretted was his departure from his beloved Mela.

"What will she say to my sudden disappearance? I shall no longer meet her coming home from church; she will perhaps think me faithless, and banish me from her heart for ever!"

Such ideas made him very uneasy, and for some time he could discover no means to inform her of his real intentions. Ingenious love at length supplied him with the happy notion of having prayers put up for the success of his journey in the church which Mela and her mother generally frequented, when they would no longer remain ignorant of his object. With this view he gave the priest a small sum, begging that a daily prayer might be offered for a young man compelled to go abroad upon business, as well as for the success of his undertaking. The same prayer was to be continued until his return, when it was his intention to purchase a thanksgiving.

On meeting Mela for the last time, he was in his travelling dress. He passed quite close to her; saluted her in a more marked manner than usual, which brought the eloquent blood into the lovely girl's cheeks. Her mother scolded, made many unpleasant remarks, and expressed her dislike of him in no very guarded terms. She declared that such impertinence would injure her daughter's reputation, and, spite of her vow to keep silence, she never dropped the subject during the whole of that day. Young Mr. Frank, however, had taken his leave of the good city of Bremen, and the most lovely eyes might now wander in search of him in vain.

Mela went to church, and heard her lover's prayer repeated very often; and, in truth, it was intended rather for her ears than to mount to heaven. Yet she paid little attention to it, such was her grief for the disappearance of her lover. The very words that would have explained it escaped her ear, and she was at a loss what to think of it. In the course of a month or two, when her sorrow was a little abated, and his

absence grew less trying, she had been listening to the sermon, and for the first time paying attention to the prayer, and comparing it with other circumstances, she suddenly guessed its meaning, wondering at her own stupidity in not sooner discovering it, and at the same time praising her lover's ingenious notion. True it is that such prayers bear no great reputation for their efficacy, and are poor support for those who put their faith in them. In general, the warmth of piety is exhausted before the end of the sermon, but in Mela's case it only just began, the prayers at the end giving fresh ardour to her devotion; and she invariably joined in them, never failing to recommend the young traveller both to his and her own patron saint.

Protected by these invisible patrons, and attended by the warm good wishes of the lovely Mela, Frank meanwhile pursued his way towards Antwerp, where his father's debtors chiefly resided, and where he hoped to recover some considerable sums. Such a journey from Bremen to Antwerp was, in those days, more formidable than one from Bremen to Kamtschatka in the present. The peace just proclaimed by the Emperor Maximilian was so little observed, that the public roads were in all parts infested with nobles and knights, who invariably despoiled the poor travellers who refused to purchase a safe pass from them, and frequently subjected them, in subterraneous dungeons, to a cruel and lingering death. Our hero nevertheless succeeded, in spite of these obstacles, in reaching his destination, having encountered only one solitary adventure.

As he was crossing over the sandy and deserted plains of Westphalia he was overtaken by night before he could reach any place of sojourn. The day had been uncommonly sultry, and darkness came on with a terrific thunderstorm and heavy showers, which drenched him to the skin. This was extremely trying and novel to one of Fortune's spoiled children, as he had been. He had never been accustomed to the changes of the weather, and yet he might perhaps be compelled to pass the whole night in this horrid spot. The thought filled him with horror, when suddenly he saw a light, to his infinite relief, only at a short distance. On spurring towards it, he found a miserable little hut, which promised him small comfort. It was more like a shed for cattle than a human habitation; yet the inhospitable boor refused him admittance, declaring he had only straw enough for his oxen, and was too sleepy to get up and light his fire again for the sake of a stranger. At first poor Frank complained bitterly; but as it served no purpose, he laid his malediction on all Westphalian deserts and their unnatural inhabitants, while the boor proceeded to put out his lamp with the utmost indifference, without troubling himself about violating the laws of hospitality. Our incensed hero at length threatened and thundered at the door in such a way as effectually to prevent the brute's repose, who, better understanding such an appeal, soon found his tongue. "Do you think, man, that you will find a good supper and a soft couch here? If you do, you will be disappointed, friend; so please to be quiet. Can't you ride through the little wood on your left, and knock at the castle gate of Sir Egbert of Bronckhost, instead of battering at my poor door? He welcomes a stranger like a knight hospitaller does

the pilgrim from the Holy Land. Heed thou not, though he be seized with a fit of madness, as he sometimes is ; yet then he only wishes to give his guests a hearty drubbing before he takes leave of them. In all other respects, if you like to venture, you will find good entertainment."

Frank was some time at a loss how to act ; yet he had rather run the risk of a sound drubbing than stand drenched in his wet clothes the whole of the night. There was not much choice, he argued, suppose he were to get into the hut, between passing the night upon a wooden bench without supper, and a little flogging in the morning after enjoying a good supper and a bed. "Besides," he added, "such an application may, perhaps, drive away the fever which I am sure to take if I stay longer here, and that would be a sad thing." So he remounted, spurred away, and in a few minutes stopped before the gates of a gothic castle, at which he knocked pretty smartly. He was answered as loudly, "Who is there?" from the other side. Our hero begged somewhat impatiently for admission, and he would explain afterwards ; but he was compelled to wait the pleasure of Sir Egbert, until the butler had ascertained whether he chose to give a night's lodging, for the satisfaction he would have in beating his guest in the morning.

This Sir Egbert had early in life entered the army of the emperor, had served under the celebrated George of Frondsberg, and subsequently commanded a company against the Venetians. Afterwards, on retiring from service and settling at his castle, he began to repent of his sins : he held open castle for the destitute, or the hungry and houseless traveller ; and when he had fared sumptuously, he was, on taking leave, flogged out of the castle for a rogue and vagabond. Sir Egbert was a rude soldier, and retained the manner of a camp, though he had been living some years in retirement. In a few minutes the bars of the gate were withdrawn with a melancholy sound, as if giving warning of the approaching flogging, and Frank had a fit of cold shivers as he walked across the courtyard. He was hospitably received, and a number of lacqueys ran to help him to dismount : one took his baggage, another his steed, while a third ushered him into the presence of the knight. He was seated in a splendid hall, but rose to meet his guest, and shook him by the hand so heartily that Frank almost cried out with pain, and was struck with fear and awe. He could not conceal his terror, and trembled from head to foot at the warlike appearance of the knight, full of fire and strength, and apparently in the vigour of life. "What is the matter, young man?" he inquired, in a voice of thunder ; "what makes you look so pale and feeble, as if you were just going to give up the ghost?"

Frank, too late aware that it was impossible to retreat, though convinced that he was likely to pay dearly for his fare, mustered up his courage, and tried to look impudent to conceal his fears.

"Sir Knight," he boldly answered, "I am as completely drenched with rain as if I had just swum through the Weser. I should like to change my clothes, and swallow a good warm posset to check these shivering-fits, which are as bad as the beginning of an ague ; but a warm draught, I trust, will soon cure me." "Well, then," said the knight, "make yourself at home, and ask for anything you wish."

So Frank made the lacqueys run about as if he had been Grand Turk; for having laid his account that he should have some hard knocks, he rather wished to deserve them. With this view, he contrived to torment the servants in the most unconscionable manner, commanding and countermanding in great style, in spite of their murmurs and curses behind his back.

"How!" he exclaimed, "this doublet was made for a grand swag-bellied abbot! how dare you bring it to me? Bring me one that will fit me. I'll none of it! Zounds! these slippers hurt my corns; let me have an easier, bigger pair!" A plague on this collar! it is harder than a deal board. I say, it will throttle me; bring me another, softer and easier, if you can."

The noble host, far from expressing the least displeasure at these liberties, spurred on the servants to fulfil his commands, calling them a set of jolter-heads, who did not know how to attend upon such a guest. When the beverage was prepared, both master and guest partook largely of it. Soon after the former said, "Would you like to take some supper, young man?" "Let them bring up what the cook has got at hand, that I may see whether the larder be well furnished." Orders were sent down, and soon afterwards the servants brought up an excellent repast, worthy of a prince. Frank directly sat down, and without waiting for an invitation, he began to do justice to such a feast. When he had eaten enormously, he looked round, and observed, "If your cellars be as well supplied as your larder, I think I may venture to commend your good housekeeping."

The knight forthwith made sign to his butler to fill a goblet of common table wine, and the host emptied it in a good health to his guest. The latter did not forget to pledge him; when the knight, observing that he had emptied his glass, inquired, "What think you of this wine?"

"It's poor stuff," answered Frank; "surely it is not your best? It is tolerable, perhaps, for table drink." "You are a connoisseur, I see," replied Sir Egbert, and ordered the butler to bring some of the best. Frank tasted it. "Come, this is noble! pray let us keep to this." This they both did: they filled bumpers and drank healths to each other, until they grew very merry and complimentary. The knight gave his guest an account of his campaigns; how he had fought against the Venetians, cut his way through their encampment, and slaughtered them like a flock of sheep. The subject appeared to revive the old soldier's enthusiasm: he began to break the bottles, brandished his huge carving-knife for a broadsword, approaching so near his companion as to put his nose and ears into great jeopardy.

The knight continued talking of his campaigns; and though it grew late, he was so much in his element that he appeared to entertain no idea of going to rest. His narrative grew more animated at every bumper, and his guest began to be uneasy lest this might prove the prologue to the principal plot, in which he was destined to perform a conspicuous but not very pleasing part. He called, therefore, for a parting cup, and wished to know where he was to pass the night, expecting that he should still be pressed to drink, which, if he refused, he should be dismissed with hard knocks, agreeably to the habit of the house.

He was surprised, however, to find his request directly complied with; the knight observing, as he broke off his story, "There is a time for everything; you shall hear more to-morrow."

"Excuse me, noble knight," replied Frank, "but to-morrow I shall be on my road. I have a long journey before me, as far as Brabant, and must set out early. Let me take my leave, then, now; I should not wish to disturb your morning rest."

"As you please," said the knight, "only you must not leave my house until I am up; and see that you take a good breakfast. I will then accompany you to the gates, and take leave of you according to the custom of my castle."

Poor Frank stood in need of no explanation of these words. He would gladly have waived these last ceremonies, upon which the knight seemed to pique himself so much. He ordered his guest to be shown to his chamber, and Frank soon reposed his weary limbs upon a fine bed of down. Indeed, he was inclined to confess, before dropping asleep, that such princely entertainment would hardly be too dearly purchased by a trifling drubbing; and, viewing only the pleasant side of his subject, only pleasant dreams haunted his rest. He beheld his beloved walking in a garden of roses with her mother, gathering the most beautiful flowers. He thought he concealed himself behind some shrubs, so that the old lady could not get a view of him. Then he found himself at his old lodgings, where he still saw the delicate white hand of the maiden busily arranging the flowers. He went and sat down beside her among the grass: he wished to confess how much he loved, but felt so bashful, he could find no words. Doubtless he would have gone on dreaming on such a subject until noon, had not the loud voice and step of the knight, ready booted and spurred, roused him from it about daybreak. Frank heard him giving orders to the cook and butler to send up a good breakfast, and the rest of the servants to attend, to wait and help to dress him.

The dreaming lover parted very reluctantly with his dream and his hospitable bed; but his host's voice was too loud to think of sleeping any more. He knew he should have to get up, and, summoning all his fortitude, he did so. More than a dozen hands were busied with his toilet; and when dressed, the knight himself conducted him into a hall, where he was seated at a small but well-furnished table. As time elapsed, however, our hero's appetite began to fail. His host encouraged him to eat, in order to keep the cold from his stomach in the morning air. "Sir Knight," replied Frank, "your supper was too excellent to permit me to take breakfast; but, if you please, I will supply my pockets, and eat when I am hungry." So saying, he proceeded to fill his pockets with the choicest viands upon the table. His horse, well cleaned, fed, and accoutred, being now brought to the door, he filled a glass of rich cordial to his host's health, imagining he was thus giving the signal for being set upon and soundly beaten. To his no small surprise, the knight only shook him by the hand, wished him a good journey, and sent his servant to open the gates. So he mounted, and spurred away at speed, and in a few minutes found himself beyond the castle gate, none the worse by a single hair.

He felt greatly relieved to find himself at perfect freedom, without any aching bones. He could not imagine how his noble host had come to spare him, contrary to the rules of the castle, and now first began to feel grateful for his kindness. He was curious to learn whether there were really any foundation for the report; and at length he turned his horse's head and rode back to inquire. The knight was standing at the gate, passing his opinion on the points of poor Frank's steed, breeding horses happening to be rather one of his hobbies. Supposing his guest had forgotten some of his baggage, he cast a reproachful look upon his servants. "What have you missed, young man?" he shouted to our hero, as he drew nigh. "Why don't you pursue your journey?"

"I wish to say one word, Sir Knight. You will excuse me, but a malicious report has gone abroad, severely aspersing your hospitable fame. It is no less than that, although you regale your guests well, you make a practice of cuffing them well before you permit them to depart. On the faith of this, I confess I did all in my power to merit the custom, yet you have let me go away in peace, without paying the usual hard reckoning. How is this? can there be any truth in such a report, or may I henceforth give the vile libellers the lie?"

"No!" replied the knight, "Fame in this case has only spoken truth: no sayings among the people are ever quite destitute of foundation. But I will explain the affair to you, if you will alight." "Thank you," replied Frank, "but, as I am mounted, I will listen where I am." "Do so," said the knight, with a smile; "I will not detain you long. Every stranger who approaches my gates shares my table and my wine; but I am a simple German of the old school, I speak as I think, and I wish my guests to be as open and cheerful as myself, enjoy all I give them, and speak out, and ask for everything they want. Some of my guests, however, are always tormenting and making a fool of me, by bowing and scraping perpetually, concealing what they think, and talking without any meaning. In fact, they try to flatter one with smooth words, and they conduct themselves like silly women. When I say, 'Come, cat!' they help themselves with great reluctance to a mere bone, that I should be ashamed to offer to my dog; and if I tell them to drink, they just moisten their lips, as if they held good wine in contempt, and cared not for the bounty of Heaven, not they. Truly, they carried their follies to such a length that I no longer knew what to do, until I fell into a passion, seized some of them by the collar, gave them a sound cudgelling, and turned them out of doors. This is now my plan, and whenever I meet with a sorry fellow of the kind, I make bold to chastise his folly: I keep a rod for the fool's back; but such a guest as you will always be welcome; you spoke your mind freely and boldly, as the good citizens of Bremen always do. Let me entertain you, then, on your return; fear nothing; and now, fare you well!"

After this explanation Frank rode on with fresh courage and alacrity towards Antwerp, wishing in his heart that he might everywhere find so good a reception as at the castle of the Knight of Bronckhost. On first entering the foremost among the cities of Brabant, his expectations rose to a high pitch. Traces of wealth and luxury were everywhere visible; no penury, no wretchedness of any kind, were to be seen.

"This is the seat of industry," cried Frank; "my father's debtors are doubtless in very good plight. They must have improved in their circumstances, and, I dare say, will be ready to pay me when I produce my vouchers for the justness of my demands." But first, on refreshing himself after the fatigues of his journey, he resolved to inquire into their actual situation and credit. "How does Peter Martens go on?" he inquired of some persons at table; "is he still alive and thriving?" "Peter is a rich man," replied one of the company; "he is in good credit." "What are Fabian of Pleers' circumstances, think you?" "Why, he hardly knows how to employ his money—that is the fact. He belongs to the council, and his woollen trade makes him ample returns." "Is Jonathan Prishkur in a good line of business?" "He would just be worth a plum, had not the Emperor Maximilian suffered the French to run away with his bride.* Jonathan had an order to provide lace for her bridal dresses, but the emperor would not keep his bargain with his merchant, any more than the bride with him. If you happen to have any young lady to whom you wish to send a present of fine lace, I dare say he would sell you the royal bridal garment at only half-price." "Has the house of Butcant failed, or does it still carry on business?" "It was in a dangerous state some years ago, before the Spanish caravelles† helped to give it a lift, so that it is now in a promising way."

On inquiring into the credit of several others, Frank found that most of those which had been bankrupts in his father's lifetime were now in a thriving condition; which led him to conclude that a timely bankruptcy was a good foundation for future prosperity. These were good tidings. Frank cheered up, and began to arrange his accounts, presenting the old bills at their proper places.

In the people of Antwerp, however, our hero met with much the same usage as his perambulating fellow-citizens of this age experience from shopkeepers in the provincial towns of Germany. Every one treats them well until they call to get in their money. Many would hear nothing of their old debts, declaring that they had all been settled at the time of the bankruptcy, and it was the creditor's fault if he had not accepted payment. Others said they did not even remember the name; their books gave no account of any Melchior. A few submitted a large balance against Frank's father; and in the course of three days he found himself safely lodged in prison, to answer for them to the very last farthing.

This was an unpleasant prospect for a man who had so far confided in the honest people of Antwerp as to consider them as the authors of his future fortunes. The bubble had vanished in a moment, and he began to feel all the tortures of purgatory—thrown into prison—his vessel wrecked just as he was making the harbour where he hoped he should be safe from the storms of life. The thought of Mela was a dagger to his heart: there was no longer even a shadow of probability that he could ever emerge from this abyss of ruin into respectability and credit. Besides, were he able even to raise his head above water,

* Ann of Bretagne.

† The Spanish ships, which traded in those times to America, were known by that name.

his beloved was, on her side, perfectly unable to lend him the least assistance.

Cruel despair now took possession of him ; he felt no wish but to die and to end all his torments. In fact, he did make an attempt to starve himself ; but, as such a process, especially with an excellent stomach, is not in every one's power, after two long days' abstinence he was seized with such a griping fit of hunger that he could resist it no longer. He yielded, and obeyed its dictates, though the temptation was nothing greater than a crust of bread.

It was not exactly the meaning of the hard-hearted citizens of Antwerp to make him pay money, so much as to compel him to renounce all claims upon them. So that either the prayers he had ordered from the church at Bremen, or the citizens' reluctance to pay any more for his prison board, at length brought him a release. At the end of three months Frank left his prison upon conditions of quitting the city within four and twenty hours, and never returning to it.

He then received a small sum of money to defray his expenses home ; for the law had already seized upon his horse and baggage, to pay the proceedings against him and for his board. With no other companion than a walking-stick, and with heavy heart, Frank humbly took his leave of the proud city whose walls he had shortly before entered with such grand expectations. Reckless and dispirited, he wandered on without marking the road which he had taken. He asked no questions, saluted no one, and took notice of nothing, until excess of hunger and fatigue compelled him to seek out some place where he might relieve his wants. Many days he thus wandered on without any aim in view, and even ignorant that he had, instinctively as it were, taken the right direction homewards. Suddenly he seemed to awake out of a disagreeable dream, and recognized the road he was going.

He now stopped to reflect whether he had better go on or retrace his steps. He was overwhelmed with shame and trouble at the idea of living a beggar in his native city, and soliciting the benevolence of those whom he had formerly surpassed in credit and opulence. How could he appear in the presence of Mela under such circumstances ? She would die with shame to behold him ! It was certain he would now lose her ; and he turned away from the melancholy picture, as if he had already beheld the rabble gathering round and greeting his return, with scorn and mockery, to Bremen.

No ! he determined he would rather make for one of the Dutch sea-ports, and enter on board some Spanish ship as a sailor. He would sail for the New World, try his fortune in Peru, where wealth abounded, and never return to his native land until he succeeded in recovering that property which he had so heedlessly lavished. His beloved Mela appeared now only like some distant shadow that he should catch at in vain, though he felt a beam of pleasure warm his heart at the bare idea of her becoming connected with his future destiny ; and he hastened rapidly forwards, as if he were about to reach the spot where she dwelt. He had returned as far as the frontiers of the Netherlands, when one night, about sunset, he approached a small place called Rummelsburgh, which was subsequently destroyed in the Thirty Years' War. There

were a number of carriers in the tavern, and he could find no room. The landlord bade him hasten to the next village, as he, in fact, mistook him for the spy of some gang of thieves, on watch, perhaps, for the carriers' goods. So, in spite of his increasing weariness, Frank found he must again take his bundle on his shoulder, and prepare for a farther journey that night.

As he went, however, he made some cutting reflections upon the landlord's inhumanity; insomuch that, as if repenting of his own harsh proposal, he began to pity the poor traveller, and called out, "One word yet, young man: if you particularly wish to pass the night here, I think I can contrive it. There are plenty of apartments in the castle hard by; I have got the keys, if you should not think it too solitary for you." Frank willingly closed with the offer, requiring only supper and shelter, whether in a palace or in a hut. But mine host was somewhat of a wag, and, intending to revenge himself upon poor Frank for his abuse of him, he proposed a night's residence in the haunted old castle, where there had been no inhabitant for many years, owing to the cruel pranks of a spirit which had frightened them all in succession away.

This castle was erected on a steep cliff on the outskirts of the town, and directly opposite to the inn, being merely separated by the public road and a small brook. It was kept in good repair, on account of its delightful situation, and was very well built and furnished, though it served its present possessor only for a hunting seat. Occasionally he gave a splendid feast there, but was sure to leave it along with all his followers on the approach of evening, having already been terrified by the spirit, which made a hideous noise and raged through the castle, though he never appeared during the day. However disagreeable to the lord of the castle, as a spectre, it had the good effect of protecting his property from robbers, the boldest of whom refused to venture near the spot.

It was now quite dark. Frank carried a lantern, accompanied by the host, and a little basket of provisions. He was soon at the castle gates, where the host had provided a good supper and a bottle of wine, which he did not intend to appear in the bill, likewise a pair of wax candles, as there were none in the castle, nobody remaining there after twilight. As they were walking, Frank observed the basket and candles, and though they would be quite useless to him, thought he might still have to account for them in the bill.

"The piece of candle in the lantern is enough for me," said our hero, "until I go to bed. I hope I shall not open my eyes before it be broad day, for I feel very sleepy and want a deal of rest."

"Then I ought not to conceal from you," replied the host, "what report says. The castle is haunted by a plaguey ghost, who walks about all night. But we shall be so near that you need not be the least afraid. Should anything occur, you have only to call out pretty loudly, and we shall be ready to assist you. People with us are stirring all night, and somebody or other will be at hand. Why, I have lived here these thirty years, and, for my own part, I have never seen anything, that is, anything *invisible*. The noise that is sometimes heard proceeds, I take it, from cats, or other animals that harbour in the garrets."

Mine host spoke truth when he declared he had never seen anything invisible—not even the spectre ; he took care never to be near enough the castle at night. Even now the varlet did not venture to proceed across the threshold ; but opening the door, he handed Frank the basket, directed him which way to proceed, and bade him a good night. Our traveller entered the great hall without feeling the least awe ; desisting the story as mere gossip, or some old tradition of a real event adorned with a little of the supernatural. He called to mind the report of Sir Egbert, whose heavy hand he had so much dreaded, and yet who had treated him with so much kindness. In fact, he made a point of believing just the contrary of what he had heard, quite forgetting, as the knight himself stated, that all such reports were founded in truth.

According to his host's direction, he now ascended a winding staircase, which brought him to a door, the key of which the landlord had given him. He entered a long dark passage, where his steps echoed along the walls ; thence he passed into a grand saloon, which led into a row of smaller rooms, well supplied with all that was necessary both for ornament and use. He fixed on the most comfortable one he could find, with the windows looking towards the tavern yard, whence he could gather every word that was spoken. This was reviving, and the room had a soft bed on which to repose his weary head. He now lighted his candles, sat down to his supper, of which he partook with as hearty a relish as if he had been eating at his old lodgings in the city of Bremen. A large round-bellied bottle soon removed his thirst, and while his appetite lasted he had no time to think of the spectre. When he heard some noise at a distance, and fear whispered "Listen ! there comes the ghost !" his courage only answered, "Nonsense ! the cats are fighting." After supper he listened rather more attentively, as it drew near midnight, and Fear uttered three anxious ideas, before Frank's courage could find a single answer.

To protect himself against sudden surprise, he first locked and bolted the door, seated himself on a stone bench at the window, then opened it and looked out, to divert his mind with a view of the heavens and the silvery queen of night. Gradually the streets below grew quite silent, contrary to mine host's assurance that his people were always stirring. Frank heard one door closed after another, the lights were extinguished, and the whole inn was buried in profound repose. The watch going his round told the hour and the state of the weather, besides beginning, to Frank's great consolation, to sing an evening hymn directly under his window. Had he not feared that the man would be terrified away if he heard himself spoken to from the haunted castle, he would gladly have entered into conversation with him.

Perhaps, in a noisy populous town, where a man meets with numbers of silly people, he may feel happy in retiring to some secluded spot, and think of the pleasures of solitude : he fancies it would be extremely soothing to the mind, dwells upon its advantages, and sighs for its enjoyment. This is a different kind of solitude to that met with in the island of Juan Fernandez, where once a shipwrecked sailor passed many years ; or that of being quite alone in a deep forest at midnight, or in some old deserted castle, where damp walls and vast unexplored vaults

awaken only anxiety and horror,—where there is no sign of living thing, save the melancholy and ruin-haunting owl; there solitude is hateful, intolerable, and companions are pleasant, particularly if the lonely being should, like Frank, be momentarily in expectation of seeing a terrific spectre. So situated, a conversation from the window with a watchman might be thought more entertaining than the most pleasing book in the world, even than a treatise on solitude itself. Had Zimmerman been put in Frank's place, in the old castle of Rummelsburgh, on the frontiers of Westphalia, he might then have projected as interesting a treatise on the pleasures of society as its more tiresome members induced him to write upon solitude.

Midnight has been immemorially held sacred to the spiritual world—a period when the more vulgar animal kingdom lies buried in repose; then spirits begin to live and act; and for this reason Frank very much wished to fall asleep before the exact hour arrived. So he closed the window, examined every corner of the chamber, and then threw his weary limbs upon the soft couch. Yet sleep did not soon visit his eyes; he had a strong palpitation, which he attributed to the strong wine; and he repeated his prayers solemnly, more fervently, indeed, than he had done for years. Soon after this he fell asleep, but shortly awoke with a sudden start. Just as he was trying to recollect where he was, he heard the clock strike twelve, which the watchman in a few moments confirmed. Luckily, he could hear no other noise, though Frank listened attentively. Just, however, as he was turning on his side, half relapsing into sleep, he plainly heard a door open at some distance; and then it closed again with a pretty smart noise.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" whispered Fear, "here comes the spectre!" "No, it is the wind," replied Courage, "nothing more." Yet the sound came near and more near. It was the heavy step of a man, rattling his chains as he moved along, or of the chamberlain of some decayed castle surveying his rooms, and changing his bunch of keys. This could not surely be the wind; Courage was vanquished, and Fear drove Frank's blood to his heart, till it beat as if it would burst its confines.

The affair grew more serious as the noise drew near, and Frank could not muster courage to get up and call at the window for assistance. He only drew the bed-clothes closer over him, as the ostrich is said to hide its head in the bushes if he can no longer avoid his enemy. Other doors opened and shut with hideous noise, till at length an attempt was made on that in which our hero slept. A number of keys were tried, and the right one was at last found. Still the bars held it fast; when a loud crack like thunder was heard, and the door flew open! A tall spare man entered, with a very dark beard. He was dressed in a very old-fashioned style; had a sorrowful expression of countenance, with large bushy brows, that gave him a look of deep thought. A scarlet mantle hung over his left shoulder, and his hat was high and peaked. He stepped silently through the room, with the same slow heavy step as before; looked at the consecrated candles, and snuffed them. He next threw aside his mantle, opened a small bag he held under his arm, took out a shaving apparatus, and began sharpening a razor on a broad leather strap which hung at his belt.

Frank now actually perspired with fear ; he commended his case to the holy Virgin, and looked with much anxiety for the close of the last proceeding with the razor, not certain whether it was meant for his beard or his throat. He was glad, however, to observe the spectre pour water out of a silver ewer into a small basin of the same metal ; then with his long hand he mixed the soap into fine foaming suds, placing a chair, and with a singular look and air, anxiously beckoned the affrighted Frank to take his seat. He felt that it was as impossible to resist this appeal as it is for a vizier to resist a mute who brings orders from the Grand Turk to return with the said vizier's head. It is best, in the like case, to make a virtue of necessity, and quietly permit oneself to be strangled. Frank obeyed ; threw off the bed-clothes, rose, put on his dressing-gown, and took his seat.

The spectral barber tied the napkin round his trembling customer's neck, took his scissors, and slashed off Frank's hair and beard. He next lathered his chin, and even his head, with the suds ; which being done, he began to shave him, so smooth and carefully, that he shortly could not boast a single hair above his shoulders. The operation completed, the spectre washed and dried his customer very clean and nice ; then bowed, packed up his shaving materials, took up his scarlet cloak, and turned towards the door. The candles burnt quite bright during the whole scene, and in a mirror opposite to him he saw that the barber had made him look like a complete Chinese pagod. He was rather vexed at parting with his fine auburn curls, but he breathed more freely, flattering himself that he should escape unhurt, the spectre appearing to have no further power over him.

The spectre barber walked away in silence, as he had come, to all appearance quite the reverse of all his glib-tongued brethren. Before he reached the door, he stood still, looking round him with a mournful air, particularly at his well-trimmed customer, while he touched his own black beard. This he repeated three times, and the third time while his other hand was upon the door. It struck Frank that the barber's ghost wished him to render him some service,—perhaps, thought he, the same which I have just received from him. In spite of his sad looks, the ghost appeared as much inclined to jest as to be in earnest, and as he had only passed a sort of trick upon, not injured him, our hero felt no longer afraid. So he beckoned, in his turn, for the spectre to take his seat, which he did with evident pleasure and alacrity. He once more threw aside his red cloak, put his bag upon the table, and sat down with the air of a person who expects to be shaved. Frank took care to follow the manner which the spectre had observed ; first cutting off the beard and hair with the scissors, and then soaping his whole head, his new customer sitting the whole time as still as a statue. Frank was rather awkward, having never handled a razor, and, in fact, shaved the poor patient ghost so much against the grain, that he made him pull the queerest faces in the world. Sensible how much he bungled, Frank began to be afraid, recollecting the prudent precept, "Not to meddle with another man's business," though he still proceeded, trying to do his best, until at last he succeeded in making the ghost as clean and bald-headed as himself. The moment he ceased, the spectre

barber found his tongue. "Friend! I thank thee for the great and humane service thou hast rendered me. Thou hast thus released me from long captivity,—three hundred years bondage within these walls! Here, when my spirit departed, I have been condemned to remain, until some mortal should be found to retaliate upon me, and inflict what I had inflicted upon so many others during my lifetime.

"In times of yore, there once lived a sad infidel within these walls, who alike mocked both priest and layman. Count Hartman was no one's friend: he observed neither divine nor human laws, violating even the sacred ties of hospitality. No stranger ever arrived here, no mendicant solicited alms, but he was sure to be seized and tormented. I was his barber, said everything to flatter his foibles, and led the sort of life I chose. Often the pious pilgrim was invited, as he passed the gates, into the castle; a bath was prepared, and, when he expected to refresh himself, I seized him by my master's orders, shaved him quite bald, and then turned him from the castle with bitter jibes and mockery. The count used to look out, and enjoy the sport from the castle window, more particularly when a crowd of mischievous boys got round and ridiculed and insulted the poor pilgrim, running and crying out after him, like the malicious little urchins in Scripture,—'Old baldhead, baldhead!'

"Well, sir, once a holy pilgrim, just returned from abroad, bearing a heavy cross upon his shoulders like a true penitent, with the mark of two nails in his hands, two in his feet, and one in his side, his hair all entangled like a crown of thorns, approached the castle. He entered, asked for water to wash his feet, and a piece of bread. Agreeably to our custom I prepared him a bath, and then, without the least veneration for his sanctity, I took and shaved him quite clean and close. But, alas! the pious man uttered a heavy curse, which he laid upon me in the following words: 'O thou reprobate! after death both heaven and hell—yea, the iron gates of purifying purgatory, shall alike be closed against thy soul! It shall remain a perpetual spectre within these very walls, until a traveller of his own accord shall retaliate on thee this thy evil deed!'

"I felt myself grow sick as he concluded the curse—the marrow wasted in my bones; I fell into a lingering decay, till I became a very shadow, and my soul soon separated from its mortal tabernacle. It remained, however, in these walls, as the pious man commanded; and in vain I looked for deliverance from the chains that bound me to the spot. I was denied the repose for which the soul pines on leaving the body, and every year which I have spent here has appeared an age of torment. As a greater punishment, I was compelled also to continue the occupation which I practised during my lifetime. But how was this to be done? My very appearance, alas! banished its inhabitants in succession from the castle; pilgrims rarely came to pass the night here; and, though I shaved all who did come, not one of them would understand my wish, and render me a service that would have freed my soul from captivity. This you have done: I shall no longer haunt this castle, but hasten to my long, long-sighed-for rest. Accept my thanks, then, once more, young stranger. If I had any secret treasure at my command, you should have

it; but wealth I never had, and there is none anywhere concealed in this castle. Yet listen to my advice: sojourn here until your head and chin are again covered; then go back to your native place, and stop on the bridge over the river Weser, in the autumnal equinox, for a friend, who will be sure to meet you there, and inform you what to do in order to thrive upon earth. Surrounded with affluence and ease, pray do not forget me, but order three masses for the repose of my soul on each anniversary of this day. Farewell; I am departing hence, never more to return!"

Saying this the spectral barber vanished, after having clearly proved by his communicativeness his right of assuming the character of the castle barber. He left his deliverer filled with astonishment at his strange adventure. For some time he doubted its reality, and thought he must have been dreaming, until happening to put his hand to his head, he found that it was all but too true: he felt very cold, and he had no wig to protect it. After reflecting a little while, he retired to rest, and it was near noon next day before he awoke.

The wicked landlord had watched from early dawn for the arrival of the castle guest. Anticipating a bald head, he was prepared to receive him with well-affected surprise, but secret ridicule, at his night's adventure. As midday came and no guest appeared, he grew uneasy lest the spectre had treated him too roughly—perhaps strangled or frightened him to death. Not wishing to have carried the joke so far, he hastened with his servants in some anxiety towards the castle, and sought out the room where he had seen the light the preceding evening. He found a strange key in the door, but it was bolted, a measure Frank adopted on the ghost's departure. He knocked with such violence that Frank leaped up at the noise, thinking at first that the spectre was coming on another visit. But hearing it was mine host's voice entreating him to give some sign, Frank rose and opened the door.

"Great God and all His saints!" cried the landlord, lifting up his hands with apparent terror, "then old Red-Mantle has been here" (the spectre being known to the villagers by that name), "and the tradition is true enough. How did he look? what said he? and more than all, what did he do?"

Frank, aware of mine host's roguery, replied, "How should he look? as a man in a red mantle does; what he did is evident to any one; and I shall always take care to remember his words. 'Kind stranger,' he said, 'trust not the landlord who dwells opposite, he knew too well what would happen to you. But leave him to me, I will reward him. I am going to leave the castle, and will take up my quarters at his inn—I will pinch and plague him to the end of his life, unless, indeed, he consent to receive you in his house and treat you handsomely until your hair and beard be again full grown.'"

Our poor host trembled sadly at hearing this threat; he crossed himself, and swore by the holy Virgin that he would be glad to give Frank the run of his house as long as he pleased. He forthwith conducted his guest to the inn, and waited upon him with the utmost obsequiousness himself.

Our hero obtained great reputation as an exorcist, for the spectre was

no longer to be heard at the castle. He often went to sleep there, and a young fellow who had courage to accompany him returned without a shaven head. The owner of the castle, hearing that the spectre had disappeared, sent orders, with great alacrity, to have the stranger most hospitably treated, who had delivered his property from such a disagreeable house-steward as he proved.

By the approach of autumn Frank's brown locks began to cover his temples again, and he grew anxious to proceed home. His thoughts were busied with conjectures about the friend whom he was to meet on the bridge over the Weser—the author of his future fortunes. Being prepared for his departure, the landlord presented him with a fine horse and a well-filled purse, sent by the owner of the castle as some token of his gratitude for the service he had received. Thus Frank was enabled to re-enter his native city on horseback, quite in as good circumstances as those in which he had left it the year before. He sought out his old quarters in the narrow street, where he continued to live very retired, and contented himself with making inquiries after his beloved Mela, who, he learnt, was still single and enjoying very good health. At present this was sufficient for him, as he would not presume to appear in her presence until his fate was ascertained; so that he did not even inform her of his arrival in the place.

He looked forward very anxiously for the period of the equinox; his impatience made each day appear as long as a year. The long-wished-for time at last arrived, and the night previous he could not close his eyes on account of his eager anticipations; his heart beat strong, and he felt as if the blood was about to burst from his veins, just as it was in the castle of Rummelsburgh before the spectre's appearance. He rose at daybreak, in order not to let his unknown friend wait, and hastened to the bridge, which he found quite deserted. He then paced to and fro, anticipating the highest earthly enjoyment in dwelling upon his future prosperity; for the mere belief that our wishes will be indulged includes, perhaps, the fullest measure of human happiness. Our hero amused himself with planning a variety of modes of appearing before his beloved when he had realized his grand hopes, not being able to decide whether it would be better to present himself in all his splendour, or to communicate the happy change of affairs by degrees. Then he was very inquisitive to learn who this secret friend of his might be. "One of my old acquaintances, I wonder?—but they seem one and all to have abandoned me since my reverses. Then how will it be in his power to serve me so astonishingly? Will the affair be hard or easy to accomplish?" None of these questions did he know how to answer satisfactorily, in spite of all his earnest meditations. The bridge now began to be thronged with people, coaches, waggons, horse and foot passengers, hastening to and fro, besides a number of mendicants of every description, one after another coming to take their usual stations in a place so favourable to their calling. They soon began to work upon the compassion of passengers; and the first of this ragged regiment who implored Frank's charity was an old veteran, bearing his military honour of a wooden leg, having left the other behind him for his country's service. As the reward of his valour he was permitted to

beg wherever he chose; and as he was a good physiognomist, versed in a knowledge of the human heart expressed in the lines of the face, he applied it with such success that he seldom solicited an alms in vain. He was not deceived with Frank on this occasion; for the latter, in the joy of his heart, flung him a silver piece, as much as sixpence, into his hat. For some time Frank did not expect to see much company besides the lower classes passing over the bridge, the more rich and indolent still enjoying their morning slumbers. He imagined that his benefactor must, of course, belong to the wealthier class, and took no notice of the rest of the passengers, until, the courts of justice being opened, the lawyers and magistrates should proceed in their full dress to the council, and the rich merchants to the exchange. Then he began to grow very anxious, and peered into the faces of all the most respectably dressed people who passed by. But hour after hour elapsed, until the morning was gone. Dinner came, and business seemed to cease; yet no friend caught our hero's eye. He paced to and fro along the bridge, where there remained only himself and the mendicants, who now opened their scrips, and dined on cold meat, still keeping their respective stations. Frank wished to follow their example; but, having no provisions with him, he purchased some fruit, which he ate as he walked along. The members of the club, as they sat at dinner, remarked how long he had been haunting the same spot, without speaking to any one, or, like themselves, transacting business. They set him down for an idle youth, though most of them had experienced his benevolence, and he did not escape their facetious observations. At length they gave him the title of the bridge surveyor; with the exception of the old soldier, who noticed that his face no longer betokened the same cheerfulness; that he seemed to have some serious business upon his mind; his hat slouched over his eyes, his step slow and cautious, while he was engaged eating the remnant of an apple as if hardly conscious of what he was doing. The old physiognomist wished to apply his observations to some profit: he set his natural and artificial legs both in motion, passed to the other side of the bridge, and was preparing to ask our musing hero for more alms, as if he had been a fresh comer. He succeeded: the thoughtful visionary only thrust his hand into his pocket, and threw a piece of money without even looking at him.

After dinner, numbers of new faces appeared; but not a single person spoke to poor Frank, who began to grow impatient. His attention was still fixed upon every respectable passenger. Strange, he thought, that no one addressed him—that all should pass him without the least notice, very few even deigning to return his salutation.

Towards evening the bridge became once more deserted, the beggars one after another returning homewards, leaving our hero to his own melancholy thoughts, with hopes deceived, and the happy prospect that had shone upon him in the morning vanished with the parting day. He felt a great inclination to throw himself into the river, and it was only the idea of Mela, and a desire of seeing her before he committed the fatal deed, which prevented him. He determined, then, to be on the watch for her on the ensuing day, as she went to mass, to gaze on her beauty with rapture, and then bury his passion for ever in the waves

of the Weser. As he was leaving the bridge, he met the old soldier, who had been meanwhile busily guessing at the motive of the poor young fellow in watching on the bridge the whole day. He waited longer than usual, to see whether he would take his departure, until his patience being quite exhausted, he could not resist his curiosity to inquire into the reason of his turning the bridge into a dwelling-place. "Pray, sir," he began, "may I be permitted to ask——?"

Frank, by no means in a communicative humour, and finding the long-expected address come from the lips of an old mendicant, answered rather sharply, "What do you want, old greybeard? speak out."

"Sir," said the old man, "you and I were the first who took our stations on the bridge to-day, and you see we are the last to leave it. As for me and my companions, it is our business; but you do not belong to our fraternity, and yet you have passed all the day here. May I be informed, if it be no secret, what can have been your reason, and what weighs so much upon your mind, that you want to get clear of here?"

"What boots it for thee to know, my old fellow, what ails me, and what lies so heavy upon my heart? it can avail thee nothing."

"But, sir, I feel an interest in you; you have given me alms twice this blessed day, for which God reward you, say I. Yet your face is not half so happy as it was this morning, and I am sorry for it."

This simple honest expression of sympathy won Frank's heart, and losing all his misanthropy, he gave the old soldier a kind answer. "Learn, then, that I have waited here so patiently the whole of this day to see a friend who promised to meet me, but who has made me wait long enough in vain."

"No offence, sir," said the old man; "but such a friend, whosoever he be, is no better than a scoundrel, to think of making a fool of you. I would make him feel the weight of my crutch, had he ventured to treat me so. Why not send you word, if something prevented him from coming, instead of treating you like a school lad?"

"Yet," said Frank, "I ought not to condemn him; he did not exactly promise; it was in a dream that he told me to wait for him." For Frank thought that it would be too tedious to relate the ghost's story, so he turned it into a dream.

"That is quite another thing," cried the old man. "I don't wonder you should be served thus, if you believe in dreams. Many mad ones have I had in my life, but I never was so mad as to give any credit to them. If I had now all the money which has been promised me in dreams, I think I might buy the whole city of Bremen; but I never stirred a hand to inquire into the truth of them, for I knew that it must be all labour lost. Forgive me, but I could almost laugh in your face, to think of spending a good summer's day here for the sake of a dream, while you might have been passing your time merrily with your friends."

"It would seem, from all we know, old friend, that thou art right; yet I dreamed the thing so exactly to the minutest circumstance, more than three months ago, that I was to meet him on this very spot, and hear tidings of the greatest importance to me, that I could not refrain from trying whether there was any truth in it."

"Truth, indeed!" replied the soldier; "why, no one dreams more truly, as you may say, than I do. I had one dream I shall never forget. I can't say how long back it was; but my good angel certainly appeared in the shape of a fine youth, with yellow curling hair, two wings upon his back, and he took his place at my bed-side. 'Listen, old Berthold,' he said, 'and lose not a word, if thou dost wish to be happy. Thou art fated to find a large treasure, and enjoy thyself for the rest of thy life. So go to-morrow after sunset, with thy spade in thy hand; cross the river to thy right hand, pass all the houses and the monastery of St. John, until thou reach a garden with four steps leading to it from the road. Wait there quietly till the moon shines bright, then push with all thy might against the door, and it will open. Walk into the garden without the least fear; turn up a walk on thy left hand overshadowed with vines, and behind them thou wilt see a large apple-tree. Well, step up to the stem of it, with thy face towards the moon. About two yards distant thou wilt find two rose-bushes; begin to dig close to them, till thou hittest against a stone, under which there lies an iron chest full of gold and other precious articles. Be it heavy and unwieldy as it will, heed it not, but lift it out of the hole, for thou wilt be rewarded for thy pains when the key is found below.'"

Our hero stood mute with astonishment as he listened to the old man's dream. He would not have been able to hide his agitation, if the darkness had not prevented his companion from seeing his face. He plainly recognized in the old man's description a favourite garden that had belonged to his father, and which he had since sold. For the old gentleman had laid out the garden in a very stiff and formal taste, which Frank did not approve; but, for some secret reason, he had deposited there a portion of his wealth.

The cripple now became a very interesting object to Frank, for in him he had met with the very friend whom the spectre had promised. He would gladly have embraced him; he would have called him by the name of father and of friend, had not prudence suggested another course. He merely said, "Yours was truly a clear dream; but what did you do next morning? did you follow your good angel's advice?" "Not I, forsooth!" replied the old man: "you know it was only a dream; and have I not laid awake night after night, when my good angel might have found me often enough, and told me to my face? yet he never troubled himself about me. Do you think, if he did, that I should now, in old age, be going a-begging?"

Frank here bestowed the last piece of silver upon his lame friend, saying, "Go, old father! go, and drink my health in a pint of good Rhenish: thy conversation has put me into a good humour. Come here again every day. I hope we shall meet at the bridge again." It was long since the old cripple had reaped such a day's harvest: he blessed his kind benefactor from his soul, limped into a tavern, and enjoyed himself most gloriously; while Frank, flushed with fresh hope, hastened home to his narrow street.

The next day he prepared his delving materials, though not the same as are generally employed by treasure-seekers. He had no forms of conjuration, no osier twig, enchanted girdle, nor hieroglyphics of any.

kind. Neither were they requisite, while the three chief implements,—a pickaxe, a spade, and the subterraneous treasure itself—were close at hand. Thus armed, Frank set out towards sunset, and concealed his implements near the spot under a hedge. He had too much reliance on his ghost-barber's honour to doubt the existence of the treasure, and he waited for the moonshine with no little impatience. No sooner did he mark her silvery horns through the bushes than Frank began his labours, paying attention to everything the old man had said; by which means he shortly laid hands upon the treasure, without incurring any opposition or difficulty, either from a fierce mastiff or a scowling wolf, and without even having the light of a blue flame to guide his steps.

He seized some of the gold coins deposited in the chest, with feelings of unspeakable joy; which being somewhat subsided, he began to think how he might best convey his treasure secretly to his lodgings. It was far too weighty to carry without assistance, and he soon began to experience some of the anxiety so inseparable from the possession of wealth. The new Cræsus could hit upon no other plan but that of placing his riches in a hollow tree, which he found in a meadow near the garden. Then putting the chest back in its place, he covered it over with earth, and made it as smooth as he could. In the course of three days he succeeded in transporting the whole of his wealth safely into his lodgings, from the hollow tree. Believing that he was at length authorized to throw off all concealment, he forthwith arrayed himself in a rich dress, ordered the prayers at church to be discontinued, and in its place a thanksgiving to be put up for a traveller on his safe return to his native city, after having brought his affairs to a successful issue. Then he concealed himself in a corner of the church, where, unseen by his beloved, though his eyes were fixed upon hers, he might indulge that ecstasy, the idea of which had only a few days before prevented him from putting a desperate end to his existence. As the thanksgiving was repeating, her cheeks glowed, her eyes were suffused with joy, and she had such difficulty to conceal her raptures, that no one could misinterpret their subsequent meeting in the church, which was so truly expressive.

Henceforward Frank showed himself upon change and entered into business. His transactions were equally fortunate; his growing affluence excited the envy of his fellow-citizens, who declared that he must have been more lucky than wise, to become rich by collecting old debts. He engaged a noble mansion opposite Sir Roland's statue in the great square; he hired clerks and domestics, and applied with great assiduity to trade. The despicable race of parasites again flocked around him, expecting to be again admitted to a share in his prosperity; but, wiser by experience and adversity, he only made them civil speeches in return, allowing them to go empty-handed away. This he found to be a sovereign remedy for freeing himself from their company; he never asked them to dinner, and they returned no more.

Frank now became the topic of the day in the good city of Bremen. Everybody talked of the great fortune which he had so unaccountably made abroad; it was equally the subject of conversation at feasts and funerals, in courts of law, and upon change.

In proportion as his opulence increased and became more known, Mela's happiness seemed to diminish. She thought her mute lover was at last in a condition to declare himself; still he remained silent, except occasionally meeting her in the street, and even here he became daily less attentive. Such a demeanour showed but a cold lover; and that harpy, jealousy, soon began to torment her, whispering the most unpleasant suspicions possible. "Let me banish the fond hope of fixing so variable a being, thus changing like a weathercock blown about by the least breeze. True, he loved and was faithful to thee as long as he was thine equal in rank; but with this revolution in his affairs, being raised so high above thee, he looks down upon the purest affection, because of thy poverty. Surrounded with wealth and splendour, he perhaps adores some haughtier beauty, who abandoned him in his misfortune, but now with her siren voice calls him back. Yes, and the voice of adulation hath changed his heart. His new companions tell him to choose from among the richest and loftiest of his native place; that no fathers would refuse their daughters, no maidens reject him as a lover. They will make him fond of power and importance; he will connect himself with some mighty family, and forget his poor Mela." Thoughts like these, inspired by jealousy, tormented her incessantly. The first time she had heard of his prosperity, she hailed it with delight; not because she was ambitious to share so large a fortune, but to gratify her mother, who had never enjoyed a moment's happiness since she resigned the wealthy brewer. Mela now wished that all the prayers which had been offered up for his success had not been heard, and that the traveller's business had not succeeded, as he would then, perhaps, have been faithful.

Her mother was at no loss to discover the cause of her daughter's melancholy. The report of the late lint merchant's improved circumstances had reached her; she was aware of Mela's attachment; and as he was now a busy reputable merchant, and the very model of good order, she could no longer see any reason for his delaying his offer of marriage, if he really wished to possess her. She never mentioned the subject to Mela, in order not to wound her feelings; but the latter, no longer able to conceal her grief, at length confided the source of it to her mother. The old lady, however, only heard what she knew well enough before, though it gave occasion for her to offer her opinion on the subject. Above all, she avoided saying a single word of reproach, being resolved to make the best of everything that could not be helped. In fact, she tried every means of consoling her unhappy daughter she could, teaching her to bear up against her blighted prospects with piety and firmness.

"Dearest child," she would say, "as you have brewed, you know, so you must bake: you threw away Fortune when she solicited, and you must learn to bear her loss. Experience has shown me that the hope we most count upon is often delusive. Follow my example; listen to it no longer, and endless disappointments will no longer destroy your peace. Look for no favourable change in your fate, and you will soon be contented. It is better to honour our spinning-wheel, which procures

us the means of living, than to dream of greatness and wealth, since we have learned to do without them."

Such philosophical remarks came from the good old lady's heart, since the failure of her last dear hope connected with the worthy brewer. She had simplified her mode of life, so that it was hard for fate to interfere with it further. Mela had not acquired the same philosophical resignation, and her mother's advice had a different effect from that she contemplated. Her daughter's conscience smote her as the destroyer of her mother's fondest hopes, and she severely reproached herself. Though they had never agreed in opinion regarding marriage, and Mela thought bread and salt, seasoned by love, enough for mortal happiness, yet she was not deaf to the report of her lover's prosperity; she had even indulged in some pleasing domestic arrangements, was delighted at the idea of realizing her mother's luxurious dreams, and of restoring her to her former opulence, without doing violence to her own inclinations.

The pleasing illusion vanished with the gradual lapse of time, while Frank still refused to make his appearance. Next came a report that he was preparing an establishment for the reception of his bride, a rich lady of Antwerp, who was on the point of arriving. This was, indeed, a death-blow to her hopes, and was too much even for her feelings of resignation. She vowed to tear the image of the faithless wretch for ever from her heart, and to dry her tears,—while at the same time they flowed afresh.

In an hour,—and there were many such, when she quite forgot her vow, and was recurring with sweet and bitter fancies to the one loved idea, however she esteemed it unworthy of her,—she was roused by a low tap at the door. Her mother opened it;—it was Frank,—their old neighbour Frank, from the narrow street. He wore a rich dress, and his fine brown curls clustered round his forehead and seemed to perfume the room. So splendid an appearance betokened some more important object than scilling lint. The old lady started; she attempted to speak, but the words faltered on her lips. Mela rose suddenly from her seat; she blushed and grew pale by turns, but remained silent, as well as her mother. Frank, however, was perfectly at his ease; he now adapted words to the soft melody which he had often played on his lute, and in bold open terms he at length declared his long-silent love. Then turning to the happy mother, he solemnly entreated her consent to his union with her daughter. Next he gave explanations of all suspicious and unpleasant circumstances, concluding by declaring that the bride for whom preparations had been making was only the fair Mela herself. On recovering from her surprise, the ceremonious old lady determined, as a matter of propriety, to take one week's consideration, though tears of joy were in her eyes, and eloquently spoke the consent she could not. Frank, however, became so pressing, that she was compelled to steer a middle course between old custom and propriety and the wishes of the new lover, and she delegated her daughter to give an answer agreeable to herself. A strange revolution had been at work in Mela's virgin heart since his entrance into the room. No stronger proof of his innocence could be imagined than such a visit; his apparent indifference was all explained. He had been so very assiduous and active in his

business, and to prepare also for their marriage, that he had not sooner had time; but there was now no reason why she should refuse her consent. So, she was fain to pronounce the decisive word, confirming the hopes of love, which she did with so much sweetness of manner, that the delighted Frank could not help catching it in a glowing kiss.

The happy lovers had now, for the first time, leisure to translate into its proper language the hieroglyphics of their secret correspondence, which they soon discovered they had already understood, and done justice to each other's sentiments. This supplied them with a pleasant subject of conversation, and it was long before Frank took leave of his charming bride. But he had business to transact on-change, for Frank was now a man of business.

He now wished to meet with his old friend the soldier, whom he had always remembered, though he had apparently neglected him. On his side, the cripple had examined the faces of all the passengers who had appeared on the bridge, without recognizing his generous young friend, as he had been led to expect; but the moment he saw him approach, he limped as fast as his crutch could carry him to bid him welcome; and Frank, kindly hailing the old man, said, "Do you think, friend, you could go with me to the new town, on business? you shall be well paid for your trouble."

"Why not?" returned the old veteran; "I have a wooden leg that is never tired, and I can walk at a pretty smart pace when it suits me. Only wait a little, till the little grey man comes; he never fails to cross the bridge towards evening."

"There is no need to wait for the little grey man," said Frank: "what can you have to do with him?"

"What!" repeated the soldier, "why, the grey man brings me a silver groat every night of his life, from whom I neither know nor care. Sometimes I begin to suspect that it must be the evil one, who wants me to barter my soul for money. Be that as it may, I know nothing of it, so it is nothing to me. I have closed no such bargain, and I shall not keep it."

"I fancy not," said our hero, smiling; "but if you will now follow me, you shall have the silver groat."

So the cripple followed him through a number of streets, into a remote part of the town near the rampart. There he stopped before a small house, just newly built, and knocked at the door. On its being opened, Frank walked in, and said to the old man, "My friend, thou hast once bestowed upon me a very pleasant evening, and it is right that I should cheer up the evening of thy life. Behold this house and all its contents! they are thine, with the little garden beyond. There will be a person to take care of you, and you will find the silver groat every day upon your dining-table. Fear not the evil one on the score of thy silver groat, old fellow, for he in the grey jacket was no other than an agent of mine. He appeared only to bring you the money, until this thy new dwelling was provided. For as your good angel did not please you, I have undertaken to fill his place."

Frank then showed the old soldier his abode: the table stood ready covered, and there was everything necessary for his comfort and con-

venience. Old Cripple was so astonished at his good luck that he doubted its reality; he imagined it could be no other than a dream, that a rich man should thus pay such attention to the poor. Frank soon convinced him, and the tears of gratitude started into his eyes. His benefactor was more than rewarded at the sight; and, to preserve his adopted character of a good angel, he suddenly vanished, leaving him to explain the affair as he could.

Next morning the abode of the fair betrothed most resembled a fair, such was the throng of milliners, jewellers, lace merchants, tailors, shoemakers, and sempstresses, all vying with each other in laying their treasures at her feet. Mela spent the whole of that day in selecting from the fashionable stores whatever articles were most becoming and most pleasing to the eye, such as constituted a grand bridal dress in those times. She then gave further orders to the milliner and haberdasher. Meanwhile the bridegroom went to see the banns published, as in those good times rich and great people were not afraid of informing the whole world that they meant to contract the serious engagement of marriage. Before the close of the month Frank led his long-loved Mela to the altar; and such was the grand solemnity and splendour of the whole ceremony, that it far outshone even the wedding of the rich brewer.

What a day of triumph for the bride's mother, old Madam Brigitta! She saw her daughter united to a wealthy and excellent young gentleman, and enjoyed, during the evening of her life, that ease and affluence which she had so long sighed for. And Madam Brigitta, as she was henceforward called, likewise deserved her good fortune, at least at Frank's hands, as she turned out, luckily for him, one of the least troublesome mothers-in-law that was ever known.

FREDERICK SCHILLER.

A WORK of fiction, whose chief object is amusement, will hardly be expected to afford more than a brief sketch of the life and writings of one whose name is now nearly as familiar to the *literati* of other countries as of his own.* The productions of Schiller have been rendered, more or less, into every language of modern Europe, whilst English literature, if not particularly enriched with them, abounds with notices both of his life and works, which would make any detailed account here appear wholly superfluous. Nearly from the period of his decease our literary journals have vied with each other in bringing his productions into more open view, in appreciating and doing justice to his manifold merits. By these means he was first introduced to our theatres, to our drawing-rooms, and to our libraries; while, still more recently, a more full and detailed life of him has appeared from the pen of one of our countrymen, a work in every view worthy of the great character it commemorates. It is written at once in a liberal and judicious spirit of criticism, abounds with many new and striking views, and cannot be perused by lovers of German literature without interest and without advantage.

Frederick Schiller was the son of an officer in the Bavarian army, who subsequently attained the rank of major and served in the campaigns for the disputed succession. He was born at Marbach, a little town in Wurtemberg, on the 10th day of November, 1759, and was finally bred to the surgical profession. His early education was not very favourable for the development of those great powers which he afterwards discovered, and which burst forth with sudden and impetuous vigour at the age of nineteen, as if indignant at the scholastic discipline and restraints which had been imposed upon them. Though sprung from humble parents, they were desirous of conferring upon their only son the advantages of a good education. With this view, he was first placed under the care of the village pastor at Lorch, where he continued during three years. It was his parents' fondest hope that he would himself one day assume the pastoral charge, a plan to which, at that early period, he joyfully acceded.

He next pursued his studies at the public seminary of Ludwigsburg, and for several years he went through the regular examinations preparatory to the clerical profession. As he grew older, however, he performed his tasks with less docility and alacrity; he imbibed no very deep regard for the classics as they were there inculcated, while the scholastic forms and regulations proved still more irksome to him. Even at that early age he began to discover the peculiar bias of his genius: he was fond of walking, reading, and studying alone; he sought Nature in her loneliest scenes; would stand gazing on the heavens or watching the progress of the storm. Instead of exhibiting any premature or rapid progress—any emulation with the boys of his own age and

* See Doering's *Memoirs of him*, and "Life of Schiller," *Heidelberg*. "Life of Schiller," Taylor and Hessey, London. Also Jörden's "Lexicon."

class—he reluctantly acquitted himself with very hasty though often happy efforts, and not unfrequently is said to have incurred the animadversion of his superiors.

He continued at this seminary upwards of six years, the most irksome and unprofitable, according to his own admission, that he ever spent. He was compelled to drudge through all the preliminary forms and examinations, indiscriminately insisted upon in the Stutgard system, under the patronage and dictation of the reigning duke. In this wretched servitude he went through a course of legal study, which he was only permitted to relinquish in favour of that of medicine, to which he was little more adapted or attached. Instead of taking down notes of the lectures, he was secretly perusing Shakspeare, and procured small editions of Klopstock, Herder, Gothe, Garue, and Lessing, the father of the modern drama of Germany.

Early inspired by a perusal of them, he produced an epic poem, like our own *Pope*, at the age of fourteen; which he as judiciously, however, destroyed. In his second effort he at once assumed a high rank as one of the popular dramatists of his country. This was his tragedy of "*The Robbers*," composed at the age of nineteen, and almost appallingly impressed with the most striking characteristics of a daring, enthusiastic, and impatient spirit. Wild and extravagant as it must be allowed to be, it was the production, so to say, of a future great writer—the luxurious promise of a glorious harvest—the struggle of a lofty mind at issue with its destiny, exhibiting the whole of its gigantic but untutored strength. As it has been justly remarked by Madame de Staël, it displays the "intoxication of genius," which Schiller certainly possessed in early life. But the "*Robbers*" of Schiller's youth is the "*Wallenstein*" of his maturer powers; it bore the height and dimensions of his full genius, though destitute of its manlier tone, action, and consummate strength.

Who is there capable of resisting its tide of devoted and heart-rending passions (such as he has pictured them) on its first perusal in early life? Who has not hung over its scenes with a sense of strange, perturbed, indescribable sadness, half delight, half terror, such as at that period can alone be felt? With the single exception of "*Wallenstein*," it is justly, we think, one of the most popular of his dramas; worthy, with all its mistaken principle and exaggerations, of having laid the foundations of his fame.

The reputation obtained by this and two subsequent pieces, "*The Conspiracy of Fiesco*," and "*Intigue and Love*," soon brought Schiller advantageous offers from the theatre at Mannheim, one of the best conducted in Germany. During his engagement here he projected a translation of Shakspeare, though the tragedy of "*Macbeth*" was the only one he presented to his countrymen in a new dress. In fact, he judiciously abandoned the undertaking, and entered upon the subject of "*Don Carlos*," which he borrowed from the French of M. de Real. At the same period he was engaged in a variety of minor works, one of which was a theatrical journal, in which several scenes of his "*Don Carlos*" first made their appearance. Dramatic essays and poetical effusions, published in the same journal, likewise occupied much of his

time. Though commenced in his twenty-fifth year, this tragedy was not completed until long afterwards; nor did it appear entire until 1794, when he was more than thirty-five years of age. Nearly at the same time he began his series of "Philosophical Letters," which throughout display singular ardour and boldness of inquiry on a great diversity of topics. Schiller now became one of the most popular writers of his age, and he daily received gratifying proofs of it, both of a public and private kind. He himself relates one which he considered the most pleasing of all—a present of two beautiful miniature portraits from the fair originals, accompanied by a very elegant pocket-book, and letters filled with the most flattering compliments to his genius.

Upon closing his engagements at Mannheim, Schiller took up his residence at Leipsic, where he became acquainted with a number of eminent contemporaries, among whom was Professor Huber, Zollikofer, Hiller, Oeser, and the celebrated actor Reinike. Soon after his arrival, finding himself somewhat disappointed in the extent of his literary views, he had serious intentions of adopting the medical profession, to which his final academic studies had been directed: but this idea was again abandoned, and he resumed his literary occupations with increased ardour and activity.

Though ranking among the chief ornaments of his country as a poet and a dramatist, he still sighed for fresh fields of enterprise, for which he was every way qualified, and in which he ultimately gathered more brilliant and unfading laurels—laurels that will serve to perpetuate his name. The empire of fiction, like some fairy castle, rises only to dazzle the eye, and shortly passes away; while the fabric of history, of philosophy, and truth, connected as it is with the most vital interests of mankind, must continue, as long as these, to endure. Besides, Schiller had now outlived the extravagance and enthusiasm of his early genius; he no longer dwelt in a world of romance. He had learned to think, and to think deeply; his reading had been equally profound and extensive; he had grown weary of fiction, and he became ambitious of achieving objects commensurate with his enlarged powers. He was already familiar with the writings of Strada, of Grotius, and De Thou: the Revolt of the Netherlands had engaged his attention during the composition of "Don Carlos;" and he determined to become the historian, as well as the poet, of an era so glorious to European freedom. From his letters it would appear he had conceived the idea of far more extensive undertakings, to be pursued in a connected chain, of which this, and a first volume of the "History of the most remarkable Conspiracies and Revolutions in the Middle and Later Ages," was merely to form a part. It were needless to add that but a small portion of designs like these was ever executed, rapid and unintermitting as were the united genius and industry which grappled with them. At no period did Schiller more assiduously occupy himself with pursuits of the most arduous kind, and at no period did he produce more important works, than during his residence at Dresden. It was there he first began to devote his nights, as well as a large portion of the day, to intellectual labour, a habit which no constitution could long withstand. Besides the interruptions he was so frequently liable to in the day, he

was fond of spending his mornings in the woods, or upon the banks of the Elbe; sometimes sailing upon its bosom; sometimes wandering, with a book, in its solitary vicinity. A portion of the evening he spent in society; and then came the baneful night, invariably set apart for the most difficult and abstracted pursuits. It was thus he most probably laid the foundation of save subsequent maladies and his premature decease.

About the year 1737 he visited Weimar, in order to cultivate a personal acquaintance with some of his most celebrated contemporaries. He was there introduced to Wieland, already advanced in years, and to Herder; and such was the warm reception he met with, that he declared his intention of fixing his residence at Weimar, then conspicuous for the number of its distinguished writers. Gothe was next added to the list of his acquaintance, but not during some period, at least, to that of his friends. Men of totally opposite minds and character in a literary view, their first meeting is described as having been somewhat singular; by no means cordial and pleasing. Schiller being much younger, and of a reserved temper, was rather surprised than attracted by the perfect ease and openness, the versatility and extent of information, which Gothe's conversation exhibited. The former declared, after the interview, that they were cast in different moulds, that they lived in different worlds, and that it was almost impossible for them ever to understand or become ultimately acquainted with each other. "Time, however," he concluded, "will try."

It is gratifying to add, that they subsequently grew sincerely attached to each other, assisted in the same undertakings, and for some period resided with each other. On Schiller's removal to Jena, where he succeeded Eichhorn in the professorship of history, he entered into a matrimonial connection with a lady of the name of Lengefeld, to whom he had some time before been attached. In a letter to one of his friends he thus alludes to the event, many months afterwards: "How different does life now begin to appear, seated at the side of a beloved wife, instead of forsaken and alone, as I have so long been."

"During his professorship, Schiller entered upon his *History of the Thirty Years' War*, a work which appeared in 1791. This is universally admitted to be his chief historical performance, no less in Germany than in other countries. A just comparison, however, can scarcely be instituted, his previous work upon the Netherlands having unfortunately never been carried to a conclusion. In the year 1791 he suffered a very severe attack upon his lungs, from which he with difficulty recovered, after it had greatly shattered his constitution. Still, with returning strength he resumed his labours with equal ardour, and was never heard to utter a complaint. It was on his recovery that Schiller, for the first time, studied the new Kantian doctrine, though it does not appear how far he proceeded through the labyrinths of the transcendental terminology.*"

A number of productions, amongst which ranks the most finished specimen of his dramatic labours, "*Wallenstein*," followed his partial restoration to health. But the ardour and impetuosity with which he

* "Life of Schiller," London. Doering's "Life." Jörden's "German Lexicon."

composed, and which was become too habitual to him for restraint, more especially in his lyric pieces and his tragedies, brought on a dangerous relapse. All human aid and human hope proved alike in vain ; and on the 9th day of May, 1805, his disorder reached its crisis, and Schiller, only in his forty-sixth year, had but a few hours to live.

Early that morning he grew delirious ; but soon this was observed gradually to subside, and he appeared to be settling into a deep slumber. In this state, after continuing during several hours, he awoke about four o'clock in the afternoon, with perfect composure and a perfect consciousness of his situation. His manner was firm and tranquil : he took a tender farewell of his friends and family ; and on being asked how he felt, he replied, "Only calmer and calmer." He once spoke with a happy and lively air : "Many things are now becoming clearer and clearer to me !" Soon afterwards he relapsed into deep sleep, became more and more insensible, though still calm, and in that state he almost imperceptibly expired.

There are few productions in the class of fictitious writing from the pen of Schiller, though these few are enough to display the great powers which he possessed. The "*Geisterseher*," of which we give the following fragment as it was first published, is one of the most important and most striking of its kind. Still, it was undertaken rather as an experiment than with a settled purpose of adding his name to the list of novelists. Nor was he satisfied with the kind of reputation which it acquired. Written with a view of exemplifying a certain doctrine, and peculiar views of human character, he had the mortification to find its more terrific features set down to the account of the usual romantic terrors abounding in the modern school, without any ulterior result. His purpose, on the other hand, was evidently to trace the progress and consequences of an attempt to impress a belief of supernatural agency, as connected with its own destiny, upon a powerful but imaginative mind. The same systematic and philosophical objects will be found to apply to the rest of his fictitious pieces -- all composed for the purpose of conveying his own opinions, not intended as a mere description of human life and manners. Schiller was a truly systematic and philosophical writer, who aimed at lofty objects in the exemplification or the discovery of intellectual truths. He could not, like Göthe, trifle with his genius ; throughout the whole of his writings he seldom hazards a jest. He was too serious and sincere in all he felt and did to write either for his own amusement or that of others ; a mere sentimental novel was below his capacity, and we accordingly trace the spirit of a great dramatist, poet, and philosopher, even in his small fictitious pieces.

Schiller did not enter upon the career of letters with a feeling of mere choice ; he felt the full intellectual power and importance of the profession in which he had engaged ; he pursued it as a great task ; he was an apostle in the cause ; his efforts were proportionally gigantic, and he devoted himself to it, and died for it with the spirit of a martyr. There is a noble harmony and consistency in the whole intellectual labour of such a man, which render the perusal of each and all of his productions interesting to us. Thus in his "*Walk under the Linden*

Trees," in his "Martyr to Lost Honour," his "Song of the Bell," and his "Sport of Fortune," in however narrow a compass, there are the same powerful exhibitions of human character and destiny, drawn from historical and philosophical sources, as we trace in his more voluminous works, in his "Philosophical Letters," and in his Histories.

For the origin of the "*Geisterseher*" we suppose we are to look to the celebrated Count Cagliostro, of juggling memory, who succeeded in turning the heads of the Parisians about the period when Schiller composed the following story. He is doubtless the original of the Armenian, whose exploits in mystifying the living and restoring the dead bear a strong resemblance; though he can hardly be said to equal his Italian prototype in transforming a Sicilian peasant into a rich and splendid Count.

In addition to its mystical and preternatural character, and the moral that may be derived from it, Schiller's story exhibits some very interesting and powerful views; the narrative is full of incident and fine description; and the characters, though brought little under view, are well conceived, and sustained with much effect. It is also very ingeniously contrived, in regard to the production of magic terrors by physical agency, in their complete exposition, and in their repetition and final triumph by compelling their victim to take refuge in the bosom of the holy Church. But we are going too far: it is high treason against a novel-reader to anticipate; and we gladly leave him, with these few general observations upon the writer, to reap himself the whole of the interest that may be found in it. For the same reason we avoid adding a word in explanation of the shorter specimens attached to the tale of the "*Geisterseher*."

THE APPARITIONIST.

A Fragment.

[EXTRACTED FROM THE MEMOIRS OF COUNT VON —.]

CHAPTER I.

I AM about to relate an occurrence, which to many persons will appear incredible, yet to which I was myself, in great part, an eye-witness. To the few who happen to be informed of a certain political event—provided, indeed, these pages ever see the light—it will be hailed as a happy disclosure, while, without such a key, it will be welcome to the rest of the world, as some addition to the history of the frauds and aberrations of the human mind. The boldness requisite for the object in view will excite astonishment—hardihood, which only villany can conceive and follow up; while the singularity of the means employed is calculated to create no less surprise. Truth alone—simple but powerful truth—is the aim of the narrative before me; for ere these pages are put forth, I shall have closed my earthly account—shall have nothing either to win or to lose from the judgment pronounced upon them.

It was on my return from a tour through Kurland, in the year 17—, about the time of Carnival, when I paid a visit to the Prince of — at Venice. We had commenced our acquaintance while serving in the — war; and we there renewed an intimacy which had been interrupted by the ensuing peace.

As it was, moreover, my wish to see the city, and the prince merely delayed his departure until his receipt of letters of exchange, I was persuaded to pass some time in his society before I left the place. We agreed to bear one another, as long as we should remain at Venice, and the prince was even so kind as to invite me to his own residence. He observed the strictest *incognito*, wishing to live privately, and his small retinue for this purpose was not likely to betray his real rank. He had two officers on whose secrecy he could perfectly rely, in addition to a single faithful domestic; and he shunned extravagance rather from inclination than from parsimony. He disliked a life of pleasure, and, though only five and twenty years of age, he was proof against the worst allurements of a dissolute city. To women he had hitherto shown himself indifferent; deep study and contemplation, combined with an enthusiastic kind of melancholy, chiefly predominated, and influenced his exertions of mind. His inclinations were slow in forming, but persevering beyond calculation; his choice difficult and timid; his attachment warm and durable. Placed in the midst of mixed throngs of his fellow-men, he held on his path alone, encircled in an imaginary world of his own, and was for the most part a stranger in the real one. No one, perhaps, was more exposed than he then was to suffer himself to be influenced and commanded by the opinion of others—more liable to mental weakness. Once won over, none was more positive and reso-

lute; he had courage to defend a prejudice once conceived, and to die in another's cause.

As the third of his family, he had no very likely prospect of succeeding to the government. His ambition had never been roused, and his passions had all taken a different direction. Eager to avail himself of another's opinion, he felt no desire to govern those around him; confining all his wishes to the quiet enjoyments of private life—to intellectual conversation and pursuits. He read much—without selection; a deficient education, and too early introduction into military life, had not afforded his mind time enough to expand and attain that maturity it might otherwise have done. The information he afterwards acquired tended rather to confirm his erroneous views than to correct them, his knowledge being founded upon no solid principles. Of the Protestant persuasion, like the rest of his family,—not from conviction, but by birth,—he had never entered into a serious examination of its tenets, though at one time he indulged a good deal of religious enthusiasm.

Such were some of the leading features of his character, which will be further developed by events as they occur. One evening as we were proceeding masked, according to custom, along St. Mark's, the throng beginning to disperse as the evening advanced, the prince observed a mask following, and apparently keeping us in his eye. It was an Armenian, and he was alone. We hastened our pace, and took several turns to mislead him; but it was in vain—he still kept his eye upon us.

"Have you any intrigues upon hand, here?" inquired the prince: "Venetian husbands are dangerous." "None," replied I, "with any particular lady, I am sure." "Then," added the prince, "let us sit down here, and converse in German. I suspect that we are known."

We accordingly seated ourselves upon a stone bench, waiting for the mask to pass on. Instead of this he made close up to us, and took his station at the prince's side, who took out his watch, observing to me aloud, in French, "It is past nine, they will be expecting us at the Louvre; let us go." This he said with a view of misleading the mask. "Nine o'clock!" repeated the latter, in an emphatic slow tone, "then congratulate yourself, prince" (calling him by his real name), "he died just at nine o'clock!" And having said this, he turned round and disappeared.

We looked at one another with equal surprise. At length, after a long pause, the prince said, "Who is dead? What can he mean?" "Let us follow," I answered, "and inquire—he is not far."

And we went, examining every corner of the piazza; yet the mask was nowhere to be seen. So we returned to our residence disappointed and ill at ease. The prince remarked nothing on what had passed, though he appeared abstracted, and as if contending with some violent internal emotion, which he since confessed to me. It was only when we reached the house that he, for the first time, opened his lips. "It is really quite amusing to think that a madman can thus affect one with a few words." He then bade me good night; and, as soon as I had retired to my apartment, I sat down and entered the day and the hour when this incident occurred. It was on a Thursday.

The following evening the prince observed, "Will you accompany

me to the Place of St. Mark? and let us try to discover our mysterious Armenian. I wish very much to see the *denouement* of our comedy." I assented; and we continued until eleven o'clock on the Place, without meeting with the Armenian. This experiment we repeated for four successive evenings, with the same results.

On the sixth evening, before we left the hotel, I had the precaution, whether from design or inadvertently I can scarcely recollect, to leave word with the prince's domestic where to find us in case any person called. Remarking my foresight, the prince smiled and praised my prudence. There was a vast throng upon the promenade as we approached, and we had hardly proceeded thirty yards when I remarked the Armenian, elbowing his way, and anxiously looking out for some one. We were just on the point of accosting him, when the Baron F——, one of the prince's suite, came running breathless towards the prince, and handed him a letter. "It has a black seal, your excellency;" and we observed written upon it, "Speed." This fell like a thunderbolt upon me. The prince had approached a lamp, broken the seal, and was reading it. "My cousin is dead!" he cried. "When?" inquired I, somewhat hastily. "On Thursday last," he replied, "nine o'clock in the evening."

We had not time to recover from our surprise before the Armenian stood before us. "You are now convinced, gracious prince," he said; "and if you will hasten home, you will find a delegate from the senate; but indulge no idea of accepting the honour intended you. The Baron F—— forgot to inform you that your letters of exchange are arrived." And having said this, the Armenian disappeared among the crowd.

We returned to our hotel, where we found everything just as the Armenian had stated. Three noble deputies of the Republic were awaiting our arrival, to invite the prince to accompany them, with all due pomp and ceremony, to receive the compliments of the assembled patricians. He had only just time to hint to me that I should sit up till his return.

About eleven o'clock he returned, and walked rather thoughtfully into his chamber. After dismissing his servant, he took me by the hand, and said, in the words of Hamlet,—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy!"

"My gracious prince," I replied, "you seem to forget that you are retiring to rest to-night, more rich in splendid hope" (alluding to the death of the heir-apparent, son of the reigning aged and now childless sovereign) "than last night." "Say nothing upon that head," replied the prince; "for, were a crown now laid at my feet, I should have more serious objects to occupy my attention. At least, if my Armenian be not very wide of his mark." "How is that possible, my prince?" rejoined I. "Why," he returned, "I will barter all my princely hopes for a monk's cowl with you."

On the ensuing evening we set out earlier than usual towards St. Mark's. A sudden shower, however, compelled us to seek shelter in a coffee-house, where a party was hard at play. The prince placed himself behind a Spaniard's chair, and looked on. I went into an adjoining

room to read the newspapers. In a short time after I heard an uproar. Before the prince's arrival, it appeared that the Spaniard had invariably lost, and now he won all before him. The whole game assumed another aspect, and the bank was in danger of being emptied by the Spaniard, whom this lucky run had rendered bolder. The Venetian seated opposite observed to the prince, in an insulting tone, that he had ruined their play, and begged him to remove from the table. The prince looked cool and stood still, while the Venetian repeated his injurious words in French. Then, imagining that the former understood neither language, he addressed his party with an insulting—"What must we do, sirs, to make this dolt here understand us?" Then rising, he took the prince by the arm, as if to remove him. Losing all patience here, he threw the Venetian from him with so much violence as to stretch him upon the ground. This set the whole house in commotion; and in my surprise I ran into the room, and called the prince by his name, at the same time adding, "Beware, for we are in Venice!"

At his name the whole company became silent; but soon there rose a stifled murmur, which seemed to bode nothing good. All the Italians were collecting in a group, and drawing aside. One after the other left the place, until at length we found ourselves accompanied only by a few French gentlemen.

"You are lost, gracious sir," observed these, "unless you leave the city immediately. The Venetian whom you have offended is both wealthy and powerful; he has only to count out fifty zechins, and your doom is sealed." Here the Spaniard offered to watch over the prince's security and to accompany us home. The French joined him. We had just risen, and were deciding how we should act, when the doors opened, and some officers of the Inquisition appeared. They handed up a state mandate, in which we were both commanded to accompany them forthwith.

We were escorted under a strong guard as far as the canal, where a gondola was in readiness for us. They bound our eyes before we were permitted to enter. We were then conducted up several stone steps, and next, round a long winding staircase, over deep vaults, as we easily ascertained from the echo returned from the sound of our feet below. At last we reached another flight, which descended six and twenty steps into the vaults. Here a door opened into a hall, where the bandage was removed from our eyes. We found ourselves in a circle of respectable old men, all arrayed in black, as were the sides of the apartment, which was dimly lighted up, while a deathlike stillness pervaded the place. Its impression was most appalling. One of these old greybeards, most probably the Inquisitor-General himself, approached the prince, and addressed him in a very zealous tone, while the Venetian was brought forward on the other side, "Know you this man for the same whom you injured at the coffee-house?" "Yes," replied the prince, "I do."

Upon this, he turned to the other prisoner, pointing towards the prince, "And is this the same whom, last night, you wished to assassinate?" The prisoner replied it was; and the next moment the circle opened, and we beheld with astonishment the head separated from the Venetian's body. "Are you satisfied with this apology?" inquired

the state inquisitor. The prince fell back into the arms of his conductors. "Go now," exclaimed the same voice in a terrific tone, "go, and judge in future less hastily respecting justice in Venice."

In vain we attempted to discover the secret friend who had thus, by directing the swift current of justice in our favour, rescued us from certain destruction. Struck dumb with horror, we were escorted back to our hotel. It was yet midnight, and the young chamberlain Z—— was impatiently expecting our arrival on the steps.

"How good it was of you," he said, as he lighted us up, "to send to us. The account brought by the Baron F—— from the Place of St. Mark would otherwise have thrown us into the greatest consternation." "Sent!—I sent!" exclaimed the prince; "I know nothing at all of it." "Yes," said he; "this evening, soon after eight o'clock, you sent to inform us that we need not be anxious, if you should return later to-night than usual."

The prince here fixed his eyes upon me. "Perhaps you took that trouble without informing me?" "No, I knew nothing of it."

"It must indeed be so, your excellency," added the chamberlain; "for here is your repeater, which you sent as proof of it." The prince felt for his watch; it was gone, and the one now handed him was it. "Who brought this here?" he inquired in astonishment. "An unknown mask, dressed like an Armenian, who retired immediately."

We stood gazing at each other. "What think you of this?" exclaimed the prince, after a long silence; "surely I have met my secret soothsayer in Venice." The horrible adventure of the night threw the prince into a degree of fever, which compelled him to keep his chamber for above a week. During this period the hotel thronged both with natives and foreigners, whom the discovery of the prince had attracted, and who came to offer their services, each desirous of recommending himself in his way. Our affair with the Inquisition was no longer dwelt upon; while the court of ——, desirous that the prince's departure should be delayed, sent notice to several Venetian bankers to advance him a considerable sum of money. He was thus obliged to remain in Italy longer than he had intended, and at his request I also consented to remain.

When he was so far recovered as to leave his room, his physician advised him to take a trip upon the Brenta, in order to change the air. The weather was fine, and, a party being formed, the proposal was accepted. As we were on the point of entering our gondola, the prince missed the key of a little box which contained some of his most important papers. He recollected, he said, having locked it the day before, since when he had not been out of his chamber. All search for it was in vain, and we desisted, in order not to lose the pleasure of our excursion. The prince, whose mind was bent on every untoward occurrence, gave it up for lost, and begged that no one would say anything more about it. Our excursion was delightful; the prospect highly picturesque, and growing upon us in richness and beauty as we advanced. The heavens were purely bright,—it was the middle of May,—delicious gardens and tasteful villas overlooking the Brenta without number; while behind us lay majestic Venice herself,—her hundred towers and masts aspiring from the bosom of the deep,—altogether displaying one

of the proudest and most animated spectacles in the world. We yielded ourselves to the enchantment of the scene; our feelings were highly excited, and the prince, losing his usual seriousness, joined in the light and festive spirit of the party. Fine music came borne upon the breezes, as we stepped from our gondola, at some miles distant from the city. It proceeded from a small village, where an annual market was held, and a most motley society of human beings was collected. A group of young girls and boys welcomed us, arrayed in a theatrical style, and dancing in a very pantomimical fashion. It was extremely novel; grace and agility were expressed in every motion. Before the dance was quite finished appeared the leaders themselves, who presented their queen as suddenly as if she had been introduced by an invisible arm. All stood still in a moment: the music ceased, not a breath was to be heard as she stood in the midst of the assembly, wrapt in deep musing, with her eye fixed upon the heavens. Suddenly, as if inspired, she cast a wild glance around. "A king is among us here!" she exclaimed, tearing her crown from her head and laying it at the prince's feet. Every eye was at once fixed upon him, uncertain whether there were any meaning in the part she was acting, or whether it were to give credit to the serious and impressive manner in which she performed it. A general clapping of hands at length broke the silence; and casting my eye upon the prince, I observed that he looked not a little perplexed, and seemed to avoid the penetrating glance of the spectators. He threw money among the children, and attempted to make his way through the throng.

We had proceeded only a few steps when an aged barefooted friar was observed to be making up to the prince. "My lord," he said, "bestow some portion of your wealth upon our Madonna, and she shall pray for you." This he spoke in a tone that surprised us, but the crowd bore him away. Our own party meanwhile had increased, consisting of an English lord whom the prince had once met at Nizza, some Leghorn merchants, a Dutch canon, a French *abbé*, with ladies and a Russian officer. The countenance of this last had something very extraordinary in it, that attracted yet defied the eye. Never had I seen one presenting such variety of feature and so little character; at once combining an expression of good-nature with repulsive coldness. All human passions appeared to have done their work, to have left deep traces, but as if they had burnt themselves out. Nothing remained beyond that quiet yet deep-searching glance of a master of the human character,—a glance avoided by every eye. This singular man followed us at some distance, apparently taking a very trivial interest in what passed.

We stopped before a shop where a lottery was going forward. The ladies put in their names, and we followed their example, not excepting the prince. He won a snuff-box, and, as he opened it, I observed him turn pale. It contained the lost key! "What can this mean?" said the prince to me, when we had a moment to ourselves. "A superior power seems to follow me, an invisible hand guides my actions, and omniscience sweeps around me. Yes, some secret power, which I cannot avoid, directs all my steps. I must find out this Armenian, and extort some information from him."

The sun was going down as we approached the pleasure-house where the festival was held. The prince's name had now increased our numbers to sixteen, including, besides those mentioned, a certain *virtuoso* from Rome, a Swiss, and an adventurer from Palermo in his uniform, and a *soi-disant* captain. It was agreed to spend the evening here, and to proceed home by the light of torches. The entertainment was very excellent, all very lively, and the prince excited the wonder and curiosity of the party by relating his adventure of the key. A long argument upon it took place, most of the audience stoutly maintaining that there must be some trick, some deep game at the bottom of the whole. The *abbé*, pretty well flushed with wine, revolted at the idea of the spiritual world; the Englishman talked blasphemy; while the musician made sign of the cross to avert the devil. A few, among whom was the prince himself, declared for a suspension of judgment upon similar occurrences; while the Russian officer, busily engaged with the ladies, appeared to pay no attention to the conversation. It was not remarked that during the heat of the discussion the Sicilian had slipped away, and in the course of half an hour returned, enveloped in a mantle, and placed himself behind the Frenchman's chair. "You are courageous enough to declare war against the whole world of spirits, Mr. Abbé; would you like to encounter a single one?" "Done!" cried the *abbé*, "if you will engage to supply me with one." "That will I do," replied the Sicilian, as he approached nearer, "should these ladies and gentlemen be agreeable." "Why so?" inquired the Englishman; "a good bold ghost is surely not afraid of a small party." "I cannot be sure of the consequences, sir." "Then in Heaven's name, no! desist!" cried all the women round the table, as they rose from their seats.

"Nay, let the ghost e'en come," continued the *abbé*; "but warn him beforehand that he will be spitted without ceremony,"—pointing to a neighbour's sword,—"if he should not behave himself."

"That you may settle as you think proper when the time comes," said the Sicilian, very coolly, "if you can maintain the same courageous mood." Then turning towards the prince, "My gracious lord," he said, "they maintain that your key has fallen into some one's hands: do you know whose?" "No." "Can you imagine no one?" "In truth, I have a suspicion." "Should you recognize the person, were you to see him?" "Indeed I should."

Here the Sicilian, throwing his mantle aside, drew forth a mirror, which he held before the prince. "Is this the person?" The prince recoiled from it with affright.

"What has your excellency seen?" I inquired. "The Armenian!"

The Sicilian replaced the mirror under his mantle.

"Was it really the person you suspected?" inquired the whole party. "The same," replied the prince.

All changed colour—their laughter ceased: every eye was fixed upon the Sicilian.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," cried the Englishman, "the affair is becoming serious—you had better retract."

"Yes; the fellow is possessed," cried the Frenchman, as he ran out of the house. The women were at his heels; the *virtuoso* followed the

women with the same feeble cry; the Dutch canon snored in his chair, and the Russian took no notice of what passed.

"Perhaps," said the prince to the Sicilian, "you have only been joking with us," as he cast his eye over our diminished numbers,— "or were you, indeed, thinking of keeping your word?" "That was I, of a truth," returned the Sicilian. "With the *abbé*, indeed, I *was* joking, for I well knew the poltroon dared not redeem his pledge. It is, besides, rather too serious an affair to turn into jest." "Do you pretend to boast, then, that it is really in your power to do as much as you have said?"

Our magician paused at the question some time, and seemed to be measuring the prince sharply with his eye. At last he answered—"Yes!"

The prince's curiosity was now raised to its highest pitch. It had always been his leading weakness to imagine himself in some way connected with the spiritual world, and the appearance of the Armenian from the first had revived this enthusiastic propensity, which maturer reasoning had begun to dissipate. He took the Sicilian on one side, and I observed that he conversed with him in a very confidential tone.

"You have here a man before you," he continued, "who burns with impatience to obtain conviction upon a subject like the present. Whoever would undertake to remove my doubts—to tear the scales from my eyes—him would I esteem my benefactor, him would I embrace as my dearest friend. Do you pretend to be enabled to confer so signal a benefit upon me?" "What proofs do you want from me?" said the conjuror, somewhat thoughtfully. "Only a single proof of your art. Permit me to behold an apparition." "To what will that lead?" "To inform me, by a closer inspection, whether I be indeed worthy of higher instruction than I have received."

"I prize your worth, my gracious prince. There is a secret power in your countenance, which you are not yourself aware of, which impressed me at first sight. You are more powerful than you imagine. You may draw as largely upon what art I possess as you please; but—" "Then only grant that I may see an apparition." "But, I say, I must first be convinced that you do not make such a request from mere curiosity. If invisible powers, indeed, be actually at my bidding, I am still under the sacred bond not to reveal their holy secrets for any profane purpose—I must not abuse my art." "My views are pure—I seek only truth."

Here they left their places, and retired to a window, whence I could no longer hear what they said. The Englishman, who had also listened, touched me on my shoulder. "Your prince is a truly worthy man,— I am sorry to see him league himself with an impostor." "He will soon free himself," replied I, "when he sees further into the affair."

"I will tell you what," said the Englishman. "The poor devil wants to enrich himself. He will afford us no specimen of his art until he hears the money clink. We are nine of us: let us make a collection, and, by dint of bidding high, lead him into temptation. He will break down in the trial, and the prince will see with his own eyes." "Well, I am ready."

The Englishman threw six guineas upon a plate, and began to make

a collection. Each subscribed some louis, and in particular the Russian appeared eager in the scheme, and laid down a bank-note for one hundred zechins—a contribution which greatly astonished the Englishman. We handed the collection to the prince. "Will you have the goodness, gracious prince, to entreat the gentleman on our behalf, that he will consent to treat us to a specimen of his art, and receive this small tribute of our gratitude in return?" The prince, throwing a handsome gold ring upon the plate, handed it to the Sicilian.

"My good lords and patrons," he began, after some moments' consideration, "your liberality shocks me. It would seem that you mistake me; however, I will humour your good wishes—they shall be fulfilled. But this gold does not belong to me, and with your permission it shall be applied to some charitable uses in behalf of the neighbouring convent of St. Benedict. The ring I will reserve, as a very precious token to remind me of an excellent prince."

Our host here stepped in, and received the money from his hand. "He is, nevertheless, a great rogue," whispered the Englishman to me. "He refuses the money, because he expects to make more by the prince." "Or," said another, "the host understands his cue."

"Whom do you wish to see?" now inquired the Sicilian. The prince considered a moment: his lordship said, "Let us see some great man. Say the learned Pontiff Ganganelli; this will give the master very little trouble." The Sicilian bit his lips: "I dare venture to mock no one who has been consecrated." "That is bad," said the Englishman: "perhaps we might learn from him of what illness he died."

"The Marquis of Lannoy," said the prince, "was a French brigadier general in the late war, and my very dear friend. At the battle of Hastenbeck he received his mortal wound; he was carried to my tent, and died in my arms. While in the last agonies, he beckoned me nearer to him: 'Prince, I shall never behold my country more: let me confide a secret to you, of which I only have the key. In a convent on the borders of Flanders resides a——' here he stopped, and breathed his last. Now if you could contrive to bring him here, and inform me what he would have said——"

"Well put, by God!" cried the Englishman. "I will call thee a second Solomon when you supply the rest of the sentence."

We all commended the prince's choice. Meanwhile the magician strode up and down the room, apparently undecided in what way to act. "And was that all the dying man communicated to you?" "All!" "Did you make no further inquiries—none in his native country?" "They were all useless." "And had the marquis led an upright life? It is not every dead man I should like to call." "He died in penitence, lamenting the errors of his youth." Do you happen to possess any memorial of him by you?"

"I do;" and the prince here took out a snuff-box with a miniature portrait in enamel on its surface, which I had before observed lying near him on the table.

"Nay, I do not wish to know—— Leave me alone now, and you shall see the deceased."

Here he motioned us into another apartment to remain until we

should be called. Then he directly began to remove all the furniture in the room, threw up the windows, and closed the sashes very carefully. He desired the host, with whom he appeared on very good terms; to bring him a vessel of live coals, and to extinguish all the rest of the fires in the house. Before going, he required from each, on our word of honour, the most unqualified secrecy in regard to everything we should either see or hear. The doors of all the chambers beyond the pavilion into which we retired were fast locked and bolted.

Past eleven at night, an awful silence pervaded the place. As we went out, the Russian inquired if we had any of us loaded pistols by us. "For what?" I inquired. "Against any emergency," was the answer; and, observing that he would go and inquire, he left us. Baron F—— and I threw up a window overlooking the same pavilion, and we thought we could catch the voices of two men whispering, and a noise like the procession and then the setting down of a bier. Still, this was only conjecture, and I could not venture to pronounce it real. The Russian returned with a pair of pistols; he had been absent about half an hour. We watched him load them heavily. It was nearly two o'clock before our magician again appeared, when he informed us that everything was in readiness. Before we re-entered, he bade us pull off our shoes, and appear only in our under-dress—in our shirts and hose. The room was fastened behind us, as before.

As we walked into the hall, we found a large circle described with coal, which would easily include us all, being ten. The boards had been taken up round the four sides of the place, so as to leave us standing, as it were, upon an island. There was an altar, hung round with black crape, raised in the midst of the circle, underneath which was spread a cloth of scarlet satin. A Chaldaic Bible lay near a human skull fixed upon the altar, to which a silver crucifix was attached. Instead of candles some kind of spirit was burning upon a silver cover. A thick cloud of olibane darkened the room, which nearly extinguished the light. The exorciser appeared clad like ourselves, only barefooted; and round his naked neck he wore an amulet tied to a chain of man's hair; over his loins he wore a white apron, wrought with strange ciphers and symbolical figures. He requested us to join hands in a ring and to preserve strict silence, enjoining us particularly to put no questions to the apparition. He entreated the Englishman and myself—whom he appeared most to distrust—to hold two naked swords in the form of a cross, about an inch above his head, during the continuance of the interview. We stood round him in a half-circle; the Russian officer pressing close on the Englishman, and next to the altar. His face turned towards the east, our magician now placed himself on the foot-cloth of the altar, sprinkled holy water to the four quarters of the world, and prostrated himself thrice before the Bible. His conjuration lasted little more than five minutes; quite unintelligible to us; and on its conclusion he made sign to the one next him to hold him fast by the hair of his head. Then in the wildest emotion, he called on the deceased by his name—repeated it three times, and at last stretched forth his hand towards the crucifix.

Precisely at the same moment we each of us felt a shock, like that of

lightning, communicating from one to another; a crash of thunder shook the house, the doors slammed together, the locks clanged, the wick in the silver cask fell, the light went out; and on the opposite side of the wall, over the chimney, there stood a figure—a human figure, in bloody shroud, and pale was the countenance as that of a dying man.

"Who calls me?" cried a faint and hollow voice. "Thy friend," replied the magician; "one who honours thy memory and prays for thy soul;" at the same time mentioning the prince's name.

The answers followed at long intervals: "What wishes he?" said the voice in a sad tone. "He wishes to obtain the rest of your confession—of your dying words, only half uttered in this world."

"In a convent upon the Flemish borders——" Here the house trembled under a fresh shock; the doors suddenly sprang open, lightnings illuminated the apartment, and another bodily form, bloody and pale as the former, but far more appalling, stood on the threshold of the door. The spirit lighted up of itself, and the whole place grew lighter than before.

"Who is among us?" cried the magician, in real alarm, and cast a sharp glance, full of agony, at us all. "I have not called thee," he said. But with slow majestic step the form approached the altar, stood upon the foot-cloth opposite us, and grasped the crucifix. The first figure was no longer to be seen.

"Who calls me?" inquired the second apparition. The magician shook from head to foot; we stood fixed in mingled surprise and dread. I seized a pistol, but the magician snatched it out of my hands, and turned it away from the figure: the balls rolled out slowly off the altar, while the figure came unchanged from amidst the surrounding smoke. The magician now sank senseless to the ground.

"What means that?" cried the Englishman, in great surprise, at the same time making a pass at the figure with his sword. It stretched forth its arm, and the weapon fell to the ground. The dew of agony stood on my forehead. Baron F——, as he afterwards confessed, was praying. The prince stood perfectly calm and fearless, his eyes fixed intently upon the form.

"Yes, I know you," at last he cried, full of emotion; "you are Lannoy—my friend! Whence comest thou?" "Eternity is silent. Speak respecting our past life." "Who resides in the convent which you mentioned?" "My daughter." "What! were you a father?" "Woe to me! too little so, indeed." "Are you not then happy, Lannoy? can I confer upon you the least service in this world?" "None!—only look to—only think of yourself." "How must I do that?" "At Rome you will learn! No more."

A fresh thunder-clap was heard; a thick dark cloud filled the chamber; and when it again dispersed, no figure was to be seen. I opened a window-sash; it was now morning. The magician at length recovered from his swoon. "Where are we?" he faintly inquired, as he caught the daylight. The Russian officer stood close behind him. "Juggler!" he cried, casting a terrific look; "never shalt thou call a spirit more."

The Sicilian was staggered; glanced keenly at him for a moment; and uttering a loud shriek, fell at his feet. All of us now gazed stead-

fastly at the supposed Russian. The prince soon recognized the features of his Armenian, and the accents he was about to utter died upon his lips. Surprise and horror seemed to have riveted us to the spot. Motionless and silent, we regarded this mysterious being, who, with a haughty, quiet look of power, seemed to read our souls. This awful pause lasted a minute; and again, another. No one of us all was heard to draw his breath.

Loud knocks at the door had, at length, the effect of restoring us to ourselves. The next moment it was shattered into pieces, and officers of justice rushed into the room. "Here we find them all together," cried their conductor, turning to the party. "In the name of the Government, I arrest you."

There was no time to think; we were surrounded; while the Russian, now known to us as the Armenian, took the head officer aside; and as soon as I had presence of mind, I remarked that he whispered something in his ear, at the same time showing him a written paper. With a silent and respectful motion, the chief officer left him, and taking up his hat, said to us, "Forgive me, gentlemen, for confounding you together with this vile impostor here. I make no inquiries who you are; it is enough that this gentleman assures me you are men of honour." He motioned to his attendants, who left us; while they proceeded to bind and keep guard over the Sicilian. Their officer then remarked, "The knave was once too quick for us: seven months long we have had our eye upon him, without success."

This wretched being was truly an object of commiseration. The double shocks, just received, from the second apparition, and from this unexpected calamity, had completely overwhelmed him. They bound him like a child; his eyes were fixed, his face deadly pale, and his lips shook with involuntary motion, without uttering a word. We expected him every moment to fall into convulsions. The prince compassionated his condition, and promised to exert himself on his behalf with the ministers of justice; this he also did upon the spot.

"Perhaps, your excellency," said the officer, "does not know the man for whom you so greatly interest yourself. His last knavish attempt is the least of his manifold offences. We have the evidences of his accomplices, which is frightful; and he may truly congratulate himself if he escape with the galleys."

Meanwhile we beheld our host, together with his servant, all bound, marched through the court. "Him, too!" cried the prince, "what has he done?" "He was an accomplice," replied the officer; "long since familiar with his knaveries and impostures, and a partner in his booty. Your excellency shall soon be convinced," he continued, turning towards his men; "let them be searched, and bring me an account of every article found."

The prince now looked round for the Armenian: he was no longer among us; in the general confusion which ensued he had contrived to escape unnoticed. His excellency was inconsolable: he wished to dispatch the whole of his attendants in pursuit, as well as to accompany them. I ran to the window; the house was surrounded with the inquisitive of all ranks, so thronged as quite to block up the way. This I

hinted to the prince, that if it were really his object to keep concealed, he knew the method, far better than we, how to find him out, and he might set all our inquiries at defiance. Perhaps these officers, to whom, if I saw right, he introduced himself, may throw some light upon the subject.

We now recollected, for the first time, that we were in our undress, and we retired to our rooms to array ourselves as fast as possible. When we returned, the enjoined search was completed.

On removing the altar, and some of the boards of the room, a large vault was discovered, in which a man might sit upright, with a door at one end, which opened upon narrow steps leading into the cellars below. Here there was found an electrifying machine; a watch; a small silver clock, which, as well as the machine, communicated with the altar, and with a crucifix attached to it. A window-shutter, opposite to the chimney-piece, was found divided, with a sliding board attached, so as to admit, as we conjectured, a magic lantern, which reflected the figure, as we afterwards learnt, on the other side of the wall. From the ground floor and cellars were brought a number of large drums, with leather balls attached to them by strong cords, intended to imitate the noise of thunder, such as we had heard.

On examining the clothes of the Sicilian, a case containing different kinds of powder was found, along with mercury, in phials and boxes; a ring, discovered to possess magnetic power, being found to hang from a steel button; a paternoster in his coat pocket; a Jew's beard, a pair of pocket pistols, and a dagger. "Let us see whether that be loaded," cried one of the officers, as he took one and fired it into the chimney. "Oh, Jesus Maria!" cried a voice which we recognized for that of the first apparition, and the next moment a bloody figure tumbled out of the chimney. "Art thou not yet laid, poor ghost?" cried the Englishman, while all the rest of us drew back in alarm. "Home to thy grave! thou hast appeared what thou wert not; now thou wilt become what thou didst seem."

"Jesus Maria! I am wounded," repeated the man from the chimney. The ball had shattered his right leg, and surgical assistance was instantly procured for the poor ghost.

"Who are you, then, and what evil demon stuck you here in the chimney?" "I am a poor barefooted friar," replied the man; "a strange gentleman offered me some zechins, if I——"

"If you would repeat the liturgy, I suppose," said the Englishman; "and why did not you withdraw after service?" "He was to give me a sign to come out, but this was forgotten; and when I wished to come down, I found the ladder was gone."

"And what was really the task assigned you?"

Here the man fainted, and prevented our hearing anything further from him. When we drew nearer, we found he was the same person who had accosted the prince with so much warmth the evening before.

Meanwhile the prince turned to the chief officer: "You have rescued us," he said, presenting him with a gold piece, "from the hands of an impostor, and, without any explanation, done us the justice to acquit us from any participation in his views. Will you add a further motive to

our gratitude, by informing us who the stranger was who procured our freedom from your hands by exchanging a few words?"

"Whom do you allude to?" replied the officer, with an air which showed plainly how useless the question was. "I mean the gentleman in Russian uniform, who took you on one side, showed you a paper, and whispered something in your ear."

"What, did not you know him?" inquired the officer; "did not he belong to your party?" "No," said the prince; "and for very weighty reasons I wished to become better acquainted with him."

"And I," repeated the man, "know nothing more of him; even his name is unknown to me, and I never saw him in my life before." "How! and in so short a time, by a mere word, could he so far influence you as to lead you to pronounce him and the rest of us all innocent?"

"It is true—by a single word." "And this was?—I confess that I wish to know it."

"This unknown, my gracious lord—" while he shook the zechins in his hand—"you have been too generous with me to refuse you anything, however secret,—this unknown was an officer of the Inquisition."

"Of the State Inquisition?—this?"

"No other, gracious sir. And upon his information I acted in coming here in order to arrest the conjuror." We here exchanged looks of astonishment.

"This, then, makes it clear why the poor devil of a conjuror was so horribly frightened when he looked into his face. He knew him for a spy, and so made that dreadful outcry, and fell at his feet."

"And yet more!" exclaimed the prince: "this man is everything he wishes to be, and all that he wishes that will instantly become. What he really is no mortal has yet been able to learn. Did not you observe the Sicilian sink into nothing when he cried in his ear 'Thou shalt never call a spirit more'? There is more in this. No one shall convince me that affright such as his resulted from any human agency."

"Respecting this the magician himself ought to be the best judge," said his lordship; "if this officer will be kind enough to afford us some opportunity of examining the prisoner;" turning to the deputy of the Inquisition. The officer promised that we should, and we then agreed with the Englishman that we would pay him a visit on the ensuing morning.

Early the next day Lord Seymour appeared, and was soon followed by a trusty person dispatched by the minister of justice to conduct us to the prisoner.

I have forgotten to mention, that during some days past the prince had missed one of his huntsmen, born at Bremen, who had served him faithfully for many years, and possessed his utmost confidence. Whether he had met with some accident, or had run away, no one knew. There was no probability of the latter, inasmuch as he was a steady sober man, who had never even been accused. All that his companions could say of him was, that latterly he had been very melancholy, and was in the habit, whenever he had a leisure moment, to repair to a monastery of the minor brethren at the Guidicca, where he was familiar with some of the monks. This led us to suppose that he was

perhaps turned Catholic, and in the hands of the holy brethren; and as the prince was then very indifferent as to this point, he ceased to think, after making a few inquiries, any more about him. Still, he was concerned to lose so good a servant, one who had accompanied him in his campaigns—served him faithfully; and his loss, in particular in a foreign land, could not so easily be supplied.

To-day, as we were just setting out, the prince's steward, who had been commissioned to find a successor, presented his excellency with a well-dressed, well-built, middle-aged man, who had long been secretary to a procurator, could speak French and a little German, and possessed the best character. His features were pleasing, and when he moreover heard that his salary would depend upon the prince's approbation of his services, as with his other officers, he expressed his satisfaction at the terms.

We found the Sicilian in private captivity, where he was placed in order to make it agreeable to the prince, as we learnt from the officer, before he was consigned to the leaden-roofed prisons, from which there was no exit. They constitute the most terrific captivity in all Venice, lying underneath the Palazzo San Marco, where the unhappy convicts are subjected to the piercing rays of the sun, collected as in a focus, so as often to produce raging madness and insanity of the worst kind. The poor Sicilian had recovered from the effects of his late trials, and respectfully bowed to the prince. One leg and hand were chained, but so as to permit him to walk about the apartment. The guard, as we entered, immediately retired.

"I come," said the prince, after we had taken our station, "to entreat an explanation with you in regard to two points. In one you are my debtor, and it will prove nothing to your disadvantage when you satisfy me as to the other." "My part is played," replied the Sicilian: "my destiny is in your excellency's hands."

"Perfect candour and sincerity only can at all relieve you." "Then speak, most gracious prince; I am eager to reply, for I have now no more to lose."

"You exhibited to me the countenance of the Armenian in your mirror: how did you contrive to do that?" "It was no mirror which you saw. It was merely a pastil painting shown from behind a glass, presented by a man in an Armenian habit, which deceived you. My dexterity, the duskness of the evening, your own astonishment, countenanced the deceit. The portrait will be found among the other articles, collected in the court of the hostelry."

"Yet how came you to read my thought, and hit so suddenly upon the Armenian?" "This was not difficult, gracious prince; doubtless you have yourself conversed of the adventure before your domestics, at your own table. One of my creatures commenced an acquaintance with a huntsman in your service, and drew from him at the Guidecca everything that was necessary to my purpose."

"Where is the huntsman now?" inquired the prince; "I miss him, and you doubtless know where he is." "No, I swear that I do not in the least. I have never seen him, and my sole business with him was what I have mentioned."

"Proceed," observed the prince. "In this manner I got my information respecting your residence and affairs in Venice, and resolved to take advantage of them. You see, gracious sir, that I am candid. I knew of your intended excursion upon the Brenta; I had taken my measures; and a key which you accidentally let fall afforded me a groundwork for my scheme."

"How! then I was greatly in error. Was the box with the key in it your work, and not that of the Armenian? Do you say that I dropped the key?" "Yes, when you drew out your purse; and I seized the opportunity, when no one saw me, to place my foot upon it. The person at the lottery was my accomplice, and it was contrived that you should draw from a vessel in which there were no blanks, and the key had long lain in the box before you won it."

"I take you now. And who was the barefooted monk who threw himself in my way, and spoke so pointedly?" "The same man who, I hear, has been wounded in the chimney; and one of my accomplices who, under that habit, has rendered me a variety of services."

"But for what purpose was this done?" "In order to excite your curiosity and astonishment, and make you imagine I was in some way connected with you—that there was something mysterious."

"And the pantomimic dance, which took so strange and unexpected a turn,—was that, too, your idea?" "Yes, the maiden queen was instructed by me in the part she played. I was aware it would have the effect of surprising your excellency not a little to be accosted by your own name, and you must confess that your adventure with the Armenian was sufficient to authorize my views upon you, and to lay a fresh train of supernatural agency."

"In truth," exclaimed the prince with an air of surprise and vexation, as he cast a speaking glance at us, "in truth, I had not calculated upon this! Again," he continued, after a long pause, "how did you contrive to raise the figure which appeared over the chimney on the wall?" "By means of the magic lantern which was placed on the opposite side of the window-shutters, where you doubtless found the aperture."

"But how did you contrive," inquired Lord Seymour, "that we were none of us aware of it?" "Please to recollect, my gracious lord, that a thick smoke obscured the whole hall when you returned into it. I had also the precaution to remove the floor, and place the boards against the window, where the magic lantern was inserted; so that you could not easily discern this part of the window-sashes. Besides, the lantern remained concealed by means of a sliding board until you had all taken your places, and there was no danger of your making any further search."

"How came it," I inquired, "that we heard a noise like that of letting down a bier, as we looked out of the window towards the other pavilion?—was it really such?" "Quite correct. The litter brought my companion, conveyed secretly through the window in order to direct the magic lantern, and thus produced the noise."

"The figure," continued the prince, "bore some resemblance to my deceased friend, for he had a pale complexion. Was this mere coincidence?" "No. Your excellency may remember that you placed a

small box near you on the table, with an officer's portrait in enamel on the surface. I inquired of you whether it were that of some friend preserved as a keepsake, and you informed me it was. Possessing some talent for taking likenesses, I found it easy to make a duplicate, and the more so as the most striking features of the marquis lie in the eyes."

"Yet the form appeared to move?" "Yes, appeared; but it was only the thick smoke put in motion by its shining appearance."

"And did the man whom we shot in the chimney speak in its name?" "Even so."

"I should think he could hardly have heard the question put." "That was not necessary. Recollect, gracious prince, that I enjoined you to put no questions to the spirit. My question and answer were already prepared, and, to avoid all fear of mistakes, I ordered a long pause between, according as the clock struck."

"You commanded the host to extinguish all the fires in the house, in order, doubtless—" "To place my companion in the chimney out of danger, the flues of the chimneys all communicating; and I moreover suspected some of your excellency's train."

"How happened it," inquired Lord Seymour, "that your ghost came neither sooner nor later than he was wanted?" "My ghost had been ready a good while before I had occasion to summon him; he was there, but you could not discern him as long as the oil was burning; he was cast into the shade. When my conjurations were finished, the lights extinguished, and all was dark, the shadow stood out from the wall upon which it had long been reflected."

"When it appeared, however, we each and all of us felt a strong shock, like being struck with lightning." "Yes, from my electrifying machine, which you since discovered under the altar. You saw him stand upon a silk foot-cloth; I placed you in a half-circle, taking hold of each other's hands, when I bade you take hold of my hair. The crucifix was the conductor, and you received the stroke the moment I touched it."

"You commanded Count O—and myself," said Lord Seymour, "to hold two crossed swords over your head, as long as the conjuration and interview should continue. Why was this?" "Merely to distract your attention from the object I had in view, by engaging your attention; and you may recollect that I enjoined you to hold the swords exactly an inch above my head, so as to prevent you from directing your looks to other objects. Yet, alas! I omitted my worst enemy—I was not aware of his presence then; our eyes had not met."

"I confess," said Lord Seymour, "you displayed no little foresight; but why were we to appear in our undress?" "Merely to give more importance to the ceremony, and to raise your imaginations beyond the common pitch."

"The second apparition did not permit your ghost to finish his sentence," said the prince: "what was he going to tell us?" "Merely the same thing which you heard afterwards. I inquired purposely whether your dying friend had declared nothing more than what you had stated to me, and if you had not made some further inquiries, in order to obviate any danger of conflicting evidence between your information and my ghost's confession. I inquired respecting his youthful errors,

and whether he had led an upright life, adapting my answer accordingly."

"You have now," said the prince, after a long pause, "given us a satisfactory explanation. Yet there is one point upon which I wish to be fully informed, and it is the most important." "As far as it may be in my power, command me."

"No protestations, no conditions! Justice, in whose grasp you now tremble, would not put the question to you in so mild a manner. Who was the unknown before whom we saw you recoil and fall? what know you of him, how did you become acquainted, and what is your connection with the second apparition?" "Most gracious prince——"

"When you looked at him, you uttered a loud cry and fell at his feet. Why did you do this? what does it mean? I must know all." "This unknown, my gracious prince——" He paused; his emotion here became evident; he glanced at us all round with a distracted eye. "Yes, by heavens! most gracious prince, this unknown is a terrific being."

"What know you of him, I say?" cried the prince, catching his look of horror. "What is your connection with him? Nay, hope not to conceal the real truth." "Of that I have, indeed, no hope, for who will assure me that he is not at this time standing among us?"

"Where? who?" cried we all at the same moment, and looked at each other with an attempt at laughter, but with real surprise and terror. "It is not possible!" we added. "Know you the man—or rather being, whatever he may be? There are things possible which are yet difficult to conceive."

"Who is he, then? Whence springs he? Armenian or Russian? And how much truth is there in what he appears to be?" "He is nothing of what he appears. You could mention no situations, no characters, no nations, of which he has not assumed the mask. Who he may be, whence he came, and whither he goes, are questions no one can solve. That he long took up his residence in Egypt, and there, in one of its old pyramids, prosecuted the strange mysterious inquiries, and acquired the power and wisdom he commands, I will neither pretend to aver nor to deny. Among us he is only known by the name of the Unfathomable. How old, for instance, should you suppose him?" "Not much on this side of fifty." "Quite right; and if I were to tell you that I was a boy of seventeen when my grandfather informed me of this wonderful being, whom he accidentally met at Zamaquasta, precisely of the same age as he now appears——" "That is absurd, incredible, and extravagant."

"Not a whit, I assure you; and were not these bonds in my way, I could cite you witnesses whose names would be sufficient to convince you. There are many entitled to credit who can recollect having seen him alive in different quarters of the world at the same time, and have compared dates. No sword's point can reach him,—no poison search his vitals; nor fire burn, nor ship swamp, in which he is. Time seems to possess no power over him, years cannot touch his stamina, and man's appointed days blanch not his head with snow. No one ever beheld him eat; woman hath never felt his touch; his eyes require no sleep; and out of the twenty-four hours of the day there is only known

one over which he is not the master, during which no one has ever seen him, and in which he transacts no worldly business." "So!" cried the prince; "and what kind of hour is that?"

"The midnight hour. When twelve has tolled he no longer belongs to the living. Wherever he may then happen to be, he must away; whatever work he is engaged in, he must abandon it. The last toll of the clock snatches him from the arms of friendship—from the altar—and would even so from the agonies of death. It has never been ascertained whither he goes nor what he does. No one ventures to inquire, much less to follow him; for the moment the fatal hour arrives, his features assume so dark and terrific a cast, so appalling is the anxiety and seriousness they express, that the courage of the boldest fails to fix their eye upon his, or to address him. A deathlike silence suddenly interrupts the most lively conversation, and all around him, with inward shuddering, await his return, without venturing to rise from their seats, or to open the door through which he passed."

"But is there nothing remarkable in his appearance on his return?" inquired one of us. "Only that he looks pale and weary, not unlike a man who has undergone some severe operation or heard some dreadful tidings. Drops of blood have appeared upon his shirt; this, however, I allow, may have been placed there."

"And has it never been attempted to deceive him in regard to the hour—to engage him so deeply in some affair as to get it over without his notice?" "Only once, it is said, he overstepped the exact time. It was in a large company, purposely kept up till very late; all the watches were carefully altered; and a warm argument ensued, which he entered into with a spirit which carried him away. When the stated hour arrived, he suddenly paused; gazed round, trembling from head to foot, and his limbs grew stiff. Soon his eyes were set, his pulse beat no more, and all means applied to recover him were fruitless. In this state he continued until the hour was passed, when he suddenly recovered, opened his eyes, and resumed the thread of conversation at the very syllable he had dropped it. The general confusion of the party betrayed what had passed; and he then explained that every spectator of the scene might well congratulate himself at escaping with only a shock; and the fearful earnestness with which he pronounced this convinced all present of its truth. He left the place that very night, and returned no more. The prevailing opinion was that during the fatal hour he had been engaged in secret communication with his genius. Some persons suppose him to be some deceased, who has been fated during three and twenty hours of the day to walk the earth; only the twenty-fourth being reserved for his appearance and punishment in the world below. Others believe he must be the celebrated Apollonius of Thyana; and others, again, for Johannes the Younger, who, it is reported, is to remain upon earth until the day of judgment."

"Respecting so extraordinary a character," said the prince, "a variety of conjectures must undoubtedly be hazarded. All that we have hitherto heard wholly rests upon hearsay; and yet his deportment towards you, and yours towards him, goes sufficiently to prove your mutual acquaintance. Now, is there no strange history at the bottom of this, with

which you are intimately connected, and which you seek to disguise from us?" The Sicilian cast a doubtful glance, and was silent.

"Should it relate to some affair you wish to keep secret," continued the prince, "I assure you, in the name of both these gentlemen, that such secrecy shall be most sacredly observed; only speak out, without the least reservation." "Could I venture to hope," said the prisoner, after a long pause, "that you will not employ such kind of information to my prejudice, I would relate a very singular adventure, of which I was an eye-witness, with this Armenian; an adventure calculated to remove all doubt of his mysterious power. I must be permitted, however, to omit some names connected with it."

"Cannot you contrive to give us your story without such a condition?" "No, I dare not, gentlemen: there is one family deeply implicated in it whose reputation I have reason to consult." "Well, let us hear," said the prince.

"It may be about five years ago," began the Sicilian, "when I was engaged in practising my art with tolerable success at Naples, that I met with a certain Lorenzo del M——te, a cavalier of the order of St. Stephen's, sprung from one of the first houses of the kingdom. He soon gave me his entire confidence, and informed me that the marquis, his father, was an enthusiastic admirer of the Cabala, and would consider himself fortunate in having a philosopher, such as he esteemed me, under the same roof with him. The old count resided at one of his estates, near the coast, about five miles from Naples; where, wholly secluded from society, he wept over the fate of an affectionate son, snatched from him in the most heartrending manner. The cavalier gave him to understand that both he and his family were in a peculiar situation, which might perhaps induce them to avail themselves of my secret science, which would possibly succeed in throwing some light upon a subject to which all natural means had been applied in vain. He added, moreover, with peculiar emphasis, that he should some time, perhaps, have occasion to date his whole earthly happiness from my kind offices and interposition. I did not then venture to question him further, and he gave me no further explanation. The affair betrayed itself, however, in the following manner.

"This Lorenzo was the count's youngest son, intended for an ecclesiastical life, while his brother was to inherit the family estates. His name was Jeronymo; he had spent several years in travel, and returned about seven years before the period to which my narrative applies, in order to celebrate his nuptials with an only daughter of the neighbouring house of C——tti, an alliance contemplated from their childhood, with the view of uniting the property of the two adjacent families in one. Notwithstanding this arrangement, solely a matter of expediency, in which the choice of the parties was not consulted, the hearts of the betrothed had voluntarily become attached, requiring little art to promote the object in view. Antonia, accustomed to behold her Jeronymo as her destined companion, early opened her whole heart and feelings; while the harmony of their characters, approaching closer and closer, soon ripened into fervent love. Four years' absence had not cooled it; and Jeronymo was now hastening to claim his bride, as passionately as if he had never left her side.

"The delight of meeting was scarcely over, and the preparations for the nuptials completed, when the bridegroom disappeared. He had been accustomed to spend his evenings at a villa commanding a view of the sea, and often took an excursion on the water. One night he remained longer than usual; messengers were sent in pursuit; boats were put out; but no one met with him. None of his servants were missing, and none had accompanied him. The night elapsed without his making his appearance; the morrow, midday, evening, and yet no Jeronymo. The most alarming prognostics were now indulged. Next, tidings came of Algerine corsairs having scoured the coast the day before, and carried off several of the neighbouring inhabitants. Two galleys were instantly manned, the old marquis taking the command of one, with the resolution of saving his son, if possible, at the risk of his own life. On the third day he got sight of the corsairs, of whom they had the advantage of the wind, and at length approached them so close, that Lorenzo imagined he could behold his brother's signal on the enemy's deck, when suddenly they were separated by a storm. With difficulty the shattered vessels stood the sea; their prize disappeared, and they were compelled to seek refuge at Malta. The wretchedness of the family was beyond description; the aged father tore his hair, and the life of the young countess was in imminent danger.

"During five years their incessant inquiries were in vain. They went over the whole line of the Algerine coasts; vast sums were offered for ransom, in case he survived, but without avail. At length it was concluded that the piratical vessel by which he was captured must have been lost in the storm, along with all its crew. Yet, however probable, this did not utterly destroy all hope—it was still possible that the lost one might appear. Soon the family must either relinquish all expectation of succession, or the younger brother must resign his ecclesiastical profession, and enter upon the elder's rights.

"Whatever degree of injustice there might appear in thus disinheriting the eldest brother, as far as there was no certainty of his death, yet such a possibility was so remote as not to be placed in competition with the total extinction of an illustrious house. Grief and age had now nearly brought the marquis to the tomb; the last remnants of hope forsook him; he saw the approaching fate of his ancient name and family, only to be avoided by an act of apparent injustice towards his oldest and dearest son. He wished to fulfil his contract with the neighbouring family of C——tti, which would only require to change a single name; the object of both families might yet be realized by the Countess Antonia becoming the consort of Lorenzo. As the aged marquis's expectations of his eldest son's return became more and more extinct, he turned to the nuptials of the younger as the sole means of mitigating the uneasiness he felt.

"The chief obstacle to this arrangement lay in the young Lorenzo. Not flattered by the prospect of such possessions, nor feeling the passion that had actuated the heart of his brother, he evinced the most generous reluctance to investing himself with that brother's rights, and receiving his betrothed bride to his arms. Besides, he might still be in existence and return to claim his own. 'Is not the sad captivity of

my dear Jeronymo enough,' he would say, 'without embittering his lot by depriving him of everything he once held dear? How could I hope for Heaven's or his forgiveness, were he to return and find his bride in my arms? with what face could I hasten forward to greet him? Even supposing that he is snatched from us for ever, can we better honour his memory than by leaving the vacancy he has left in our society still empty? as if we had buried our best hopes with him in the grave, leaving them sacred, a sacrifice to the dead!'

"These truly fraternal and sensitive objections were soon, however, overruled by the aged marquis, who longed to perpetuate a family which had flourished so many centuries; though it was not before the lapse of two years that Lorenzo would consent to lead Jeronymo's bride to the altar. During this last period their inquiries were redoubled, Lorenzo himself taking several voyages, and no expense was spared to obtain a clue of his lost brother; but these two years elapsed as all the former ones had done."

"And the Countess Antonia?" inquired the prince; "you say nothing in regard to her. Could she deliver herself up tamely to her evil destiny? I cannot believe it."

"Antonia's situation was truly pitiable: it was a conflict between duty and passion—aversion and surprise. The unavailing generosity of her lost love's brother touched her. She could not avoid honouring the being whom she could not love; and her heart was torn by a variety of contending emotions. Her dislike seemed to increase, too, in proportion as he sought to win her regard. He viewed her uncomplaining grief with evident concern: tender compassion took the place of indifference, and this treacherous feeling soon betrayed him into a real passion. Yet he still appeared to give ear only to his more generous feelings at the expense of his heart: he was the only one who seemed to protect the unhappy victim ready to be sacrificed for his sake. Yet all his wishes to serve her were vain, though they served to place his magnanimity in a still more favourable light, and to deprive the young countess of almost every excuse for resisting the wishes of the family."

"Such was the situation of its affairs at the period the young cavalier invited me to his father's villa. The warm recommendation of my patron obtained for me a reception beyond my most sanguine hopes. I must not here omit to mention that, owing to some successful operations, I had succeeded in acquiring a reputation which greatly added to the confidence reposed in me, and raised the old marquis's expectations of me to a high pitch. To what a length this had proceeded, and by what means, I am about to inform you; and from what you already know, you will easily be able to decide as to the rest. As I availed myself of all the mysterious works of the old marquis's excellent library, I soon began to converse with him in his own tongue, and to bring my system of the invisible world in harmony with his own opinions. In short, I made him believe what I pleased, and he placed as much faith in the communications of philosophers with sylphs and salamanders, as in any article of the canon law. Being, moreover, very religious, and his confidence in our system being carried to the most unbounded degree, my stories soon obtained credit, and I had so completely mystified

and wrapped him in my magical web, that he would lend an ear to nothing which was merely probable or natural. In truth, I was a favourite oracle with the whole house. The usual scope of my disquisitions was the possible exaltation of the human mind to a connection with higher beings, and my authority was the infallible Count Von Cabalis. The young countess, who, since the loss of her betrothed, had conversed less with the living than with the dead, and whose warm imagination took a lively interest in objects of such a nature, welcomed my spiritual communications with a kind of shuddering delight. Even the domestics attempted to gain admittance to hear my instructions, delighted if they could catch the meaning of a word here and there, which they repeated to their companions in their own way, with appropriate comments.

"I had spent about two months at this noble residence, when one morning the cavalier entered my chamber. Deep grief was visible in his features; he appeared almost convulsed, and threw himself into a chair with all the wildness of one in despair.

"'Captain,' he exclaimed, 'it is all over with me. I must away: I can bear it no longer!' 'What is the matter with you, cavalier? how is this?'

"'Oh, this terrific passion! I have contended with it like a man, but I can do so no longer!' and he threw himself into my arms. 'With whom does it remain, but with yourself, to be happy, my dear friend? everything is in your own power—your father, your family.' 'Oh! what are all to me? ought I to accept her reluctant hand, or even a friendly acquiescence? Have I not a rival—a rival, perhaps, among the dead? Let me, then, find him; let me visit all ends of the earth to find my brother.'

"'What! after so many disappointments, do you still indulge hope?' 'Oh, no! it has long since fled. Yet say there were—say he were found, should I be happy, so long as a gleam of hope inspires the heart of Antonia? Two words, dear friend, would end all my sufferings; but it is vain: my lot is cast, until eternity breaks its awful silence and graves become witness for me.'

"'Is it this certainty, then, of his death, that would make you happy?' 'Happy! that I fear I can never be! but a state of perpetual doubt is the most frightful punishment;' then, after some minutes' silence, he added with a voice of woe, 'Oh that he could see my sufferings! would this constant attachment to him, which forms my utter misery, prove a source of pleasure to him? Must the living become victims to the dead, who can enjoy no more? Surely, if he knew my grief,—and here he burst into fresh lamentations,—surely he would come, return once more to my arms.'

"'Then is this so perfectly impossible?' said I. 'What say you, my friend?' he inquired with a look of terror.

"'Far lighter motives than these have brought back the departed into the ranks of the living. Should the entire happiness of a man, a brother——' 'Entire temporal happiness! Oh, I feel that! How truly have you said it,—my complete felicity!'

"'Besides, the peace of a sorrowing family; surely all would be suf-

ficient to justify any means by invisible power, whenever an earthly occasion may offer itself, though it were to disturb the peace of the blessed, to make use of a secret power.' 'For God's sake, friend,' he cried, 'no more! Ere I would indulge a thought like that, even though I may have said it,—I hate, I abhor it!'

"You may already perceive," pursued the Sicilian, "to what this was tending. I was attempting to root out the cavalier's doubts, in which I at length succeeded. It was resolved to cite the ghost of the deceased, for which I required a fortnight's fast, in order, as I pretended, to make myself worthy of so high an office. After the lapse of this time, when my machinery was in readiness, I availed myself of a very gloomy evening, while the family was assembled round me, to inspire them with the same wish, in such a manner as to let the proposal come from them. The greatest obstacle was the young countess, whose presence was so important; but her enthusiastic feelings were soon roused in our favour, in addition to a gleam of hope that her lover might yet be in existence, and not answer to the invocation. Want of faith in the affair itself, and doubt in my own skill, were the sole obstacles which I had not to vanquish.

"As soon as the family consent was obtained, the third day was appointed for the ceremony. Prayers prolonged until midnight, fastings, watching, and mysterious instructions, united to interludes of music from a peculiar instrument whose tones I had found productive of very happy effects, were among the means resorted to in order to add to the solemnity of the scene, which so far elevated the fancy of the audience as to excite even my own imagination, and give more complete illusion to the whole ceremony. This was what I aimed at; and the expected hour at length approached."

"Beware," said the prince, "how you offer to mislead us! but go on, go on!" "I do not, most gracious prince! The invocation went off according to our best wishes."

"But how!—where is the Armenian?" "Do not be alarmed," replied the prisoner; "he will make his appearance but too soon."

"I shall enter into no detail of the ceremony, which would carry me too far. Enough that the imposture perfectly succeeded. The old marquis, the young countess, her mother, the cavalier, and some of their relatives were present. You may well imagine that I had not allowed the time I spent at their residence to pass away without making myself intimately acquainted with their concerns, more especially as they related to the deceased. A variety of portraits of him afforded me an excellent resemblance for my ghost; and as he was only made to speak by signs, I ran no hazard of being detected by the sound of the voice. The deceased appeared arrayed in the habit of an Algerine slave, with a deep wound upon his neck. And you will please to remark, that here I at least observed probability in squaring my apparition with popular belief, not, however, in consigning him to the waves, as I imagined that this unexpected turn would be entitled to more credit from the peculiarity of its appearance, while too near an approach to what was quite natural and obvious might have been productive of danger."

"I conjecture," said the prince, "that this was well chosen. Out of a list of extraordinary apparitions, as it appears to me, only the more probable ought to be displayed. Still, to catch the proposed object would here only be a means tending to success; skill to invent might be liable to create suspicion; for why raise a ghost at all if we are only to be informed by him respecting what, without him, we might arrive at by the unassisted efforts of reason? But the astonishing novelty and difficulty of the discovery is here likewise a warrant for its supernatural character, through which it must succeed; for who will be inclined to call in question the miraculous nature of an action or operation when it is made to appear clear that such operation cannot be executed by any human power? But I am interrupting you," added the prince; "finish your narrative."

"I inquired of the ghost whether he had not given up all title to what had been dear to him in this world. He pointed towards heaven, and then shook his head; and before he disappeared, he drew from his finger a ring which had been found since Jeronymo was missing; and upon nearer inspection the countess recognized it for her marriage-ring."

"Her marriage-ring!" cried the prince with surprise; "how was this obtained?" "I—it was not the right, gracious prince; I had it—it was merely an imitation."

"An imitation!" repeated the prince: "you must have had the original even for that, and how could you contrive to obtain it when the deceased, doubtless, never took it from his finger?" "That is very true," replied the Sicilian; "but from a description which I had of the real one——"

"A description you had!" interrupted the prince: "how?" "Yes, long time back—it was quite a peculiar gold ring, with the name of the young countess, I believe. But you have broken the thread of my narrative!"

"And what next?" replied the prince, with a more suspicious and unfriendly mien. "It was now finally concluded that Jeronymo was dead. The family openly announced the circumstance, and went into mourning. The appearance of the ring had likewise deprived Antonia of her last hope, and gave the addresses of the cavalier more authority. Yet the shock she sustained from the apparition threw her into a dangerous illness, which had very nearly extinguished her lover's hopes for ever. On her recovery she would have taken the veil, had not the moving appeals of the old marquis, in whom she placed the utmost confidence, deterred her. By this means, united to the incessant solicitations of the cavalier, they at length extorted a reluctant consent from the unhappy Antonia."

"The final day of the mourning was fixed upon for that of the marriage, which was likewise to be distinguished by admitting the cavalier into the full enjoyment of the family possessions. It came, and the happy Lorenzo led his trembling bride up to the steps of the altar. The day passed away, and a costly feast awaited the approaching guests, in a gaily-lighted hall, while the sound of music from a thousand strings welcomed the entrance of the bridal party. The aged marquis was desirous that the whole country should witness his happiness; the gates

of his palace were thrown open, and welcome were all who seemed to participate in his son's enjoyment. Amid this throng was——"

Here the Sicilian drew in his breath, and we all caught the contagion of terror.

"Amidst this throng," he continued, "my attention was drawn by some one at my side towards a certain Franciscan monk, who stood as motionless as a statue. He was gaunt and tall; his face was of an ashy pale, with a look full of earnestness and sorrow fixed upon the bridal party. The enjoyment of the scene before him made not the slightest impression upon him; he preserved the same unchanged seriousness of mien, standing like a bust among the living. The strangeness of his glance, which checked me as I met it in the ardour of pleasure which swam around me, withdrawing my attention from the scene, impressed itself so powerfully upon my soul as to have since enabled me alone to recognize the features of the monk in those of the Russian—the Armenian—or what he will. Under any other circumstances this would have been impossible. Often I attempted to withdraw my eyes from that terrific figure; but it returned, it haunted me, and I observed it was the same with my companion. The same surprise, too, ran through the whole company; conversation was at an end—there was a general pause: the monk only sat unmoved, his serious and mournful eye still directed towards the bridal pair. Each guest was impressed by his presence; the young countess alone seemed to take a sad delight in sympathizing with the grief so deeply seated in the stranger's countenance, as if it were the sole enjoyment she could find to communicate with one who seemed to read her own soul. Soon the company began to disperse—midnight was past—the music died gradually away—the lights burned few and dim—the conversation slow and languid—and more and yet more empty the darkening bridal hall now became. The monk alone stood motionless—always himself—with the same quiet and mournful glance directed at the bridal pair.

"At length the tables were removed; the guests disappeared here and there, while the family was gathered into a small circle. I know not how it was that no one ventured to accost the monk, and he spoke to no one, nor was he invited to join the circle. Already were her female attendants and friends gathering round the bride; she cast a sad and appealing look towards the sorrowful stranger, to which, however, he did not reply. The gentlemen were all collected round the bridegroom. There was a long anxious pause, then the old marquis, who among all present had appeared to take not the least notice of the unknown, said, 'To think that we should all be thus happy here to-night, and my dear son Jeronymo absent!' 'Have you invited him, then, and is he not come?' inquired the monk. This was the first time he had opened his mouth; and we regarded each other in alarm. 'Alas!' replied the aged father, 'he is gone, and he will never return, - gone whence no one returns more! My worthy sir, my son Jeronymo is dead.' 'Perhaps he is only afraid to make his appearance in such a company,' continued the monk. 'Who knows but he may be looking out? Let him hear the voice which he heard for the last time. Bid thy son Lorenzo call thy poor son Jeronymo.' 'What does he mean? What is that?' mur-

mured the company that still remained. Lorenzo changed colour, and I confess that my hair began to stand on end. Meanwhile the monk approached the sideboard, filled a glass of wine, and put it to his lips. 'To the memory of our dear Jeronymo,' he cried; 'let all who held him dear follow my example.' 'Whoever you may be, my worthy sir,' continued the marquis, 'you have mentioned the name of one very dear to me. You are welcome. Come, my friends,' he said, as he passed the bottle, 'let not a stranger have to remind and put us to the blush; drink to the memory of my son Jeronymo.'

"Never, I think, was a health drunk with less zest.

"A glass still remains full there,' continued the old man, pointing to his son Lorenzo; 'drink to the memory of your brother.'

"Lorenzo received it trembling from the monk's hand—trembling he carried it to his lips:—'To the memory of my dearly beloved brother Jeronymo!' But he stopped, and shuddering, put down his glass. 'I hear the voice of my murderer!' cried a terrific figure, which suddenly rose up amongst us, clad in bloody garments and covered with deep gashes."

Here the Sicilian broke off. "Ask me no further what happened," he said, with all the signs of internal agony upon his countenance. "My senses seemed to forsake me the moment I cast my eyes upon the face, and the same with every one present. When we recovered our presence of mind we found Lorenzo struggling in the agonies of death. Monk and apparition had both disappeared. The cavalier was borne, in frightful convulsions, to his couch. No one was left with him besides the priest and his wretched father, who followed him, within a few weeks, to the tomb. His dying confessions lay buried in the breast of his father, who received them, and to no living being were they communicated.

"Shortly after this event, it happened that there was occasion to enlarge a well lying in the back court of the villa, hidden by wild shrubs, which had been neglected for years. When a part of the rubbish had been removed, a human skeleton was discovered. The house where this occurred is now no longer standing; the family name of M——te is extinct; and at a convent not far from Salerno is seen Antonia's grave.

"You now perceive," continued the Sicilian, observing that we all stood dumb with astonishment, and no one wished to make any remark, "you see in what manner my acquaintance with this Russian, or this Armenian, first commenced. Judge, then, whether I had cause to tremble before such a being, who threw himself twice in this terrific character across my path."

"You must now," observed the prince, "reply to a few questions I have to put to you. Have you been quite candid in your account of what happened to the cavalier?" "I know nothing else," replied the Sicilian.

"And did you actually look upon him as an honest man?" "That I did, by heavens!" exclaimed the prisoner.

"What! even when he gave you the ring you mentioned?" "How! he gave me no ring!—I never said he had given me the ring."

"Good," said the prince, looking at his watch in the act of going.

"And the spirit of Lannoy," he added, as he turned upon his steps, "do you really believe that it was a *bonâ fide* ghost?" "I can account for it in no other way," replied the Sicilian; "I mean the ghost that followed mine."

"Come," said the prince to us. The gaoler now entered. "We are ready," he added to him. Then turning towards the prisoner, "You, sir, shall hear from me again."

"Might I not, think you, my gracious prince," I said, the moment we were left alone, "might I not repeat your last question to the knave we have just left—Do you really believe it was a *bonâ fide* ghost? I mean the second one?" "What, I! No, certainly—no more now!"

"No more! then you believed it before?" "I cannot deny that for a moment I was dazzled with this phantasmagoria—not a little puzzled!"

"And I should like to see the person who, under these circumstances, would be able to shake off a similar impression. But may I ask what reason you have to alter your previous opinion? From what we have already heard of this Armenian, our faith in his superhuman power ought rather to increase than diminish." "What! from the account such an abandoned wretch has given us of him?" inquired the prince, with peculiar earnestness of manner; "for you cannot doubt but that we have had to deal with such an one."

"No," said I; "but should his testimony, therefore——" "The testimony of a knave!—besides, granted that I had no other ground for my doubts, can it for a moment be admitted against the dictates of truth and sound reason? Ought a man who has often imposed upon me, whose declared profession is imposture, to be credited in such an affair, when he must first be impressed with a sincere love of truth to be at all entitled to credit? Does such a man, who, perhaps, never spoke truth except when compelled, deserve to be admitted as evidence against human reason and the eternal order of things? Upon this doctrine we might prefer giving authority to the branded villain in preference to untainted innocence, and let him appeal against it!"

"But what reason could he have for conferring so high a character upon a man whom he has so many reasons to hate, or at least to dread?"

"Suppose I cannot penetrate into his motive, is that any proof that he has had none? Do I know at whose instigation, in whose pay he wishes to deceive me? I confess I cannot unravel the whole web of his villany; but I am sure he has done the cause for which he contends very little service, by representing himself as an arch-impostor, and perhaps something worse in the background."

"Assuredly the circumstance of the ring does look very suspicious!"

"It is more," said the prince, "for it is proof. This ring, granting that the whole narrative be true, he received from the hands of the murderer, and he must have felt assured, at the time, that he was the murderer. Who but his assassin could have rifled the deceased—of a pledge too of affection, constantly worn by him? Suppose he were to allege that he had himself been deceived by the cavalier, while he imagined he was all along deceiving him, what would he gain in point of credibility? He must feel how much he lost by admitting his connection with the murderer. His whole narrative is plainly nothing but a tissue of inventions,

upon which to hang his minor truths, in order that we might give him credit for the whole. And ought I rather to pin my faith upon the eleventh lie told me by a knave, having detected ten preceding it, than upon the unalterable laws of nature, in which I never found the least deviation?"

"I cannot answer that argument," I replied; "yet I am still no nearer comprehending the real nature of the apparition we last night saw."

"Nor I," replied the prince, "though I am resolved to do all in my power to find the key of the secret."

"How?" I inquired. "Don't you recollect that the second figure, the moment it entered the room, went to the altar, stood on the silk foot-cloth, and grasped the crucifix?"

"So, indeed, it appeared." "Well, the crucifix, as we are informed by the Sicilian, was a conductor; therefore he hastened to charge it. The blow which Lord Seymour aimed with his sword was consequently powerless, the shock of the electric fluid depriving his arm of motion."

"To the sword, indeed, this may apply; but not to the ball from the pistol fired by the Sicilian, and which we saw roll slowly along the altar."

"Are you convinced that it *was* the same ball that was shot from the pistol? I shall say nothing respecting the puppet or real man who represented the ghost—doubtless so well stuffed as to be quite sword and pistol-proof: then just consider *who he* was who loaded the pistols."

"That is true!" I exclaimed—and a sudden light broke upon me: "the Russian loaded them, yet this he did before our eyes; and how could he have contrived to cheat us?" "How could he? Only suppose that you had then had reason to mistrust this man, and kept your eye upon him; suppose you had examined the balls before they were charged, and found them made of quicksilver or painted clay: did you take special notice that he did not slip them into his hand, instead of the muzzle of the pistol? Besides, can you swear that he did not take the pair of loaded ones with him, and change them in the other pavilion for a pair that were empty, while we were all busy preparing and undressing for the ceremony? And might not the figure, while the smell of powder was in our nose, let fall another ball, with which he was purposely armed, upon the altar? for which among all these suppositions is impossible?"

"You are right. But then the astonishing likeness to the figure to your deceased friend! I have often seen him, and I confess I recognized him in the features of the spirit." "And I—I can only say that the deceit was very cleverly got up. But if our Sicilian could contrive to catch the resemblance from a miniature on a snuff-box, by a few glances, so as to deceive us both, how much more the Russian, who had the full use of my snuff-box at table, and who enjoyed moreover the advantage of having heard me confidentially declare the identity between my friend and the portrait upon the box; add to this, as was observed by the Sicilian, that the old marquis was mightily weak upon these points, where is the difficulty of *illustrating* the whole of this apparition?"

"But the meaning of his words—the disclosure made by your friend?" "Well! did not the Sicilian himself say that from the little he had

composed a very probable kind of history. Does not this show how very natural it was to hit upon such an invention? Besides, the oracles pronounced by the ghost were so obscure, that he ran no hazard of being contradicted. Only grant that the creation of this juggler, who played the ghost, had sufficient dexterity and confidence, with a little instruction in regard to the circumstances, how far might not this species of imposition have been carried?"

"But, consider, prince, what a preparatory scope must have been taken by the Armenian to produce such results beforehand: what a length of time even to paint one head so like another as we saw in these! Then to instruct the ghost in his part, so as to be provided against any gross or flagrant error. What power of observation must all the little accessories, on such an occasion, have required, of which he was compelled to avail himself? though they might have blown up his whole scheme. And recollect that the Russian was not, in all, absent above half an hour. Could he in this time have arranged everything in such a mode as to give it quite a supernatural effect? Truly, gracious sir, never yet was there a dramatic writer who set at naught Aristotle's three essential unities, who could get up an interlude so replete with incident, nor have inspired the spectator with so profound an opinion of his art." "How? do you hold it altogether impossible that all these preparations should have been made within the half-hour?"

"Why, I think it amounts to much the same thing." "Such an argument," said the prince, "I do not understand. Do you maintain it to be contrary to all the laws of time, of place, and of physical operations, that so nimble a genius as this same Armenian, with the help of creatures as nimble as himself, favoured by the night, watched by no one, with all means and appliances to boot,—without which no juggler of his stamp ever steps upon the stage,—do you maintain, I say, that he could not bring the whole of his machinery to bear upon us in half an hour? Is it, after all, so incredible, that with the application of a few ready words, commands, becks, and nods, understood by his accomplices, he should be able to bring his wide-laid yet concentrated scheme into action? Nothing, however, but the most absolute impossibility ought to be placed in competition with the invariable laws of nature. Would you rather believe in a miracle than admit an improbability? rather admit a violation of the powers of nature than a very artful and unusual combination of these powers, in order to produce a supernatural impression on the mind?"

"But suppose the affair not to produce such very powerful results, yet you must confess that it is quite above our comprehension." "No! I have a great notion of disputing even this with you," cried the prince, with singular archness and defiance of manner; "for how, my good count, if I should assert that not only a poor half-hour, full of haste and hurry, but that the whole evening and night may have been appropriated by our Armenian to the task? Do you consider that the Sicilian devoted nearly three hours to his preparations on the same occasion?"

"The Sicilian, gracious prince?" "Yes; how will you prove that he had not as great a share in the conjuration of the second ghost as of the first?"

"How so, your highness?" "That he was only the principal accomplice of the Armenian; in short, both are jugglers, who vary only in degree."

"It is very difficult to believe it," said I, in some surprise. "Not so difficult, perhaps, as you imagine, count. Why, it might happen that both jugglers met, entertaining the same design against the same person at the same place, and that there occurred a respective harmony of combinations, and an unanimity of purpose, that produced the effect of playing into one another's hands. Suppose he should have availed himself of the first exhibition as a sort of foil for his own; a sort of pilot balloon, to learn which way the wind blew, and how far he might count upon your credulity. Then it served to expand our imaginations, to familiarize himself with his imaginative victims, and to prepare the way for his *grand finale*—his last *coup d'esprit*. Suppose, moreover, that he did it in order to direct our observation one way, and withdraw it from more important objects which he wished to avoid. Besides, he might have made previous inquiries, applied to the exhibitions of his art, in order to remove suspicion from its actual tendency."

"Why do you think that?" "Why? grant that he bribed one of my people to furnish him with information calculated to further his object. I missed my huntsman, and have a right to conclude that in his abduction the Armenian and he were in league: a letter may have been seized: a domestic fond of tale-bearing. In fact, his whole reputation falls to the ground, when I discover the sources of his apparent omniscience: it strikes at either of the jugglers, in whatever way they aimed their strokes at me. As to the situation and designs of this Armenian, it is of no consequence thus early to speak. Probably my suspicion, that this last is the only real impostor, may turn out to be correct; and I will be bound that the Sicilian was only the puppet with which he intended to amuse me, while he himself, unsuspected and unseen, might secretly wind me in his web of deceit."

"Very good; but how does it agree that he himself assisted in detecting the Sicilian's imposture, thus exposing the secrets of his art to profane eyes? Must he not have been apprehensive lest the detected fallacy of one, carried to so high a pitch of probability as the Sicilian's, must have injured the credit of a second attempt, and given him less hold upon our credulity?" "What are these secrets which he would have me prize so highly? None which it was his object to exercise against me. He lost nothing, then, by profaning them; but what a triumph, on the other hand, to explode these juggling tricks with sure and visible power, and yet strengthen my faith in his; to succeed in turning my vigilance to another direction; to fix my silent growing doubts upon objects which are the furthest possibly removed from the reach of our preceding ideas! He might expect that, sooner or later, owing to some suspicion, I might be seeking out some key to account for his wonders in the juggling art itself. What, indeed, could he do better than place himself by the side of another, and then put the scale of merit in my hands, so that, whilst he prescribed a certain degree of art, my ideas should be so far elevated or misled? What a number of conjectures has he destroyed by a single stroke of art! how many illus-

trations afforded us, which in the end, perhaps, I might have understood!"

"Still, he has acted against his own system vilely, inasmuch as he sharpened the eyes of his spectators, instead of blinding them, and weakened the impression of their faith in the supernatural, by unmasking the artful imposture. You are yourself, my gracious prince, the greatest obstacle to his plan, admitting that he has any." "He has, perhaps, been mistaken in me; but he has not judged less accurately on that account. Could he foresee that I should hit precisely on the key to the whole miracle? Was it part of his plan that one of his creatures should lay himself open to me, as he has done? Are we assured that this Sicilian has not widely overshot his mark? It is certainly so in regard to the ring; yet it is chiefly this circumstance which has given me a decided mistrust of him. How easily may a deep rogue's plot miscarry by the clumsiness of his instruments! Truly I did not think that the juggler would unfold any story which might in the least tell against him afterwards. How, for instance, could he have the face to assure us that this necromancer is compelled to abandon all worldly pursuits at the twelfth hour of night, when, if you recollect, he was then among us, plain enough to be seen?"

"That is true, indeed," cried I. "He must have failed here." "Yes, it lies in the character of these gentry to drive their practice too far—to lose everything by doing too much; whereas a more modest and moderate portion of imposition would have succeeded."

"Notwithstanding all you have said, my gracious prince, I cannot prevail upon myself to admit that the whole was nothing more than a premeditated cheat. Consider the fright of the Sicilian, his swoon, his convulsions, and his wretched appearance altogether, such as to excite our deepest sympathy. Was all this nothing but a well-acted farce? Now, granting that such dramatic imposture can go as far as the latter, can the art of the actor by any means produce such deep impression upon the vital organs?" "There is nothing in that, my friend. I have seen Garrick; and were we at the moment tame and cold enough to remain mere unmoved spectators, could we pronounce upon the effect felt by these men, when we could not master that felt by ourselves? Moreover, the decisive crisis, even for an impostor himself, being so very important, produces by expectation nearly the same strong symptoms as astonishment does in those whom he deceives. Add to this the unexpected apparition of the state officers——"

"These too, gracious sir,—it is good you remind me. Would he have ventured to submit a place so fraught with danger to the eye of justice? to bring the faith of his creature to so severe a proof—and to what purpose?" "Leave that to his discretionary knowledge of his own people. Do we know by what secret crimes he may have purchased the silence of this man? We have heard what was his office in Venice. And suppose we let this previous work belong to the other tale; what will it cost him to bring this creature of his clear, he being the only witness against him?"

And, in fact, the result justified the prince's suspicion. When he called some days after to inquire respecting the prisoner, we were informed that he was no longer to be seen.

"And do you inquire for what end? By what other than forcible means could he have prevented the scandalous confession, in which he was so deeply implicated, which must have ensued? Who but an abandoned man who has nothing more to lose could come to so humiliating a conclusion? Under what other circumstances should we have believed him?" "All granted, my gracious prince," replied I. "Both apparitions must have been impostures. The Sicilian merely treated us to a story enjoined him by his principal: both aimed at one object,—were in compact; and from this the whole of the mysterious circumstances which surprised us may be easily explained. The prophecy at Venice, which opened the tragic farce, is still unsolved, with all that ensued, and we need the key to the whole of these, though we have happily resolved a part." "Carry it yet further, dear count," said the prince; "for what signify all his wonders, when I prove the fallacy in one case? As to that prediction, I confess it goes beyond my powers to explain. Had they stopped there, the Armenian might have closed his play as he opened it, and I confess I know not how far he might have deceived me. In this humiliating society you seem to be a little less suspicious than I." "Granted, gracious sir; yet the affair remains very unaccountable, and I challenge all our philosophers together to find a solution of it!"

"I question whether it be really so unfathomable as you think," said the prince, after some pause. "I am very far from making any philosophical pretensions; and yet I think I could engage to give something like a natural solution of it, or at least deprive it of all supernatural ornament." "If you will do that, my prince," replied I, laughing, "you shall yourself be the only miracle to which I will pin my faith."

"And, as a proof," he continued, "how little we need be inclined to have recourse to supernatural sources, I will point out two different ways of accounting for the incident, without violating the laws of nature." "Two keys at once! I am curious to hear."

"You read along with me the account of my deceased cousin's illness. It was an attack of fever, in which, however, he died by a sudden apoplexy. The singularity of this death led me to consult a physician, and what I learnt from him gave me a clue to the imposture. The illness of the deceased had this peculiar symptom,—that the patient, during the attack, lay sunk in profound repose, in which, on the second attack of the paroxysm, he died. These attacks returned very violently at stated intervals, in such a way as to enable the physician to pronounce upon the exact hour of his death. The third paroxysm of the tertian ague, or fever, occurs generally on the fifth day; and precisely in a stated time would the letter arrive informing me of my cousin's death. Now, admit that the Armenian was in correspondence with some creatures about the person of the deceased—that he had an interest in obtaining accounts from that quarter,—and having designs on me, which a supernatural impression would tend to accelerate, he announced to us the time when the death was expected to take place; and the physician's prognostic, which he only repeated, turned out to be correct. Here you have a natural solution of the mystery you think so inexplicable. Enough that you see the possibility of a third person giving an

account of a death which at that moment is taking place at fourteen miles distance." "Upon my word, prince, you here connect matters which, taken singly, may find a natural solution, but which cannot be brought to act together in the way we have seen, except by sorcery."

"What! are you less startled at the supernatural than at the improbable?" "How," I replied, "could it be mere accident?" "Doubtless something more," replied the prince. "The Armenian knew my cousin's danger. He met us at St. Mark's, and the opportunity was too inviting not to hazard the prediction. Had it failed, there was only the loss of a word; but if true it was likely to prove of great importance. It succeeded; and he then first seized Fortune by the forelock, and put it all to the account of a grand-laid scheme. Time must either illustrate such a secret or not; but, believe me, friend," he added, laying his hand upon mine, with an earnest look, "that a man who has real power at his command will not avail himself of trick: he will despise it."

Thus concluded a conversation, which I have stated at length to show the difficulties which the prince had yet to vanquish, and which I hope will produce the good effect of freeing his mind from his former impression, that he was urged blindly forwards by some secret power or fiendish enmity.

"Not all," continues the Count Von O——, "who at the moment I am writing this are laughing, perhaps, at his weakness, and in proud uncertainty of their own untempted and so unshaken reason, think themselves entitled to break the rod of damnation over his head,—not all, I fear, would have so manfully met and triumphed over this first attack, or even have stood so firm. If, notwithstanding this auspicious commencement, he should be found to have fallen a victim in the sequel, though warned by his good genius at the distant view of this dark design against him, and his evil destiny be finally fulfilled, there will be less reason to indulge ridicule at his folly than surprise at the depth of the imposture, capable of overpowering so fine a judgment as he possessed. His terrific destiny is closed; his soul has long purified itself at the fountain of all truth, where mine, too, will long have rejoined it before these unhappy pages are before the world. But let the tears which I shed over the memory of my dearest friend fall unchecked and free; for, sad and difficult as my task is, it forms a contribution to the annals of justice, and I must write on. He was an excellent, noble character, and must assuredly have proved an ornament to a throne, which threw a strange illusion round him, from a desire of ascending it by—a crime."

CHAPTER II.

NOT long subsequent to these last occurrences, continued Count Von O——, I began to perceive an important change in the prince's mind. Until this period he had avoided entering into any serious inquiries as to the truth of the tenets he embraced, satisfied with exploding the received notions, both crude and superficial, imbibed in his education, by more elevated views, though without examining the

foundation of his faith. He more than once avowed to me that religious objects, in particular, exhibited themselves to him, beyond the mortal pale, like some enchanted castle, in which one could not set one's foot without shuddering; and that it was far better to step by with respectful resignation, without encountering the risk of being lost in its labyrinths. Yet, spite of this, there was a strong predisposition which tempted him to enter into some inquiries connected with such a subject.

A bigoted and servile education was the source of this alarm; it had impressed forms of terror upon his tender intellect, from which he never succeeded in entirely emancipating himself in after-life.

Religious melancholy was the disease of his family; the education of both his brothers was calculated to indulge it; while the preceptors to whom they had been entrusted were, on this head, either enthusiasts or hypocrites. The hilarity of boyhood was quenched by the cold hand of spiritual power, as the surest method of obtaining the approbation of the royal parents.

This dark cloud hung over the entire youth of this prince, and even pleasure was banished from his sports. All his religious preparations had something appalling in them,—it was something threatening and hard, first imprinted upon his lively imagination, which he ever afterwards retained. His God was a terrific idol, delighting to punish; and his worship an act of servile fear, or a blind, powerless proof of obedience. His religion was at variance with all his boyish and youthful inclinations, which excellent health and a strong frame rendered more violent and uncontrollable. He was at strife with all the sensibilities of his youthful nature: to him religion did not come so much as a benefit as a scourge inflicted upon his passions. By degrees, a silent ill-will thus sprang up in his heart against it, which assumed the form of respectful faith united to blind fear—a feeling of compulsion, like that of a servant towards his master—a strange mixture of dislike and reverence.

It is not surprising that he sought the earliest opportunity of throwing off so cruel a yoke; he absconded, like a hard-used slave, from his task-master, still retaining, in the midst of freedom, a feeling of his servitude; for he had not renounced the tenets of his early years from calm conviction—not waited until the maturity of his reason might gradually remove their influence. In fact, he had released himself like a deserter from his post, upon whom another's right of property still continues valid; insomuch that, after all his wanderings, all his efforts to escape, he is always compelled to retrace his steps. He had escaped with his chains, and was exposed to become the prey of any impostor who discovered them and knew their use. That such an one did, indeed, appear, if it has not already been conjectured, will be made clear in the following pages.

The confessions of the Sicilian were followed by more important results over the prince's mind than they deserved, and the small triumph which his reason had achieved over this first weak invention had given him greater confidence. The ease with which he appeared to have unravelled the mystery almost surprised himself. Truth and error still disputed their sway over him so very equally that he could not quite separate them, insomuch that it often happened he mistook the argu-

ments of one for those of the other. Hence it was that the whole foundation of his religious faith was shaken ; much like an inexperienced man, who, having fixed his choice unwisely, either in friendship or in love, begins to lose his esteem for them, having mistaken mere contingencies for their real properties, and treats them accordingly. Having unmasked the cheat, he began to grow suspicious of truth itself, unfortunately adopting the same mistaken views in regard to it.

This presumptive triumph was the more flattering, in proportion to the weight of the yoke which he believed he had thrown off. From this period he began to indulge a scepticism which no longer spared the most sacred subjects.

A variety of circumstances concurred to confirm him in this state of mind. The comparative solitude in which he had hitherto lived was broken in upon, and made room for a new mode of life, full of variety and distraction. Attentions which he must return, the etiquette attendant upon his rank, drew him into the vortex of the fashionable world. His station, no less than his personal qualities, introduced him into the most intellectual circle in Venice. He was brought into contact with some of the most distinguished characters of the Republic, consisting both of scholars and statesmen. This compelled him to leave that uniform and narrow circle to which he had been accustomed, and he began to be sensible of the confined scope of his ideas and of the necessity of a higher tone of mind. The old confined mould in which his intellect had been cast, though accompanied by so many fine qualities, offered an unfavourable contrast in the existing state of society around him, while his inexperience in the most familiar matters placed him in a somewhat ludicrous point of view, and he stood in awe of nothing so much as ridicule. The early unfavourable prejudices he had imbibed in his own country appeared to offer opportunities for it in his person. Add to this a degree of eccentricity in his character, which gave him a dislike to the attentions bestowed on his rank, not upon his personal merit. This humility was in particular apparent in the presence of those distinguished for personal and intellectual endowments, which outshone the splendour of their birth. To find himself remarked only as a prince in society like this produced a sense of shame and mortification, while he unfortunately imagined that, owing to such distinction, he was excluded from any participation in it. Altogether this convinced him of the necessity there was for more enlarged intellectual cultivation, which he had hitherto too much neglected, in order to place himself more upon a level with the world of intellect and wit, in regard to which he believed he was so inferior.

With this view he entered on a course of modern study with all the enthusiasm of his character. The bad choice, however, which was here purposely made for him, or at least suggested, tended neither to improve his reason nor his feelings. His inclination likewise led him into subjects of a doubtful and mysterious cast, which had irresistible charms for him, rousing observation and reflection which he felt for no other subjects. His heart and reason meanwhile were free. But this *ignis fatuus* of the soul was daily leading him further and further astray. One author's shining style carried him away ; the artful sophistry of

another imposed upon his reason. His intellect was calculated to accommodate itself to either, or indeed to any writer who assumed a sufficiently lofty tone.

Such a course of reading, pursued during more than a year with passionate assiduity, had hardly presented him with any fixed and useful ideas. He doubted more than before; and having so long impressed itself upon his character, scepticism at length infected his heart. To state it in short: he had so far involved himself in this labyrinth, first, as a kind of religious enthusiast; secondly, as a sceptic; and lastly, as a freethinker; that he scarcely knew where he was.

Among the society into which he had been drawn, there was a particular one, which went by the name of the *Bucentauro*, which, under the ostensible form of a noble intellectual liberality, really encouraged the most unbounded degree of license—even of the passions. Numbering several members of wit and spirit, with the name, too, of a cardinal at its head, the prince was the more easily led into its snarcs. Certain dangerous truths, thought he, could not be better deposited than in such hands, already bound to imbecillation, and which boasted the advantage of having heard and proved the opinions of the opposite party. The prince here did not consider that libertinage of mind and feeling in persons of their rank leads to more serious results, inasmuch as there is less rein to curb them; not having the fear of sanctity, like more profane people, before their eyes. This was the case with the *Bucentauro*, most of whose members, by aid of a false philosophy and of their passions, quite worthy of such a guide, forgot what was due to their station as well as to humanity itself.

The society boasted, likewise, its secret degrees; and I am willing, for the prince's honour, to believe that he was never admitted into the sanctuary. Whoever entered into their counsels was compelled, as long as he was a member, to lay aside all distinctions of rank, country, and religion, in fact, all conventional forms and differences, and take his station in the class of universals. The election of members was itself a strong measure, depending solely upon superiority of intellect. The society arrogated to itself the most delicate judgment in matters of taste and *ton*, and its reputation in this respect stood high throughout Venice. This, together with its apparent equality, had great attractions for the prince. A highly animated society, distinguished for its wit, its information, and all the best talent that was to be met with both in the classical and the political world, here centred, as it were, in a focus, long disguised from him the dangerous character of his new connection. As the mask, however, was gradually thrown aside, and it appeared in its real colours, he found it very difficult to retrace his steps; and though the society at length avowed itself, motives of personal security and false shame induced him to disguise his real feelings.

Yet, from previous confidence in their principles and opinions, if he did not fall into imitation, he lost the beautiful simplicity of his character and the delicacy of his moral taste. His understanding, destitute of solid principles and information, was unable, without foreign aid, to rescue him from the web of sophistry which had been wound around him, and by degrees the hateful poison he imbibed corroded all the most

beautiful portion of his early character and feelings. The natural groundwork of his happiness, he threw as a sophism aside: it had failed under him at the most important moment, and compelled him, therefore, to betake himself to the first best support that offered itself.

Perhaps a truly friendly hand might even yet have snatched him from the abyss that yawned to receive him; but I was not then acquainted with the secret nature of the Bucentauro system: the evil was already done, and I was called away at the commencement of this period, by important business, from Venice. Even Lord Seymour, a valuable acquaintance, whose cool head resisted every attempt at delusion, and might have proved of essential service to him,—even he left us at this time to return to his own country. Those, indeed, in whose hands I left him were all honourable men, but inexperienced, of narrow religious views, whose insight into the impending evil was as little as was their influence over the prince. The only answer they afforded to his dangerous sophisms, the only remedy they suggested, was a dogmatical degree of faith, which neither alarmed nor attracted him. He saw through the plan too easily, while his more comprehensive intellect speedily compelled these bad defenders of a good cause to complete silence. Others, who succeeded in obtaining his confidence in the sequel, were too much occupied in plunging him deeper into the mischief. When, in the ensuing year, I returned to Venice, how altered, alas! did I find everything around him!

The effects of the new philosophy were soon visible in the prince's mode of life. The more progress he made, and the more friends he acquired in Venice, the faster his old acquaintance began to drop off. I was daily less satisfied with him; we saw each other more seldom, and in particular *he* seemed to require it less. The current of the world was bearing him away. His house was almost always filled with company when he was at home. One entertainment, one kind of pleasure, followed another. He was the male toast—the male coquet of all parties; the king and idol of the first circles. Serious to encounter as he had imagined the great world to be in his retreat, he was now surprised to find it so trivial in reality. It came quite as a matter of course—everything he said was thought excellent, while his silence was pronounced injustice to the world. This species of worldly good fortune—this general success, inspiring him with fresh courage and confidence—made him appear greater than he really was. The increasing good opinion which he thus came to entertain of his own merit led him to give credit to the extravagant praises and respect that were lavished upon him, which, when unsupported by this enlarged sense of his superiority and self-complacency, would have proved at least suspicious. But now such unanimous applause only seemed to confirm what his secret vanity had begun to whisper him—a tribute which he conceived was, of right, due to him.

Doubtless he would have risen superior to this affectation, had he been allowed time to breathe, and to compare his real worth with the idol so flatteringly exhibited, as through a mirror, to his view. But his whole existence was become a state of intoxication—a perpetual tumult—a fever of the spirits. The higher he had been raised, the greater the

efforts required to maintain his station, and this incessant stretch of intellect was gradually wearing him away. Repose was banished, even banished from his pillow. His weak side was now too apparent, and the passion fixed upon to cherish it too well adapted to the purpose.

It was now also bruited by his noble attendants that their princely master was become a prime man. Those deep feelings and noble truths to which his heart was still so strongly attached were the last to give way; but they, too, at length became the object of his own ridicule and wit. He avenged himself upon the truths of religion for the tyranny they had at one time exercised over him, tending even to madness; yet, as there was a voice which he could not falsify, often whispering from his heart appealing against the madness of the head, so was there more of bitterness than happy courageous wit in the sarcasms he thus levelled. His temper began to change, and he grew capricious. The chief ornament of his character, his simplicity, his modesty, had disappeared. Flatterers and hypocrites had poisoned the fountain of his heart and feelings; his kind and delicate demeanour, which had once almost led his dependants to forget their master, was succeeded by a harsh and commanding tone, which was the more difficult to bear, as it did not proceed at all from his princely station, which he slighted, but from an injurious spirit of personal superiority which led him to despise others. If some reflections occasionally visited his pillow, which he eluded in presence of the world, they had only the effect of rendering him harsh to his own people, and unhappy, whilst he enlivened other circles by his forced merriment and wit. With sympathizing feelings we beheld him giving way to this wild and dangerous impulse; but he heard the voice of friendship no longer—he could not be stopped in mid career, for he then felt too happy to listen to us.

Early in the first period of this career, I was recalled to the court of my sovereign by an affair of importance, which I could not, as I valued the strongest claims of friendship, venture to neglect. An invisible hand, which I did not discover until long afterwards, contrived to embroil my affairs there, while reports were at the same time spread against me which required my personal interference. To leave the prince so situated was very trying to me, while to him, alas! it was so much the easier. The bands had long been giving way which bound him to me. Still, his destiny had awakened my warmest sympathy, and I would not leave before I had obtained a promise from the Baron Von F—— to present me, from time to time, with a written narrative of his proceedings; at least of their most important and striking features. Having from this last period no longer been a witness to the ensuing occurrences, I may be permitted to give a place to the epistolary account communicated by my friend the baron, so as to preserve the unity and interest of the whole entire. It must still be recollected that the arguments and observations of the Baron F—— are no longer mine, as I have purposely avoided introducing any change, even in the words, in order that the reader may the more easily render himself master of the simple truth.

THE BARON VON F— TO COUNT O—.

LETTER I.

May, 17—.

MANY thanks, dear respected friend, for the permission so kindly granted, to continue our former confidential intercourse, although absent from each other, which formed one of my chief pleasures while you remained with us. Here you are well aware there is no one with whom I dare venture to converse upon certain topics, which they might turn to my prejudice, for they are a set of people whom I dislike. As the prince, moreover, is become one of their society, wholly throwing off his former intimacy with us, I find myself almost a solitary in this splendid and populous city. Z— takes it much easier, and the Venetian ladies seem inclined to make him forget his anxieties, which he is thus compelled to share with me at home. And what do you think he had to complain of in all this? He only beholds, and wishes to behold, a master in the prince, which he finds to his full content; while I—but you already know how deeply interested I feel in the welfare of our prince, and how much cause I have for my anxiety. I have now been sixteen years about his person, and from long habit feel as if I lived only for his sake. He was only nineteen when I entered into his service, from which period, I may say, we have never been separated. I have invariably been under his own eye; a long intercourse has shown him what I am; and I have borne a part in all his adventures, both great and small. My happiness is bound up in his, and until this last unhappy year I have ever beheld him in the light of an elder brother, as well as of a friend: I basked, as it were, in the sunshine of his happiness, over which no cloud then hung: a noble and delightful career lay before us: we came to Venice, and all that was so fair and so honourable vanished. Since your departure everything has assumed a new aspect. The Prince of D— has been here several weeks, along with his suite, and given a fresh impulse to our already animated and tumultuous style of life.

Being so nearly related to our own prince, and being hitherto on a pretty good footing together, they are likely, during his residence here, which I am informed will be prolonged over the feast of the Ascension, to continue pretty inseparable companions. They have already entered into the spirit of the thing with energy; during ten days the prince has scarcely been permitted time to take breath. The Prince of D— has likewise taken it with a high hand, which he may the easier do, as he sets out again so very shortly; but the worst of this is that he has hereby offended our prince, as he could not well exclude himself from the society, and at the same time thought himself entitled, from the peculiar kind of connection between the houses, to assert the rank of his own. Hence, it is probable, our own departure is at hand, within a few weeks at least; without which it would be necessary, ere long, to curtail the extravagant style in which he lives.

The Prince of D—, as it is said, is occupied here with affairs of the secret order, in which he imagines he shall play an important part.

That he has likewise been introduced among all the connexions of our prince you will readily suppose. In particular he was conducted into the society of the Bucentauro with distinguished pomp, having for some time flattered himself that he was destined to cut a great figure for his wit and spirit, inasmuch as he had already acquired in his extensive correspondence, through all parts of the world, the flattering appellation of the "Philosophical Prince." I know not whether you have ever had the good fortune to meet with him. He has very intelligent features, keen eyes, an expression full of tasteful intellect, much show of reading, much acquired nature,—if you will forgive me the word,—united to a princely condescension towards humanity, with an heroic confidence in himself, and an all-comprehensive eloquence. Who could resist paying his homage to such shining qualities in a prince? If we wish to form a comparison, to learn where the advantage lies between the once quiet, unboasting, and sterling worth of our prince, and the blazing reputation of the other, we must look to the event.

Various important changes have taken place in our establishment since you left us. We have taken a new splendid house opposite that of the new procurator, the prince's late residence being too narrow and confined. Our suite has increased by twelve additional names of pages, Moors, heyducs, &c., and everything is still on the increase. You were accustomed to complain of the expenditure when you were here; I wonder what you would say now?

The terms we are upon are much the same as before; except, indeed, that the prince, no longer feeling the influence of your presence, is perhaps become more cold and distant towards us, while we receive little more from him than is sufficient for our apparel. Under the plea that we speak bad French and no Italian, he contrives to seclude us from most of his favourite circles; a measure I should not much personally regret, did I not perceive that it arose from a feeling of contempt—that he is ashamed of us; and this, I am sure, we have not deserved.

As I know you wish to hear all particulars, I must here mention that the prince has dispensed with the service of nearly the whole of his domestics, except Biondello, whom, if you will recollect, he took into pay about the time he lost his huntsman, and who, in the new mode of life he has adopted, seems quite indispensable to him. The rogue knows everything in Venice, and how to avail himself of his knowledge. He would seem to be Argus-eyed, with the thousand hands of Briareus, ever in motion. This he says he acquired from assisting the gondoliers; and he is particularly well adapted to the wants of our prince, giving him a knowledge of all new faces that arrive, and secret information which has always proved correct. He is thus an excellent master of French and Italian, which has already acquired for him the situation of the prince's secretary.

One trait, however, of disinterested fidelity I ought to relate to you, which is rarely enough met with in persons of his class. Lately a reputable merchant, arrived from Rimini, entreated an interview with the prince. His object was to lay a heavy complaint against Biondello. It appears his former master, the procurator, had come to an open breach with his relations, in regard to which Biondello possessed his

utmost confidence. In fact, he was entrusted with all his secrets, and had vowed never to reveal them for the advantage of the old man's relatives who should survive him. On these conditions his master promised to leave him a handsome legacy. When his will came to be examined, there were found both in it, and in his other papers, certain omissions and doubtful points which only Biondello could clear up. But he stoutly denied that he knew anything on the subject, refused to accept a very considerable legacy, and preserved his secrets. Large offers were repeatedly made him on the part of the surviving relatives to betray them; but all to no purpose. At length, wearied with their importunities, and to avoid their threats of proceeding against him, he determined to enter into the prince's service. The heir—this same merchant—directly resolved to apply to his highness, at the same time making fresh proposals, to any amount, if Biondello would consent to listen to his views. No, even the wishes of the prince were unable to induce him to forfeit his promise to his late master. He admitted to the prince that such secrets had, indeed, been entrusted to him, nor did he deny but that the deceased had been too violent in his enmity towards his own relations; "Yet," added he, "was he not my benefactor, my kind master, and one, too, who wholly confided in my silence and integrity living, and who died in the same belief? In short, I was the only friend whom he left in the world; and to show myself unworthy of his sole confidence—his last dying hope!" He even added stronger motives for his long and persevering refusal, declaring that such avowal would not be strictly compatible with the reputed character and good name of the deceased. Was not that, my friend, delicately and nobly thought? You may well imagine that the prince did not much insist, after such an explanation, upon his discovering the nature of the secrets which Biondello sought to conceal. This rare example of fidelity towards his deceased master has obtained for him, at least, the most unlimited confidence on the part of his present one.

Farewell once more, my dear friend! How much I sigh for the same quiet mode of life in which you here found us, and for which you so pleasantly rallied us! I fear those good times for me in Venice are now over; and it is much—but the same observation might be applied also to the prince. He cannot long continue happy in the element wherein he now breathes, or otherwise sixteen years' experience must have been thrown away upon me.

THE BARON VON F—— TO COUNT O——.

LETTER II.

18th May.

GOOD tidings! though I had never imagined that our residence in Venice would have been productive of any good at all. Yes, he has saved the life of a fellow-creature, and I am reconciled to him once more.

Not long ago the prince was returning from a meeting of the Bucen-tauro, accompanied only by two domestics, Biondello being one. By

some accident the sedan in which he was carried broke down, and he was compelled to proceed the remainder of the way on foot. Biondello advanced first: the way lay through several close passages, and the dawn of day being at hand, the lamps were either burning dim or altogether extinguished. In about a quarter of an hour Signor Biondello made the discovery that he did not know where he was. The similarity of the bridges had deceived his eye, and, instead of bearing for St. Mark's, he found himself in Sestiere di Castello. As he was traversing one of the most remote streets, which led into a main one much longer and broader, he heard a cry of murder! The prince coming a little way behind, though unarmed, snatched a staff from the hands of one of his servants, and ran without the least hesitation towards the spot. There he found three fellows setting upon a single man, who, along with his guide, seemed to make but a feeble resistance, and the prince was only just in time to prevent the fatal blow. With his voice as well as hand, followed by his servants, he so far alarmed the ruffians, who had relied upon the secrecy of the transaction in so lonely a spot, that after venturing to make a slight defence they took to flight. Half fainting and exhausted with his defence, the wounded man sank into the prince's arms, while his attendant informed us that it was the Marchese Civitella, nephew to the Cardinal of —, whom he had saved. Having lost a deal of blood, the prince's attendant Biondello tried his surgical skill in binding the wounds, after which the prince had him carefully conveyed to his uncle's palace, which was near at hand, whither he accompanied him. When he found him quite safe and quiet, he took his leave without mentioning his name.

This, however, was soon discovered by means of a domestic known to Biondello. On the following morning, the cardinal, an old acquaintance at the Bucentauro, waited upon the prince. The visit lasted more than an hour: the cardinal evinced great emotion; the tears came into his eyes, and even the prince was moved. The same evening the patient was pronounced likely to recover; the thickness of his mantle had protected him against the force of the blows. From this period not a day elapsed without the prince paying a visit to the marquis, or receiving one from his uncle the cardinal, and a strong intimacy between the houses appears likely to follow.

The cardinal is a respectable-looking sexagenarian, with dignified features, full of animation and good cheer. He is esteemed one of the wealthiest prelates throughout the dominions of the Republic. He had early the sole management of his immense possessions, which, with prudence, he has not diminished, though without depriving himself of any kind of worldly gratification.

This nephew is his sole heir, though he has not always continued upon the best terms with him. So little is the old cardinal an enemy to pleasure as to permit the most avowed toleration in regard to the principles and the conduct of the young marquis. His free opinions, and still more free life, seem to bring into action only his weaknesses and vices—the dread of fathers and the husband's curse. It is said that he owed his last attack to an intrigue set on foot with the — ambassador's lady. He has often been implicated in other and more serious

affairs, in which it required all the cardinal's wealth and influence to save him. If we except this trait, he is, perhaps, one of the most enviable men, from his numerous fine qualities and the possession of all that renders life desirable, in all Italy. But this family failing is a blot upon all his endowments, while the cardinal can take no real enjoyment in his vast possessions, from his anxiety lest he should, at last, have no heir and successor to whom to leave them.

The whole of this information I have received from Biondello, and the prince appears to possess a real treasure in him. Every day he becomes more and more indispensable, and he discovers some fresh talent and trait continually. The prince lately complained of a slight access of fever, and could procure no repose. His night-lamp was extinguished; he rang time after time in vain; his household were plainly gone out somewhere for their own amusement. So at length he rose, and determined to seek them out; but he had not proceeded far before he heard strains of delicious music in the distance. Half enchanted, he followed, as near as he could, the sounds he heard; when, approaching Biondello's apartments, he saw him playing upon the flute from his window,—his whole suite gathered round, listening to him from below. The prince can hardly believe his eyes or his ears, while he commands the musician to proceed. With a surprising degree of facility he began to vary a very touching *adagio* air with some fine extempore accompaniments, executed with happiest tones and all the taste of a *virtuoso*. Being a good judge, as you well know, the prince declares that such a musician deserves to be heard in any of the finest chapels in the place.

"I shall be compelled," he said to me the morning following, "to dismiss so excellent an attendant, for I cannot afford to reward him according to his deserts." Poor Biondello caught these words as he entered the room. "If you do that, most gracious prince," he cried, "if you dismiss me, you will indeed deprive me of my best deserts."

"But you are fitted," said his master, "for something better than a menial office. I do not like to stand in the way of your good fortune." "Nay, my honoured prince, impose no better fortune upon me than such as I have chosen for myself."

"To neglect so fine a talent as you possess!—No; I should never forgive myself." "Then permit me, most excellent prince, to exercise it, during some short period, in your presence."

After some discussion, this was at length agreed to. Biondello had an apartment assigned him next to that of his master, whence he was to try to hush him to sleep with his strains, and also to awaken him with the same. The prince then insisted upon doubling his salary, which he refused, unless his master would consent to let him deposit it as a little capital in his hands, which in a short time he might, perhaps, in this way find useful to him. The prince is in expectation, however, that his favourite attendant will soon be coming forward with some petition in lieu of all this; and whatever it may be, it will, doubtless, be granted.

Farewell, my best friend, I shall expect to hear tidings of you from R——n with some anxiety.

THE BARON VON F—— TO COUNT O——.

LETTER III.

THE Marquis of Civitella, who is at length quite recovered from his wounds, has been introduced by his uncle the cardinal to our prince, and seems to follow him everywhere like his shadow. The information I obtained respecting him from Biondello turns out to be incorrect; at all events, his account of him was very extravagant. His features are highly engaging, and his manners almost irresistible. It seems impossible to be offended at him: his very first glance completely disarmed me. Imagine a highly imposing and pleasing figure, with corresponding grace and dignity—a countenance full of energy and expression, open and inviting physiognomy—a very flattering tone of voice united to flowing eloquence, and a glow of youthful health, rendered more dazzling by the most finished manners and education. He is, moreover, free from that mean pride and ceremonious stiffness so intolerable in the rest of these nobles. He appears to breathe only in an atmosphere of vivacity and good-nature, added to much sensibility. I think his dissipated habits must have been sadly overcharged, as I never beheld a more perfect and pleasing picture of sound health. Were he, indeed, so wholly abandoned as Biondello has represented, it is as certain that he must prove altogether irresistible.

Towards me, likewise, his manner was very open and candid. He confessed, with the most flattering marks of confidence, that he was by no means on the best terms with his uncle the cardinal, and that he had well deserved his displeasure. He had adopted serious resolutions of reform, which he entirely owed to the example set him by our prince. In this way alone, he added, was there a chance of becoming reconciled to his uncle, the prince's influence over the worthy prelate being unbounded. In fact, he had long had serious failings; the chief failing, however, he now laboured under was that of a sensible friend and guide, such as, he trusted, he had at length met with.

Indeed, the prince assumes every quality of a Mentor; though at the same time this gives the marquis a counter-influence, of which he knows how to avail himself. We see them almost inseparable at every party, except at the Bucentauro, for which the marquis is very fortunately a little too young. Wherever he appears in company with the prince, he introduces him with all that delicacy and fine breeding which is quite peculiar to him. But no one has yet been found capable of taming him; and the prince will deserve to be immortalized in a legend, should he succeed in so Herculean a task. I much fear the tables may chance to be turned upon him, and the guide be led away by the pupil, as many previous circumstances seem to portend.

The Prince D—— has taken leave of us, much to our satisfaction, not excepting that of our master. What I formerly observed to you, dear O——, has already happened. Between two characters so widely opposed, and from so very unexpected a collision, a good understanding was not long to be looked for. During the short period he resided here, he produced a very serious schism in our intellectual world, one which

threatened to deprive the prince of half the admiration he had hitherto attracted. Whenever he appeared, he was sure of meeting him as a rival—he everywhere crossed his path; possessing precisely the degree of cunning and jealous vanity that enabled him to avail himself of the least advantage afforded him by our prince. He had no scruples, also, as to the practice of all those little arts to raise his other qualities, from which a feeling of self-respect deterred our prince; insomuch that the former would speedily have counted numbers on his side whose brains were their weakest portion, while he stood at the head of a party which was quite adapted to him.* It would have been more prudent to have condescended to no kind of competition with such a rival; and a few months earlier, I feel convinced, such is the plan which our prince would have adopted. But he was then too far carried away by the stream to make the shore at once; trifles had assumed a degree of importance in his eyes, which, in other circumstances, he would have despised; his pride would not permit him to retreat, more especially at a moment when the resumption of his former more dignified and retiring character might have been construed into a sense of inferiority and fear. The tone adopted by them in argument was by no means the most delicate and forbearing; a spirit of rivalry was awakened between their parties, which soon involved the principals themselves. In order to preserve the acquisitions he had made, and the place which he occupied in the opinion of the world, he believed he ought, as far as possible, to increase the opportunities afforded him for shining, by adding to his princely establishment. With this view, he made feasts and pleasure parties, splendid concerts, presents, and played high. While this absurd rage for dissipation extended likewise among their highnesses' followers, as an affair of honour, a far stronger motive than their sense of duty, their masters conceived it incumbent upon their liberality to encourage it. Thus a connected chain of folly, productive of proportionate inconvenience and penury, was the consequence, all originating in the prince's weakness—the weakness of a moment.

It is true we are at length freed from this unmeaning rivalry, though our losses are not so easily retrieved. The prince's finances are empty; he has squandered the produce of years of economy, and we shall now be compelled to leave Venice; unless, indeed, we prefer being involved in debt, which hitherto he has cautiously avoided. Our departure is already fixed, the moment we receive fresh letters of exchange. One need not have regretted all this expense, had the prince reaped any kind of satisfaction from it; but, on the contrary, he appears less happy and cheerful than before. He feels too sensibly that he is no longer what he was; he wishes to recover his self-respect; he is dissatisfied with himself, and rushes into new temptations, in order to escape the recollections of the last. His connections seem to increase, and to involve him deeper in the consequences which he would fain avoid.

One thing is certain: we must away; there is no other chance of

* The harsh judgment which, both here and in other parts of his first letter, the Baron Von F.—thus pronounces upon a very able and accomplished prince, will appear much too severe to all those who have had the pleasure of his highness's acquaintance; and such opinion can only be referred to the prejudice and prepossessions of the young writer.—*Note by Count O—*.

redemption ; we must abandon Venice. Not a single line from you yet, my dear friend : to what ought I to attribute—how explain this long and cruel silence ?

THE BARON VON F—— TO COUNT O——.

LETTER IV.

June 12th.

ACCEPT my thanks, dear friend, for the proof of your recollection of me, transmitted through the medium of the young B——hl. At the same time, what did you promise me in regard to writing ? yet no letter follows—no, not a single line. What a very circuitous route must that you have sent been running all this time ! In future, friend O——, when you are disposed to favour me with an epistle, dispatch to me by way of Trent, under the address of the prince my master.

We have at length been compelled to adopt a step that we have hitherto avoided. We have received no remittances, and been so hard pushed for cash as to be under the necessity, for the first time, of applying to a notorious usurer,—a secret mode of raising the wind, for which the prince must in future smart. What is worse, it will likewise delay our departure from this place.

Upon this occasion I entered into some explanations with the prince. The whole affair was entrusted to the hands of Biondello, and the Jew was driving his bargain before I entertained any suspicion of the matter. I was shocked at witnessing the prince reduced to so humiliating a dilemma. Full of regret for the past and of apprehension for the future, I resolved to express my feelings upon the subject the moment the Jew retired. The prince, having been compelled to conclude very disadvantageous terms, was pacing the room in no happy mood of mind ; the deeds were lying upon the table ; and I stood at the window engaged in counting the number of sashes in the procurator's house opposite. There was a long pause : at length the prince broke silence.

"F." he began, "you know I do not like to see gloomy faces about me." I said nothing. "What ! won't you answer me ? Don't I see that your heart is almost bursting to get rid of some of its spleen ? Upon my soul, you must speak ; for what in the name of wonder are the sapient reasons to tie your tongue ?" "If gloomy be my looks, my gracious master, it is only because I do not see you merry." "Yes, I know," he continued, "you think me out of my senses some time since ; you are dissatisfied with all my proceedings, in short. When did you hear from Count O—— ?" "The count has never written to me." "Not written !—how ! would you deny it ? Why, you are two of the most confidential wretches in the world. So you may as well confess, though I do not wish to pry into your secrets." "Count O——," replied I, "has not hitherto answered the first of three letters which I have written to him." "I have done you injustice, then," he rejoined ; "it is not true !" seizing at the same time one of the papers. "I ought not to have done this." "I suppose it was not a matter of choice," said I.

"I say I ought not to have put myself under the necessity." Again I was silent.

"The truth is, I believe," said the prince, "that I ought never to have indulged my wishes at all, but have become an old man at once when I was grown up. If I once attempt to look beyond the dismal uniformity of my past life, or to discover the source of any real enjoyment; if I——" "Were it only an experiment, gracious master, I have no more to say, as the advantage you might thus derive from it would more than trebly compensate you for your loss. It grieved me, I confess, to think that the world's opinion was to decide you on a point connected with your whole happiness."

"It is well for you, baron, if you can afford to despise it. I am its creature—its very slave. What else are we but opinion? Everything relating to princes consists in it. Our nurse and preceptress in childhood—our lawgiver and our idol in future years—our only staff in age,—what should royalty do without it? Take away our portion of opinion, and the 'lowest of the low' would be a prince compared with us, for his destiny at least permits him to console himself with the help of reason and philosophy. But a prince who pretends to laugh at opinion is like a priest who should get up and declare that there is no God." "And yet, my gracious prince——"

"I see what you would say: you think I might burst the magic circle of my birth; but can I as easily rid myself of all those false and delusive impressions, arising from education and habit, and which have struck deep root by means of the careful and assiduous cultivation afforded them by a long succession of weak-headed courtiers? Every one, therefore, must needs be what he is. Our existence at the best is nothing beyond what may be termed *happy display*. Now, because we cannot contrive to be what you would make us, are we to be nothing at all? If we cannot draw our happiness from the pure source of truth and nature, are we to be permitted to receive it in no artificial form? to obtain no compensation, even from the hand which refused us the enjoyment of the former?" "Yet once you possessed such sources in your own heart."

"Why remind me of them, when they are no more? And, alas! why are they so? When once I betook myself to this idle, dissipated existence, in order to stifle that internal voice that steeped my whole life in wretchedness, in order to calm this weak, grovelling, yet still inquisitive reason, cutting like a sharp knife through the brain, and at every fresh impulse of thought lopping off some remaining branches of the blighted plant of human happiness." "My excellent master——" I exclaimed, as he rose up and paced the chamber in more than usual emotion.

"Yes, the foundations are giving way before me—behind me; the past lies like a monotonous waste, one sad unvaried region of rock and stone; the future offers me nothing. I behold the entire circle of my existence, as it were, confined within the narrow limits of the present. And who shall presume to reproach me, if I seize these golden moments by the forelock, if I receive them with the ardour of a lover, exhaust their last drops of pleasure, and embrace them warmly, though but shortly, ere they flee from my grasp for evermore?" "Once, prince, you believed in more substantial good."

"Yes, the image of a golden cloud, that mocked the eye. Restore it with the same strength of illusion, and I will worship virtue still. What pleasure can it afford me to waste my benediction upon shadows, that ere the morrow will disappear, such as I? Is not everything upon the wing around me? Mark how each thrusts his neighbour aside from the fountain of existence, to catch himself only a few drops, and hasten thirsting away. Even now, while I appear to be rejoicing in my strength, my dissolution is preparing, to make room for some future being. Give me something which I can hold fast, that will endure, and then I will become a virtuous man." "Then, what, my prince, are become of those noble, benevolent feelings, once the delight and the rule of your life? Those were seeds for plants of future maturity, of a high and glorious order, to last——"

"The future! to last! Let us take away all that man derives from his own breast, all that he worships as his self-created divinity, with nature and habit for his laws, and what remains? What I have hitherto experienced, and what is yet to happen to me, only arrest my eye like two black impenetrable curtains, which hang a veil of mystery over both sides of this our mortal destiny, and which no living being has drawn aside. Already hundreds of generations of men have cast the light of their intellectual torches upon their dark and heavy folds, speculating upon the scenes that were transacting behind. Many behold their own shadows—the shapes of their terrific passions, growing larger, and starting to life and motion from the canvas of the future, while, shuddering before their own image, they pace along. Poets, philosophers, and statesmen have arrayed themselves in their dreams, in sombre or enlivening colours, just as their destined heaven shone clearly or gloomily over their heads, and the perspective opened to their view. Here jugglers of all kinds stepped forward to clear their benighted vision, and by exhibiting strange distorted masks made puppets of the imagination, and stretched it to bursting with wonder and alarm. Yet they broke not the deep silence that reigns beyond the impenetrable veil: no voice replies to us from behind; we hear only the echo of our words returned, like a voice from some deep abyss. And in this utter ignorance we are condemned to burst the fatal veil, and, with recoiling, shudder to encounter the reception that may await us. *Quid sit id, quod tantum perituri vident.* Infidels, indeed, came to our aid, declaring that we merely deluded ourselves, and that we might well see nothing behind the curtain, where there was nothing to be seen; and then to demonstrate their argument they hastened there, but told us not." "It was, indeed, a rash conclusion, having no stronger ground for their opinion than that of seeing nothing."


"Now mark me, dear friend. I am modest enough not to be inquisitive, or indulge a wish to tear away this veil, and the wisest plan with me would be to keep me in the same humour, by turning my eyes another way. Yet while I consent to confine myself within this narrow circle limited to the present, this little point of time must be allowed to be important to me; and more especially as I was very near falling into the opposite course, the danger of which I have been portraying. What you were just now pleased to dignify with the name of the great

aim of my existence, exists no more ; is of no further importance to me. I know I cannot avoid my destiny—I cannot promote it ; I feel quite assured that such object of my existence remains to be exactly fulfilled. I am like a messenger who is bearing a sealed packet to the place of its delivery. What it may contain is the same thing to him ; he has nothing to do but earn the price of its carriage.” “Alas !” I cried, “how poor a thing you leave me !” “Yet,” continued the prince, “into what a maze of argument have we struck !”—and he laughed as he cast his eye upon the usury deeds upon the table. “But, after all, not so far wide,” he added, “as you may still, perhaps, live to see me adopt this new kind of life. In fact, I could not so easily wean myself from my former self-created and peculiar properties, nor so speedily undermine the foundations of my morality and happiness, connected so intimately with the most flattering dreams, with all that I had yet felt and experienced : I sighed for a portion of the frivolity which rendered the existence of most men so much more tolerable than my own. Everything that seemed to withdraw me from myself was most acceptable. Shall I freely confess it to you ? I wished to lower myself, in order, if possible, to destroy the sources of my suffering with my health and strength together.”

Here we were interrupted by a visit ; shortly, however, I shall communicate some news, which you may easily anticipate, indeed, from the tenour of a conversation such as that of to-day. Farewell !

THE BARON VON F—— TO COUNT O——.

LETTER V.

S our departure from Venice is now fast approaching, the present week will be appropriated to the inspection of what is most deserving, especially in regard to public edifices and pictures, of a stranger's attention ; too generally delayed, in a long residence, to the last. The Marriage of Cana, from the hand of Paul Veronese, has been more especially held up to us as an object of wonder and applause. It is to be seen in the island of St. George, in a monastery of Benedictine monks ; but you must expect no description from me of this great masterpiece, which astonished though it did not charm me so much as I had been led to flatter myself it would. It would have required as many hours as we could afford minutes to study a composition consisting of a hundred and twenty figures upon a ground more than thirty feet in breadth. What human eye is capable of grasping so vast an harmonious whole, or to enjoy in one impression the perfect beauty which the artist has everywhere lavished upon it ? It is to be lamented that a work of so high a standard, which ought to be exhibited for the gratification of the public taste, should be allotted no wider a sphere than a monkish refectory. The church of the same monastery is no less entitled to regard, being one of the finest in the whole city.

Towards evening we made a party to visit the Guidecca, intending to spend a few cool and pleasant hours in the charming gardens. Our

small company soon dispersed itself in various directions, while the Marquis Civitella, who had been seeking an opportunity the whole of the day, drew me aside to speak with me.

"You are the prince's friend," he began, "one in whom he seems wholly to confide; I have very good reasons, at least, for believing so. Happening to go into his hotel this very day, I met a man whose occupation is well known to me coming forth, and there was evidently a cloud upon his brow as I accosted him. I wished to clear this matter up, and you cannot deny it," he continued. "I knew the man too well. And is it really possible that, while he boasts friends who would lay down their lives for him in Venice, the prince will deign to avail himself of such creatures at every slight inconvenience? Be candid with me, baron: is the prince in any difficulty? If so, it were in vain for you to conceal it, for what you may refuse to confide to me, I am sure to learn from my man, who knows everything." "My good lord!"

"Pardon me! I feel I must appear intrusive, in order to escape the charge of ingratitude. To the prince I am indebted for my life, and what is yet more, for a reasonable use of it. Shall I behold him, then, taking steps hardly worthy of his high station—shall I feel it in my power to assist, and a moment delay such assistance?" "The prince," I replied, "is not in difficulties. Some letters which we expected by way of Trent have not hitherto reached their destination; doubtless by accident, or perhaps from some uncertainty as to his departure,—some expectation of hearing further accounts from him. This has already taken place, and until then——"

He shook his head. "Do not mistake me," he added: "there can be no question of my serious obligations to the prince, which the entire wealth of the cardinal my uncle would be inadequate to repay. My sole object is to spare him the anxiety of a few uneasy moments. My uncle is possessed of immense property, over which I have unlimited power. A lucky accident permits me to avail myself of the sole means I have of rendering myself useful to the prince. I know," he continued, "all that delicacy exacts from me; this, however, is mutual, and it would only be generous in the prince to afford me this slight gratification, were it merely for the appearance, in order that my sense of the infinite obligations he has conferred upon me should be known."

Having said this, the marquis refused to leave me before I made him a solemn promise to do everything in my power to prevail upon the prince to accept his offers, though I had small hope of success. He confessed he was willing to receive any conditions from him; but that it would certainly grieve him much were the prince to refuse to treat him in the business wholly as a friend.

In the warmth of our conversation we had lost sight of the rest of the company, and were looking out for them, when Z—— approached us.

"I am in search of the prince," he cried; "is he not here?" "No; we are looking for him. We supposed he was with the rest of the party."

"The company is all together, but he is not to be met with. I cannot imagine how he contrived to elude us."

Here the marquis suggested that he was, perhaps, gone to examine

the neighbouring church, about which he had appeared to be very curious. We directly set out thither to seek him. At a distance we caught sight of Biondello, who appeared to be waiting in the porch. As we drew nigh, the prince issued hastily from one of the side doors; with a glowing countenance his eyes sought Biondello, whose name, at the same time, he called. He appeared to be enjoining him something very urgently, with his eyes still directed towards the door, which remained open. Biondello then ran hastily into the church, while the prince, without remarking us, mingled in the throng, as if hastening back to his party, which he rejoined before our arrival.

It was our intention to take supper in an open pavilion belonging to the garden, where the marquis was prepared to surprise us by the performance of a little concert. There was one young singer in particular, whose delicious voice and charming figure created general admiration. The prince, however, spoke little, and seemed to pay no attention to her. His absence of mind was evident: his eyes were directed towards the spot where he expected to see Biondello, and he appeared as if struggling with some deep internal emotion. Civitella inquired how he liked the church, but he was unwilling to enter into any discussion. Several very fine pictures were then mentioned, but it was plain he had not seen them. These questions at length appeared to annoy him, and the subject was dropped. Hour elapsed after hour, and still no Biondello returned. The prince's impatience now grew extreme; he rose early from table, and sought one of the most retired walks, which he paced up and down alone. No one could form an idea of what had happened to him. I did not venture to inquire into the cause of so strange an alteration of manner, as it is long since I resigned the place I formerly held in his confidence. With equal impatience, therefore, I awaited Biondello's return, to cast some light upon this new mystery.

It was after ten o'clock before we again saw him. The tidings he brought the prince had no effect in rendering him at all more communicative. In evident ill humour he returned to the party; the gondolas were prepared, and in a short time we found ourselves at home.

I could find no opportunity of conversing with Signor Biondello during the whole of that evening, and I was compelled to sleep upon my curiosity. The prince left us early; but a thousand distracting thoughts prevented me long from closing my eyes. Late at midnight I was awakened by a voice, and I felt a hand drawn across my face. Starting up, I saw the prince standing, with a light in his hand, at my bed-side. He said he could not compose himself to rest, and entreated me to assist him in getting through the night. I was preparing to dress myself, but he bade me lie still, and took his station at the foot of my bed.

"I met with an occurrence to-day," he began, "whose impression will be erased only with my life. I left you, as you are aware, to see the church, respecting which the marquis had piqued my curiosity, and which had already attracted my eyes at a distance. As neither you nor he were just at hand, I traversed the short distance alone, Biondello stationing himself in the porchway. The church I found empty; a cold dead chill seemed to strike me as I entered from the glowing and sultry

day without. I stood alone amid the spacious vaults, where a deathlike stillness reigned around. I then paced through the centre of the dome, and gave myself up wholly to the impression it was altogether calculated to produce. By degrees my eyes became more fixed upon the grand and solemn aspect of that majestic place ; I was absorbed in deep and transported contemplation. The steeple tolled the hour above my head ; the sound echoed softly through the spacious aisles, and even through my soul. Some altar-pieces, at a distance, attracted my attention : I had wandered, unobserved, through the whole of that side of the church, to the farthest end of the opposite side. Here I came to several steps raised round a pillar, which conducted me into a chapel, where there were several little altars, and statues of saints inserted in the niches. As I turned into the chapel, towards the right, I heard a whispering of persons speaking both soft and tenderly. I directed my eyes towards the sound, and beheld, only a few steps from me, a female figure ; but it is quite impossible to describe it. I was at first seized with such a feeling of alarm and awe,—soon changed to one of the most delightful astonishment."

"And this figure, my dear prince,—are you sure that it was some living and breathing object—quite real—and no pale picture, no illusion of the fancy?"

"No. Hear further : it was a real lady ; but till then, I must assuredly have never beheld any of her sex. All looked dark around ; daylight shot only through a single window into the chapel, and the sun's rays rested only upon her form. With inexpressible devotion, half kneeling, half lying, she was stretched before an altar ; one of the most striking, most lovely, picturesque objects, presenting the most beautiful outline in all nature. Her robes were black, enveloping the most exquisite shape, and then spreading in most ample folds, like the Spanish dress, over her body ; her long light auburn hair divided into two broad ringlets, the weight of which had apparently burst their folds, and they had escaped below her veil and flowed in beautiful disorder down her shoulders. One hand held fast the crucifix, and she supported herself, as if sinking to the ground, upon the other. Where shall I find words to convey an idea of the angelic light and beauty of her countenance, in which the soul of a cherub seemed to have fixed its throne, raising to perfection each separate charm ? The evening sun shone upon it, the golden beams apparently environing her brows with a saintlike glory. If you can just recall the fine Madonna of our Florentine, here she was indeed personified, even to the admirable want of regular proportions,—that sort of peculiar beauty which so irresistibly attracted me in the picture."

In regard to the Madonna thus commended by the prince, I ought to relate the following circumstance. Shortly after we set out, he met with a Florentine painter in this place, who had been invited to Venice in order to ornament an altar for one of the churches, whose name I do not recollect. He brought three other pictures along with him, intended for the decoration of the Cornari palace. They consisted of a Heloise, a Venus very lightly appressed, and a Madonna, all of surpassing beauty, and so equal in point of execution as to render it impossible to

show any fair preference for the individual pieces. The prince, however, decided in a moment : no sooner had he fixed his eyes upon them in succession, than the Madonna seemed to absorb his whole attention. Though he indulged his admiration of the other two, highly commending the painter's skill, in this he seemed to lose all idea of his art, his whole soul being absorbed, as it were, in the work. The emotion he felt was great ; it was with difficulty he could cease to gaze. The artist, well aware of its impression on the heart as well as the judgment of the prince, had the avarice to declare that he would not separate the three pieces, for which he required 1,500 zechins. One-half of this sum was in vain offered him for the Madonna ; though who knows what might have been the result, had he had to deal with a less pertinacious purchaser ? Two hours afterwards, none of the three were any longer to be seen. This picture of the Madonna now recurred very forcibly to the prince's mind.

"I stood," he continued, "gazing on her in astonishment. She did not observe me, so wholly absorbed did she appear in her devotions. She was adoring the Divinity, while my adoration was fixed upon her, surrounded as she was by nothing besides holy things. The images of saints, altars, burning tapers, had often appealed to my soul in vain ; now, for the first time, the spirit of devotion came over me, as if I stood in the inmost sanctuary. Shall I confess it ?—at that moment I felt perfect faith in the symbol which she clasped in her beautiful hand. I already read her answer in her eyes : thanks to her charming piety, it drew me irresistibly after her into the regions of the sky.

"She rose, and for the first time I recovered my presence of mind. In trembling haste I turned aside, but the noise I made as I went discovered me. The near presence of a man might, doubtless, alarm her ; she might blame my intrusion ; yet neither of these feelings were expressed in the look she gave me.—Peace, only ineffable peace, with the beautiful smile of virtue, played over her face. She was descending from her heaven, and I was the first blissful being she hailed on her return. The last outpourings of her adoration still shone round her ; her feet had not yet touched the earth.

"Some persons stirred in another corner of the chapel ; there was an elderly lady who rose from a cushion close behind me, whom I had not before perceived : she was only a few steps from me, and must have observed every motion I made. This confused me ; I cast my eyes upon the ground, and they passed by me. I watched her as she went through the porch : how finely rose her at once lovely and majestic figure !—what grace of carriage ! She no longer looked like the same being : fresh charms enveloped her, as I followed her in the distance, uncertain whether I should venture to hazard, and perhaps receive back, another glance. Did she not, thought I, fix her eyes upon me as she went by, though I did not venture to raise mine from the ground ? Oh, how much this mere doubt racked my soul !

"I observed they stopped ; yet, strange ! I could not stir a step from the spot. The elder personage marked the disorder of her hair, and handed her a parasol, while she proceeded to arrange it. Ah ! how much more disordered did I wish to behold it ! how much I wished I

could have paralysed the old lady's hands ! Her toilette was soon finished, and she approached the gates. I hastened my steps : half her figure was already gone,—all ; I caught only her shadow. She is gone ! I said. No, by heavens ! she is coming back ; a flower has fallen from her breast ; she stooped—she looked back—it was at me ! For what object could she be seeking in the cold dead walls behind her ? No, I was no longer a stranger to her, though she had the heart to leave me behind as well as her flower ; for, my dear F——, I am ashamed to confess how very childishly I doated upon a single look, not intended, after all, perhaps, for me." On this last point, however, I kindly attempted to reassure the prince.

"Strange," he proceeded, after a deep silence, "strange that there should be something which one has never known, never missed, and yet that in a few moments one should live and breathe for that alone ! Can a single moment so perfectly metamorphose any human being ? It would now be as impossible for me to indulge the same wishes, or the same pleasures, of yesterday, as it would be to return to the toys of my childhood ; all since I beheld a single object, which lives and rules in the inmost recesses of my soul. It seems to say that I can love nothing more with such intensity,—that nothing more the world has to boast can produce any impression upon me !"

"But consider, my gracious prince, in what a very romantic situation you were placed when the apparition surprised you ; what a combination of circumstances laid siege to your imagination : thus suddenly encountering the awful stillness of the place, its contrast to the noisy crowd and the sunny daylight which you had just left. You gave way to its impressive character, as you observed ; and, from the contemplation of artificial beauty around you, your feelings were wrought up to a favourable pitch for the reception of its real forms ; one of which in all its lively reality, contrasted with the lifeless, breathless figures around you, took you by close surprise. Her beauty, which I admit may be great, was beheld through a favourable medium, in a touching position, which a devotional feeling raised into dignity and grandeur ; and what could be more natural than that your vivid fancy, feasting upon the ideal, construed it all into something more than mortal ?"

"What ! can the imagination give what it never received ? and, in the whole scope of my experience, of all I have seen and felt, what is there I can place in competition with this single image ? Perfect and unchanged, as at the moment I first beheld it, it is yet impressed upon my memory : there is nothing beyond this single form ; yet out of this you might construct for me a world." "My gracious prince, that is love." "Must it necessarily possess a name, under which I am to be happy ? Love ! degrade not my feeling by giving it a mere name, so misappropriated by many thousands of weak spirits. Who ever before felt what I do now ? The same being never before existed ; and how can the name be admitted before the emotion to which it is meant to refer ? Mine is quite a novel, peculiar feeling, connected only with this single being, and only capable of appreciating her. Love ! no, I am safe from what is called love." "Of course you dispatched Biondello

in pursuit of the lady, merely to hear tidings of her safe arrival home. What might be the nature of *his* information?"

"He! he discovered nothing—at least, *as much* as nothing. He overtook her at the church door. An elderly, respectably-dressed man, resembling rather a decent citizen than a domestic, made his appearance to conduct her to her gondola. A number of mendicants stationed themselves in rows, and lost sight of her with evident regret. Just at this time a hand was stretched forth containing some precious stones. The lady said something to her companion which escaped Biondello, though he is inclined to think that she spoke in Greek. When they had walked a good part of the way towards the canal, a throng of people began to collect together, for her extraordinary fine features seemed to arrest all the passengrs. No one knew her; but beauty like hers is born for sovereign rule. Every one made way for her with the most respectful air. She threw a dark veil over her face, which reached half-way down her waist, and hastened to the gondola. Along the whole canal on the Giudecca, Biondello kept her in view as far as he possibly could; but the throng prevented him from finding where she disembarked." "But did he take notice of the boatman, so as to recognize him again?"

"Yes, he thinks he shall be able to find him, though he is not acquainted with any of his class. The poor mendicants, whom he inquired from, could give him no further direction than that the signora had visited the spot on the Sunday evenings for some weeks past, and each time had divided a gold piece among them. It was a Dutch ducat which he had obtained in exchange, and which he now presented to me." "She is apparently a Greek,—in point of rank, or at least in point of fortune, sufficiently respectable. Enough, and perhaps too much, to be granted at first, gracious prince. But a Greek lady to be met with in a Catholic church!"—

"Why not, sir? She may possibly have changed her creed; besides, there is some mystery; for why come only once a week—and on a Sunday evening—to visit this church? Next Sunday evening at latest must decide this question. Until then, however, my good friend, assist me to wile away the intervening slow and heavy hours. But my desire to behold the termination of them is winged with an eagle's speed." "And when that day shall appear, what is to be done then? what will happen, do you think?"

"What will happen?—I shall see. I shall, in the first place, inquire her place of residence—who she is. What can that signify?—what I saw made me happy, and I already know what will make me happy!" "And our departure from Venice the beginning of next month?" "Nay, how can I be sure that Venice can at that time boast of possessing such a treasure? You are inquiring into my life of yesterday. Have I not entered upon a new existence from this time forth?"

I now imagined I had found an occasion of keeping my word given to the marquis. I hinted that our prolonged residence here would not very well suit the state of our finances, and that, in case he put off our departure beyond the prescribed period, there would be no maintenance for his establishment. I was now informed of a secret—no other than

that his sister, the reigning Princess of —, had often, to the exclusion of his other brothers, made over to him very considerable sums, which she was content to double in case of his finding his household troublesome. This sister, a strange enthusiast, as you are well aware, thinks she cannot better appropriate the savings derived from her own contracted establishment than by furnishing her brother with additional means of indulging his well-known beneficence, which she so warmly commends. I already knew that an intimate correspondence subsisted between them; but while I had all along attributed the prince's expenditure to the usual sources, I was not aware of its increase by these means. It is, therefore, clear that he has availed himself of such means, unknown to us, as he still continues to do; and, if I may venture to decide from what I know of his character, he would not admit any other mode of assistance, as being inconsistent with his ideas of honour. And yet I fancied I had fathomed him; but, after this discovery, I felt it would be rash to venture the marchese's proposal of assistance. Judge, then, of my astonishment, when at length it escaped my lips, to find it accepted without the slightest difficulty! He even commissioned me to arrange the affair with his friend in the manner I conceived best, and instantly to discard the usurer. Doubtless he must, meantime, have written to his sister.

It was already morning before we separated. Disagreeable as I admit the occurrence thus explained to me to be, both in itself and its probable results, perhaps the worst of all is that it seems to threaten a further residence in Venice. From this new passion, indeed, I should rather augur good than evil, as the most powerful motives for withdrawing him from his metaphysical dreams into the concerns and feelings of real life. I should flatter myself that it would not merely be attended with the usual crisis, like some ably treated distemper, but carry off the old inveterate one along with it.

Farewell, my dear friend: the whole of these tidings you receive fresh after the incidents that produced them. The post is on the wing, and you will be presented with this letter, and the one previously written, on the same day.

THE BARON VON F—— TO COUNT O——.

LETTER VI.

July 20th.

THE Marquis Civitella is certainly one of the most worthy young fellows in the world. The prince was scarcely gone before I received a note from him, enforcing his former offers with renewed earnestness. Of course, I instantly forwarded him a bond in the prince's name, amounting to 6,000 zechins, and in less than half an hour I received nearly double the amount both in letters of exchange and in solid cash. The prince at length assented to this increase, though the bond, which ran for the period of six weeks, must at the same time be accepted.

The whole of the ensuing week was devoted to inquiries after the

mysterious Greek. Biondello set all his instruments to work, though all without success. He, indeed, found the gondolier; but from him he could learn nothing, except that he had landed both ladies on the isle of Murano, where two sedan-chairs were in waiting for them. He believed them to be English, both of them speaking a strange tongue, while they paid him in gold. He did not even know their guide, though he took him to be a glass manufacturer from Murano. We were now, at least, certain that she was not to be met with in the Guidecca, and that most probably she must reside somewhere in the island of Murano; but, unluckily, the prince's description of her person was not adapted much to give a third person a correct and sober idea of it.

In fact, the passionate interest which he had felt in a single glance with which she had favoured him had prevented his seeing her, and in a case where most others would have become lynx-eyed to all that passed, he appeared to have been struck blind. According to his account, a person would have felt inclined to seek her prototype in the poetical descriptions of Ariosto or Tasso, rather than in a Venetian island. Besides, such inquiries must be instituted with the utmost caution, lest they should awaken suspicions that might defeat their purpose. Biondello, being the only person besides the prince who had seen her, and that only through her veil, was selected to seek her out, as being able to recognize her in all public places at which she might possibly appear; inasmuch that the poor rogue's life, during a whole week, was a scene of incessant hurry, running from one street to another, and visiting every spot in Venice. Throughout the Greek churches more particularly the search was very active, yet with the same result.

The prince, whose impatience only increased with disappointment, now solaced himself with his last hope of meeting her on the Sunday evening. His uneasiness was excessive. Nothing could withdraw his attention from that one object; nothing direct it to any other object. He was in constant feverish emotion, he threw off all society, and his passion was increased by solitude. Yet never, perhaps, had he been more pestered with visits than during that week. His approaching departure had got wind, and brought a press of people. It was necessary to keep them in play, in order to withdraw their prying curiosity from the prince, while he too must be employed, to prevent his yielding himself wholly up to his fancies. In this exigence Civitella stepped to our assistance, and performed his part admirably in driving away the throng, by introducing high play, with which he hoped again to attract the prince, and so divert the romantic passion which he had so unreasonably imbibed. "Cards," observed the marquis, "have preserved me from committing many a folly, and repaired many which were committed. The reason and repose of which I had been robbed by a pair of fine eyes, I often found waiting for me at the faro-table; and never had woman more dominion over me than when I have been in want of cash to play."

I leave you to judge how far the young marquis's reasoning is just; but the means proposed soon began to prove more serious than the evil we sought to remove. The prince, for whom gambling boasted no charm, unless accompanied by high wagers, confined himself within no limits. For once he appeared quite out of his own element. He

seemed to do everything in a passion, he was all eager impatience, and his well-known indifference to money was in this carried to complete insensibility. Gold ran through his fingers like drops of water. He lost invariably, for he played without the slightest caution. His losses soon amounted to immense sums, while he still betted away like one reduced to despair. I state the amount, my dear O——, with a deep regret: in four days he threw away more than 12,000 zechins.

Now, do not reproach me; my own reproaches are enough to bear. Yet how could I interfere? would the prince hear me? Could I do more than argue with him? Certain, I did all in my power; I have no reason to accuse myself.

The marchese likewise lost considerably. I won about 600 zechins. The unlucky bets of the prince began to make a noise, the more so as he appeared incapable of tearing himself from the table. The marchese, whose joy was evident in thus binding the prince, as it were, to him, handed him the different sums, and it was long before the dice were removed. The prince then found himself indebted to his friend Civitella in the sum of 24,000 zechins. Oh! how I long for all the spare cash of his frugal sister! Are all princes the same, think you, dear friend? The prince conducts himself like one who pays the marquis a particular compliment, a high honour; the latter, meanwhile, has driven a good bargain.

Civitella wished to persuade me that these excessive losses on the side of the prince would be the best possible means of restoring him to the calm enjoyment of his reason. He, however, stands in no need of money; he does not even feel such losses, and has three times the sums constantly ready at the prince's command. The cardinal himself assured me that his nephew's conduct here met with his approbation, and that he is prepared to confirm all his acts. It is unfortunate that these vastly liberal professions have in no way answered the purpose. One would imagine that the prince had at least played with zest. By no means: his thoughts were far away, and the passion we sought to destroy appeared only to gather fresh strength from disappointment. When, for instance, a decisive stroke was about to be played, and every one's eyes were fixed upon the board, his were in search of Biondello, in order to catch the latest intelligence he had obtained from the expression of his countenance. Biondello had got no tidings; and his master's losses continued as great as before.

The gains, meanwhile, fell into very needy hands. Certain of *your excellencies*, who, according to the scandal of the lower class, were in the habit of purchasing their frugal dinner, and carrying it home from market in their senatorial dress, entered our house like poor mendicants, and left it in very good plight. Civitella pointed them out to me. "See," he said, "how kind Fortune has been to those poor devils, while she runs counter to some of the discreetest fellows in the world. This I like: it is princely, it is royal. A great man, even in his errors, you see, makes numbers of people happy, as a stream overflowing its banks fertilizes the adjacent lands."

Such ideas may be noble and splendid enough, yet the prince is nevertheless indebted to him 24,000 zechins. At length the long-wished-

for Sunday evening made its appearance, and he was prepared to set out directly after dinner to explore the contents of the said church. On arriving, he took up his position in the same chapel where he first met with his fair unknown, yet in such a way as to conceal him, should she appear, from her view. Biondello was stationed at the entrance, with directions to open a dialogue with the lady's guide. I took upon me the part of a casual passenger, to take a seat in the same gondola, and to keep the mysterious personages in sight, supposing other parts of our plan to fail. At the precise spot where the boatman declared he had landed the ladies, two litters were ordered to be in readiness, and the prince had further ordered Z—— to row another gondola in the rear of the former. The prince's own part was solely to enjoy the light of her countenance, by gazing at her in the church, suppose he could catch her there. The young marquis was to keep out of the way altogether, his reputation among the Venetian ladies being likely to produce mischief, by exciting the suspicions of the party as to the object in view. Thus you see, my dear count, that we have taken our measures with equal ability and prudence, so that no blame can be attached to us, should the fair one escape.

Never, perhaps, were more ardent wishes offered upon any church before, and never were they more egregiously disappointed. There sat the prince until sunset, starting at the least voice, at the rustling of every dress, the jarring of every door,—his eyes on all sides, following the sound. Seven long full hours had elapsed, and no signs of the fair Greek. I need make no comment on the state of his mind during this period. You know what hope deferred is,—how much worse when cheated altogether! a hope upon which he had feasted for the space of seven days and as many nights.

THE BARON VON F—— TO COUNTESS O——.

LETTER VII.

July —

THIS mystery attaching to the prince's fair unknown has reminded his friend the marquis of a romantic incident which happened some little time since to himself. With the view of dissipating his friend's chagrin, he said, if we had no objection, he would communicate it; and I shall give it to you in his own words. You must not, however, expect to find the same lively spirit which he so happily infuses into every narrative that issues from his lips.

"In the spring of last year," began Civitella, "I was unlucky enough to embroil myself with the Spanish ambassador, an ancient gentleman, who had fulfilled the age appointed to man by upwards of six years, being full threescore and ten, yet who had the folly to dream of marrying a young Roman girl of eighteen. His vengeance pursued me; my friends insisted upon my saving my life by timely flight, and not to return until the hand of Nature, or some lucky change, should have deprived my waspish old enemy of his sting. As I felt it too severe a punishment

to leave Venice altogether, I consented to take up my abode in a retired quarter of Murano, where I took a solitary residence, under a strange name, passed the day under a cloud, and duly gave the night to friendship and to pleasure.

"My windows overlooked a garden, the west side of which communicated with the ring-fence, or walls, if you will have it, of a convent. Towards the east there lay a view of Laguna, in form of a peninsula. The garden enjoyed the most charming site possible, though it was little frequented. When my friends used to break up in the morning, I generally sat a few moments at my window, watching the sun rise over the great gulf, and then bid him a good night. And if you, my dear prince, never yet had the pleasure of a similar prospect, I recommend exactly the same station, the best, perhaps, in all Venice, to enjoy so grand a prospect in perfection. The purple night, if I may so say, hangs enchanted over the deep, while a golden mist is perceptible in the distance on the skirts of the Laguna. The heavens and the sea repose in delicious silence, as if awaiting the return of day. In a few seconds look again, and you will see its glorious waves like one flood of fire! Oh, it is truly a transporting sight! it ought to be seen. Well, one morning as I was thus employed, I happened to remark that I was not the only spectator of the scene. I heard voices in the garden, and turning my ear to the sound, I observed a gondola darting close alongside of the bank. Soon a male and female figure were visible in the garden, attended by a little black boy; the lady arrayed in white, a diamond ring on her finger, though it was too dusk to perceive more.

"My curiosity was piqued. Trust me, said I, here is an assignation, and a loving pair; yet in such a place, and at so very unusual an hour!—it was scarcely three o'clock, and every object was still veiled in the dusk of night. I thought the incident a novel one, and a good foundation for a romance, so I took the trouble of awaiting the result.

"I lost sight of them very soon in the garden bowers, and it was long enough before they reappeared. Meanwhile a delightful song was heard, probably from the lips of the gondolier, who hit upon this method of curtailing the tedious time. One of his comrades, not a great way off, duly replied to his strains. The verses were Tasso's: time and place were in perfect unison, and the melody fell sweet and softly on the ear of night.

"Day in the meanwhile dawned, and objects were discerned more plainly. I sought my people, whom I found hand-in-hand in one of the broadest walks, often standing still, but always with their backs towards me, and proceeding farther from my residence. Her fine easy carriage convinced me at once of her rank, while her noble yet lovely air and shape made me augur as much of her beauty. They appeared to converse but little; the lady, however, more than her companion. The full blaze of day, which threw all surrounding objects into the clearest light, seemed to make no impression on them; they walked as unconcernedly as before.

"Whilst I next was employed in adjusting my glass, so as to bring them as nearly as possible into view, they again eluded me by turning into a side walk, and it was some time before I caught another glimpse

of them. The sun was now quite up ; they were approaching straight towards me, and fixed their eyes upon my face.

"What a heavenly form did I behold ! Was it illusion, or was it the effect of magic ? Surely I beheld something more than mortal, for my eyesight seemed to fail me before the angelic brightness of her look : so much gentleness, so much majesty united in one ! What dignity and spirit, and what divinely blooming youth ! But why attempt to describe what I saw ? enough that I had never been blessed with the sight of true beauty before.

"The interest of their dialogue seemed to drop as they drew nigh, and I had full time to feast my eyes upon her face. As I next turned my eye upon her companion, I was even more surprised than I had been with all her beauty. He was in the prime of life, of very noble stature, rather slight than full ; but what a spirit beamed from his eyes and rested upon his ample brow—so full of godlike and noble thought ! Even secure as I conceived myself to be from all discovery, I was unable to stand proof against the piercing glance that shot from beneath his dark thick eyebrows. Yet there was a touch of sorrow in his looks, while a fine expression of benevolence relieved the deep and serious earnestness which cast a shade over his whole countenance. He had also a certain cast of features not quite European, which, together with his dress—of the first fashion, yet in a taste both rich and appropriate, that could scarcely, however, be imitated—altogether gave him a peculiar air, so as not a little to heighten the impression of his whole appearance. A degree of wildness in his eye seemed to announce an enthusiast, though his whole exterior character and deportment showed that he must have basked in the eye of the world."

Z—, who, as you well know, can never conceal what he thinks, could here no longer restrain himself. "Our Armenian !" he cried ; "it can be no one but our Armenian !" "Armenian ! what do you mean, if I may inquire ?" observed Civitella. "Has no one informed you ? it is a mere farce," replied the prince. "But no interruption ! I begin to feel interested. What of him ? Pray, proceed with your narrative."

"There was something inexplicable in his whole deportment. His eyes were fixed upon the lady with a remarkable expression of anxiety and passion whenever she did not observe him ; but the moment her eyes met his, he looked down abashed. 'Is the man in his senses ?' thought I. I should like to know more of him,—an age would not afford too much time to examine him.

"The trees again concealed them from my view. Long did I again await their return ; but this time in vain, though I caught a glimpse of them from another window. They were standing before a piece of water, at a certain distance from each other, neither uttering a word. In this situation they remained silent for a considerable space of time. Her full soul-expressive eye was turned upon him with a penetrating look, as if catching the thoughts as they rose in his mind. Instead of meeting this sort of challenge with a firm and open air, he cast a side-long and irresolute glance towards the water, as if musing upon her image in the transparent wave, or gazed steadfastly at the figure of a

dolphin playfully casting up the stream into the basin. It is impossible to say how long this dumb show might have continued, had the lady been able to support it: she was too deeply interested. In spite of his strange abstraction, she now approached him with the most engaging sweetness of manner, and throwing one of her fine arms over his shoulder, took his hand in hers and pressed it to her lips. Even this appeared to make little impression upon him; he seemed rather to permit than to enjoy it, nor did he return that lovely being's caress.

"There was something, however, very affecting in the manner of it, more particularly in regard to him. Deep emotion was labouring at his breast: an irresistible power appeared to impel him towards her; a secret arm to drag him back. Silent, yet agonizing, was the struggle, the lovely temptation being so near him. No, I said to myself, he is undertaking to do too much. He will, he must, sooner or later yield.

"At a sign from the unknown the little negro boy disappeared. Now I counted upon a tender scene, indeed,—that I should behold him upon his knees, soliciting her forgiveness with a thousand tender appeals; but there was nothing of the sort. This strange being only took out a sealed packet from his *porte-feuille*, and put it into the lady's hands. An expression of sorrow crossed her features as she gazed upon it, and tears sprang to her eyes.

"After a short pause the scene broke up. An elderly lady now drew nigh from a side alley, where she had doubtless been in waiting, though she had not joined them. The two ladies left him, walking slowly, and conversing as they went, while he availed himself of this occasion to retreat, though he frequently stopped, gazing after her, and seemed irresolute in what way to act. At length he disappeared among the trees.

"Again they appear in sight, as if anxiously looking for him, and stop to await his return. But he comes not; the lady looks more fearfully than before, and redoubles her steps. I explore all sides of the garden with my eye, but there are no signs of him: he returns no more.

"Suddenly I hear a rustling sound from the canal, and a gondola pushes from the shore. It is he; and with difficulty I restrained myself from calling to him. It was now daylight, and there was the parting scene. They now appeared to suspect what I knew: the young lady hastened towards the shore faster than her companion could follow her. It was too late; the gondola skimmed the water like an arrow, and soon the waving of a white handkerchief was all that was to be seen. Shortly I observed the ladies proceeding in another boat.

"Awakening out of a short slumber, I began to laugh at the illusion I had experienced. My imagination had been busy with the past scene, and its reality appeared to me veiled in dreams. I saw a maiden, charming as a Houri, from my windows, wandering with her lover through the garden bowers ere the break of day,—a lover who was dull enough not to turn such an hour to better account. This altogether appeared to me so strange a medley as to be well enough adapted at once to excuse and fire the fancy of a dreamer. But the dream was too beautiful not to attempt to renew it as often as I could; even the garden, which had conjured up so many charming objects for the eye, would appear more delightful than before. I was rewarded for my

absence from the window, during several ensuing days, by taking advantage of the first fine evening to station myself at my favourite post. Imagine my astonishment when the white robes of my fair unknown soon burst upon my eye. It was she—it was, indeed, she herself; and no longer was it all a mere dream.

"The same elderly matron was with her, holding a little boy by the hand; the lady, however, appeared lost in her own thoughts, and walked apart. Every spot was visited in succession which she had before trod in company with her unknown. She hung long over the piece of water, and she gazed and gazed upon its surface, as if again hoping to catch his image reflected in the pure element.

"If her beauty had at first surprised me, she now attracted me by features of a softer though not less powerful character, and I had a full opportunity to contemplate them. Her form corresponded with the angelic cast of her countenance, and my astonishment was now lost in feelings of a sweeter kind. The glory had vanished from her brows, and I now beheld only the loveliest of women, one that set my whole frame in a glow. I came to the conclusion that she must at once be mine.

"While I was eagerly debating whether I should venture out and approach her, or first make some further inquiries respecting her, a small door opened from the convent walls, and a Carmelite monk made his appearance. Hearing his approach, the lady left her place and proceeded towards him with an eager step. He drew a paper from his bosom, which she seized, while a flush of pleasure brought the blood into her face. Just at this moment my evening visitors interrupted me, and I left the window, desirous of preserving this stolen pleasure for myself. I passed a whole hour with infinite impatience in their company before I succeeded in ridding myself of them. Instantly I returned to my station, but all had disappeared.

"I ran down: the garden, *alás!* was quite empty, and not an oar to be heard upon the canal—not a trace of a human being left. I neither knew whence she had come nor whither she was gone. Casting my eyes keenly on all sides of me, I thought I caught something white glittering in the sand at a distance from me. I ran towards it, and found a folded paper upon the ground; the same, it struck me, which the monk had delivered into the lady's hands. 'What a lucky hit!' I exclaimed; 'the whole mystery will be cleared up here, and henceforward I shall become master of her destiny.'

"The letter had a sealed cipher, with a sphinx, and was without any direction; but I was not dismayed, for I had skill enough to decipher similar epistles. I copied it in a moment, dreading that on missing it she would return to claim it. Were she not to recover it, she would naturally suspect that the garden was frequented by other persons, which might have the effect of deterring her from revisiting it. And what could prove so disastrous to me as such a result?

"What I predicted came to pass. I had scarcely finished my copy before she reappeared, with the same companion, both evidently searching for something they had lost. I fastened the letter to a splinter which I got from a roof, and threw it down in a part of the ground by which

she was most likely to pass. The lovely pleasure which shone in her face, as she recovered it, was a sufficient reward for my generosity. With a piercing glance, as if she were about to detect my profane touch, she turned the letter over and over; but the gratified manner in which she consigned it once more to her bosom showed that she indulged not the least suspicion. She then left the place, casting a look of grateful homage to the genius of the spot, which had so faithfully preserved the cherished secret of her heart.

"I now hastened to decipher my new treasure. I tried it in a variety of tongues, and at length found it to answer to the English. Its contents were so very remarkable that I acquired them by heart."

I am here interrupted, and must reserve the conclusion for another post.

THE BARON VON F—— TO COUNT O——.

LETTER VIII.

August.



NDEED, my dear friend, I think you are unjust towards poor Biondello. Your suspicions are surely unfounded. I give up all other Italians to you—only this one, he is honest. You seem to consider it quite unaccountable that a man of his shining talent, and with such manners, should voluntarily enter upon a menial office, unless he had some secret object in view; and that such designs, if entertained, must prove dangerous. But why? Is it so very extraordinary that a man of sense and shrewdness, of no great prospects, should desire to make himself agreeable to a prince who, in such case, may become the patron of his future fortunes? Has not the man clearly shown that his attachment to the prince is personal? Has he not already declared that he had a petition he meant to prefer at some future time? This will doubtless clear up the whole mystery, such as it now appears to you. He may, to be sure, entertain secret views, but this by no means proves them to be dangerous.

You express your surprise that the man should have concealed his accomplishments during the first month, while you resided with us, when he made no kind of display, and that he should have since brought them into active play. True; but when had he opportunities afforded him sooner? The prince did not look for them, and his recent abilities were discovered by mere accident. He has still more recently given proofs of his integrity and devotedness, which must tend to remove your suspicions altogether. The prince is evidently watched. Secret inquiries are on foot respecting his mode of life, his acquaintance, and his connections. The source of this inquisition is unknown; but hear what follows.

In the neighbourhood of St. George there is an open house of entertainment, which Biondello occasionally frequents—for what purpose, except some love affair, is uncertain. A few days ago he was there, and met a party of advocates and officers of the Government, all former friends and acquaintances of his, and all greatly surprised and pleased to recognize him. Each began to relate his adventures, and Biondello

was likewise called upon. He dispatched them in a few words. They expressed their good wishes for his advancement in his new career; they had heard of the prince's gay style of life, and more especially of his liberality towards certain people who knew how to keep a secret; that his arrangements with the Cardinal A—— are well known; that he was fond of play, &c. They then began to rally him upon his affected mystery, though every one knew that he transacted all the prince's affairs. The members of the law got him between them; the bottles were sent round, and they challenged poor Biondello glass after glass. He begged off as far as he was able, bearing very little wine, and contenting himself with appearing only to join in the carouse.

"Yes," cried one of the advocates, "Biondello understands his cue; but he has not yet learned all; he has to learn—he is only half-bred." "In what am I wanting?" inquired Biondello.

"Why," said the other, "he knows how to keep a secret, that is clear; but not how to make the best use of it, by giving it wind." "Is there a purchaser for it, then?" asked he again.

The rest of the party here withdrew, leaving him between his two legal friends, who continued their questions. In short, they attempted to bribe him to inform them of the prince's connexion with the cardinal, of the source of his vast expenditure, and of the nature of my correspondence with Count O—— in particular. Biondello once more excused himself; but as to who was the real author of these inquiries he could learn nothing. From the splendid offers, however, made him if he would confess, they must, doubtless, proceed from some wealthy individual.

The prince was informed of the whole affair only yester evening. At first he seemed desirous of securing the agents in this transaction, but was dissuaded by the representations of Biondello. It was clear that they must have been again set at liberty; when not merely the faithful fellow's credit, but his life, would be placed in the utmost jeopardy from the vengeance of the whole legal body, which is known to stick very compactly together on similar occasions. He would prefer, he said, to have the chief counsel of Venice his declared enemy, rather than appear in the light of a traitor to a class of people among whom he should thus lose his credit, along with the power of being useful to his prince.

We have debated a good deal upon the real source of these inquiries. What Venetian, for instance, can be interested in the knowledge of our prince's establishment—of all he receives and disburses—and what is the nature of his arrangements with Cardinal A——, in addition to my correspondence with you? Can it possibly be at the instigation of the Prince of D——, or must we attribute it to a fresh attempt of the Armenian?

THE BARON VON F—— TO COUNT O——.

LETTER IX.

TIDINGS indeed! the prince is almost mad with delight and love! He has found his fair Greek. Hear in what manner this occurred.

A stranger, just arrived by way of Chiozza, and who had a deal to say respecting the fine site of that city and about the Gulf, excited the prince's curiosity to behold them. Yesterday was fixed for the excursion; and, in order to avoid all constraint as well as expense, it was determined that only Z—— and I should accompany him, with Biondello for our attendant, the prince wishing to remain unknown. We met with a pleasure-boat just on the point of sailing, and agreed for it. The society was of a very mixed kind, but by no means remarkable, any more than our voyage thither. Chiozza is erected upon a very spacious pile, resembling Venice, and contains about 14,000 inhabitants. It has few nobles, but you meet with sailors and fishermen almost at every step. He who boasts a wig and a mantle is pronounced a wealthy citizen, while a cap and band are the symbols of a mendicant. The situation of the city is beautiful, if we put Venice out of the question.

We did not long amuse ourselves, the vessel, which had also other passengers, being bound to return to Venice, and the prince not wishing to stay any longer. When we approached, the rest had already taken their seats, and as the number had greatly increased on our return, we agreed for a separate place for ourselves.

The prince inquired what other passengers were there, and hearing that they were only a Dominican monk and some ladies returning to Venice, he expressed no sort of curiosity to join them.

The fair Greek had been the object of our excursion, and of our conversation as we came; and so it was on our return. The prince was dwelling upon her appearance in the church with eloquent warmth; fresh plans were projected and refused; time sped away, and before we had the least idea Venice lay before us. Several of the passengers now went aloft, and the Dominican was one. The captain went to seek the ladies, separated from us only by a thin partition, in order to learn where he was to set them down.

"At the isle of Murano," was the answer; and the house was likewise mentioned. "Isle of Murano!" exclaimed the prince, as a suspicion of the truth struck upon his soul. Before I had time to reply, Biondello rushed into the place. "Does the prince know the companions of his voyage?" The latter sprang to his feet. "She is here, herself!" added Biondello. "I come this moment from her guide!"

The prince hastened out. The room was too close for him; the world itself would at that moment have appeared too narrow. A thousand contending feelings took possession of his breast. He changed colour, his knees trembled; and I almost caught his emotion: it was more powerful than I can describe.

At Murano the vessel made the shore. The prince was the first to spring on land. She came; and I saw from the prince's look when she was coming. A first glance removed every doubt; never did I behold a more lovely form; all the descriptions I had heard were less than the truth. A glowing colour came into her face as she caught sight of the prince; she must have heard the whole of our conversation, and felt convinced that she was herself the object of it. She cast a speaking look upon her companion, as much as to say, That is he! and she then cast down her eyes, overpowered with confusion. A narrow board was

thrown across between the vessel and the shore, over which she had to pass. She looked anxiously towards it a few moments; but less, as it struck me, from fear of crossing, than from inability of doing so before the company she was in; but the prince was already at her side, and had given her his hand. She accepted it, and was over in an instant. His excessive emotion made him forget his usual courtesy; the elderly lady seemed to await his return, but in vain. What might he not, indeed, have omitted at such a moment? In this exigency, I proffered the old dame my services; and this led to a conversation, an example already set us by the younger party. The prince still held her hand in his, more, I conjecture, from confusion of mind than a voluntary act on his part.

"It is, I believe, not the first time, lady—that—that"—and there he stuck fast. "I should, I think, remember," she said in a low tone.

"In the—the church," he rejoined. "In the church it was, I believe," repeated the lady.

"And could I have suspected that here—to-day—so near you——"

Here she withdrew her hand gently from his grasp: the prince was evidently losing his way. Biondello came to his assistance, and left the guide.

"Please your highness, the ladies have sedan-chairs ordered at this place; but we have arrived earlier than the hour mentioned. There is a garden close at hand here, where your highness might seek refuge, until the time, from the surrounding throng."

This proposal was accepted, you may imagine with how much satisfaction, by the prince. They went, and continued there until evening. It devolved upon Z—— and me to entertain, meanwhile, her elderly *chaperone*, in order that the prince's dialogue with the fair Greek might not be interrupted. That he availed himself of this occasion sufficiently appears from the fact of his having obtained permission to visit her. Even while I am engaged in writing, he is there; and when he shall have returned, I will inform you further of his views.

Yesterday, on our returning home, we found letters of exchange awaiting our arrival, accompanied by a letter which threw the prince into a violent passion. It contained his recall, conveyed in terms to which he had been little accustomed. So he forthwith replied in a similar tone, and intends to remain. The remittances are just sufficient to enable him to pay the interest on the capital which he has borrowed. We are looking forward, with some anxiety, for an answer to the prince's letter from his sister.

THE BARON VON F—— TO COUNT O——

LETTER X.

September.

THE prince is at open breach with his own court, and all our usual resources are cut off. The six weeks, at the expiration of which he was to refund the sums lent by his friend the marquis, had within a few days elapsed, and yet no further remittances, neither from his cousin, whom he had the most urgently solicited, nor

from his own sister. You may well imagine that Civitella made no allusion to the subject, though the prince entertained well-grounded suspicions that such would be the case. Yesterday, about noon, we received an answer from the royal court.

Not long ago we had entered into a fresh contract for our present hotel, and avowed our intention of prolonging our residence here. The prince handed me the letter without any remark; but his eyes sparkled, and I read its contents on his brow. Could you have conceived it, dear O——? The most trifling particulars relating to the prince's affairs and his connections in this place, with the addition of a thousand false reports and accusations, have been noised abroad at court. "It has been ascertained," say their last advices, "that for some time past the prince has thrown off his former character, and adopted a line of conduct completely at variance with the irreproachable mode of life he had at one time observed. He had abandoned himself, in the most shameless manner, to women of pleasure and to play; overwhelmed himself with debt; lent himself to the impostures of jugglers and seers; and entered into intimate relations with prelates of the Catholic Church. That he had likewise retained a court and an establishment to which his income was wholly inadequate; and that, as it was further rumoured, he is about to seal the enormity of such a course of life by an example of apostacy from the religion of his family and his country. If, moreover, he is desirous of retuting this last charge, a speedy return home offers the only real means. In this case, he must apply to a Venetian banker, rendering an account of his whole debts, who will have orders to furnish him, after his departure is made known and he is actually on his way, with a certain sum, with which it would not otherwise be thought fit to entrust him." What accusations! and in what a tone conveyed! I read the letter again; I wished to lay hold of something to soothe the prince's feelings; but no, it was quite impossible!

Z—— now reminded me of the secret inquiries made from time to time respecting our movements from Biondello. The time, the nature of them, all circumstances favoured the supposition. We were mistaken in attributing them to the Armenian: it was now clear from what source they proceeded. Apostacy, too! Yet who could thus be interested in so vilely defaming the character of our princely master? I apprehended it might have originated with the Prince of D——, whose policy led him to adopt such means of removing so formidable a rival from his favourite Venice.

The latter remained silent; his eyes fixed on vacancy, in a manner which alarmed me. I threw myself at his feet. "For Heaven's sake, my dear master," I cried, "adopt no violent resolutions. You will—you must always command ample resources at your pleasure. Leave the arrangement of such matters to me. It is altogether beneath you to notice such calumnies; only permit me to remove every slightest imputation of blame. The calumniator will be found, and the eyes of the world opened to the truth."

In this situation we were joined by Civitella, who inquired with astonishment into the cause of our emotion. Both Z—— and I remained silent. The prince having been long in the habit of making

no distinction between his friend the marquis and ourselves, and being too violently affected to adopt the most prudent part, commanded us to hand him the letter. I wished to oppose this; but, snatching it from my hand, the prince himself presented it to him.

"I am your poor debtor, marquis," he began, when the latter laid the letter down, with looks of great surprise: "but do not let that disturb you; accord me only twenty more days' grace, and you shall then be satisfied." "Dear prince," exclaimed Civitella, in deep emotion, "do I deserve this?"

"No!" said the prince, "you never reminded me. I have to acknowledge your delicacy; but, in the course of twenty days, as stated, I shall have the pleasure of refunding you." "How can that be?" inquired the marquis, evidently at a loss: "how should this follow? I cannot divine."

We explained as far as we were able, and he recovered from his surprise. "The prince," he added, "ought, I think, to enforce what is due to him, and abstain from violent measures. Meanwhile, I trust, the prince will deign to accept my influence and credit, as far as they will go."

The prince said not a word, and the marquis shortly took his leave. Our master paced the room at a quick step, he appeared to labour with some strange emotion. At last he stopped, and uttered something between his teeth: "You may congratulate yourself: he died at nine o'clock."

We both gazed on him with a feeling of terror.

"Congratulate yourself," he continued, "Good fortune! I shall congratulate myself! Said he not so? What did he mean by that?" "Why do you allude to that now?" cried I, "what has it to do here?"

"I could not comprehend, at the time, what the man meant. Now I do. Oh, it is an intolerable, hateful burden, to have a master over one——" "My noble prince!"

"Who can make us feel our servitude. Ah, it must be sweet!" Here he checked himself; but the expression of his countenance alarmed me. I never witnessed such before. "The lowest of the low," he continued, "or heir presumptive to the throne! It is all one! There is one distinction between mankind: that of commanding or obeying."

Here he again cast his eye on the letter. "You have beheld the man who had the audacity to write me such a letter. Now would you deign to notice him in the street, if destiny had not appointed him to be your master? By Heavens! there is something grand about a throne!"

He continued in the same tone, and expressions fell from his lips which I should be sorry to put to paper. At the same time he let drop a circumstance which surprised me not a little, and one which may be followed by the most dangerous results. It would appear that we have all along been in a great error respecting the nature of the family connexions at the —— court.

The prince then proceeded to answer the letter on the spot, notwithstanding all my remonstrances, and in a tone which leaves little hope of future accommodation.

You will doubtless be desirous, dear O——, of learning something

further respecting the fair Greek ; and I am concerned to add, that this too is a subject upon which I can convey no gratifying intelligence. No kind of information is to be elicited from the prince himself, whose interest, as well as whose duty, I suspect it to be to preserve the progress of the whole affair secret. That the lady, however, is not of a Greek family, is clear ; she is of noble birth, and a German. I have traced a certain report, now got abroad, which refers her, on the mother's side, to royal origin, the fruit of unhappy love, which has made a good deal of noise in Europe. She has been compelled, according to the same authority, to seek refuge in Venice from the snares laid for her by a great personage ; the cause of that mysterious secrecy which so long defied the prince's researches after her place of abode. The high respect with which the prince invariably mentions her name, combined with other considerations in regard to her, appear to confirm the truth of such a supposition.

The passion which he has conceived for her daily acquires fresh strength. At first his visits were short and seldom ; in a week or two they became more frequent, and not a day now passes without an interview. The evenings are spent in her company ; and when absent from her, his motions remain secret to us. He appears to be greatly changed ; he wanders abroad more like one in a dream than the same being who so lately interested himself in a variety of pursuits which are now become quite indifferent to him.

In what must all this end, my dear friend ? I confess to you, I tremble ; yes, I indeed tremble for the future ! This open breach with his own court has already placed him in the humiliating situation of depending for support upon a single person ; he feels he is the pensioner of the Marquis Civitella. He is become master of our secrets, I may add of our whole destiny. Will he always continue to think as nobly, in regard to such circumstances, as he now appears to do ? Will this good understanding bear the test ? is it wise or well to entrust even the most excellent of mankind singly with so wide a range of importance and of power ?

A fresh despatch has just been forwarded to the prince's sister. I trust I shall be able to acquaint you with the result in my next letter. At present, farewell.

[*The Count O—— here writes in continuation.*]

But, alas ! this promised letter never arrived. Three months elapsed before I obtained any fresh tidings from Venice ; an interruption, the cause of which too fatally appeared in the result. The whole of my friend's letters, from the period mentioned, were intercepted and destroyed. The world may imagine my feelings of sorrow and astonishment, when, in December of the same year, I received the following account :

"You have never yet written. You answer none of my letters. Oh, lose not a moment ! hasten hither, if you retain any remains of love, of fear for us ; fly on the wings of friendship—our last hope is in you. Read this over and over, 'our sole hope is in you !' The poor marchese's

wounds will prove mortal; the cardinal vows bitter revenge, and his assassins are in pursuit of the prince. Oh, my dear, my unhappy master! oh, vile yet agonizing destiny! Is it, indeed, come to this? Must we be compelled to hide ourselves, like the last of wretches, from the weapons of assassins—of murderers?

"I address this from our sanctuary, O God! from the convent I mean, whither the prince has fled. He is now reposing on a hard couch near me; yes, he sleeps, but it is the slumber of mere exhaustion, which must awaken him to a keener sense of his sufferings. During the ten days of the marchese's illness no sleep visited his eyes. I was present at the opening of the body; traces of poison were detected. To-day it is to be interred.

"Need I say, dear O——, my heart is torn with anguish? I have been witness to a scene which no time will ever erase from my memory. I stood before her death-bed. Yes; she too has fled: the lovely saint employed her last moments—the dying eloquence of her sighs and tears—in feeble language, to lead her lover into the heavenly path she was fast pursuing. Our fortitude—the fortitude of all who heard her—was put to a severe proof; the prince alone stood firm—firm, while he suffered threefold the agonies she endured. Yes, he had even strength of mind to refuse the fond enthusiast the last sweet prayer she preferred to him, to follow her in the path she was going."

(In this last letter was contained the following.)

TO THE PRINCE OF — FROM HIS SISTER.

That holy and absolving Church alone, which effected so bright a triumph over the passions of the Prince of —, will not withhold its consolations, nor its means of directing you likewise in that line of life and conduct, the result of such a triumph. I have shed tears; I have uttered prayers over your errors; but my hand is open no longer for means of supplying the abandoned.

HENRIETTA.

Upon receiving such a mass of terrific intelligence, I instantly set out, and posted day and night. In the third week I found myself in Venice; but I only arrived to offer useless consolation and assistance, for I found him happy; the prince no longer stood in need of my weak support. My friend F—— lay stretched upon a sick couch; he was too ill even to see me; though I received the following lines under his hand: "Hasten away, my dearest O——, hasten whence you came. The prince is no longer in want either of your services or mine. His faults and errors are all expiated, the cardinal himself appeased, the marchese again restored. Do you recollect the Armenian, who perplexed us so much last year? In his arms the prince is to be found—the prince who, within these five days past, has heard the first mass."

Notwithstanding these dissuasions, I hastened to see the prince, but was shown from the door. At the bed-side of my friend I afterwards heard the whole of this strange, unaccountable history.

THE SPORT OF DESTINY.*

ALOYSIUS VON G—— was the son of a commoner of some note, in the —— Company's service, and the germs of his naturally happy genius were early unfolded by a liberal education. While yet young, but well grounded in the principles of knowledge, he entered into the military service, under his native prince, to whom he soon made himself known as a young man of great merit and still greater expectations. G—— was now in the full glow of youth, and the prince about the same age. G—— was rash and enterprising; while the prince, of a similar disposition, was fondly attached to such characters. Endued with a rich vein of wit, as well as information, which gave a zest to their intercourse, G—— became an agreeable addition to every circle in which he moved, from the evenness of his good humour and the charm and spirit which he infused into every subject. The prince had likewise good sense enough to appreciate his virtues—virtues which he himself possessed in no ordinary degree. Indeed, all he attempted, even his recreations, bore a lofty character: difficulties deterred him not, and no disappointment could vanquish his spirit of perseverance. The value of this last quality was heightened by a very pleasing figure, an appearance of blooming health and Herculean power, animated by the eloquent play of a spirit which shone in his eye, in his carriage, and even in a natural dignity, relieved by a due share of modesty of manner. If the prince was charmed with the spirit of his new associate, his seductive exterior appealed no less powerfully to his approbation and his taste. Similarity of age, of inclination, and of character, shortly led to a degree of intimacy, which to all the warmth of friendship added all the fervour and sympathy of early youth. G—— stepped from one promotion to another, although these proofs of favour still appeared in the eyes of the prince to leave him far behind what his deserts entitled him to. His good fortune rapidly advanced, for the author of it was his greatest admirer and his warmest friend. Not yet twenty-two years of age, he already saw himself placed upon an eminence formerly attained only by the most fortunate at the close of their career. But his active spirit was incapable of reposing long in the lap of ease and idle vanity, or contenting itself with the glittering trappings of a large fortune, for the application of which, however, as well as its enjoyment, he by no means wanted either inclination or power. Often when the prince was engaged in parties of pleasure, his young favourite would seek the calm oak or beechen shade, and devote himself with unwearied assiduity to affairs, in which he at length became so skilful and judicious, that no opportunity of employing him was omitted in which the talent of a single individual was required. From the mere companion of his pleasures, he soon became first counsellor and minister, and finally the director, of his prince. In a short time there was no way to obtain the royal favour but through him. He had the disposal

* In the original this tale is further entitled "A Fragment borrowed from Real History," in order only (most probably) to give it a more striking air of sincerity and truth.—T.

of all rank and offices; all rewards and remunerations were received through his hands.

Still, G—— was far too young and inexperienced, and had risen by too rapid strides, to enjoy his vast influence with moderation. The height on which he contemplated himself made his ambition giddy, and all modesty forsook him when he achieved the last honours which he had in view. The respectful humility and attentions shown him by the first nobles of the land, by all who, in birth, fortune, and reputation, among the oldest and most experienced of their age, so far surpassed him, excited the slumbering embers of pride and tyranny, while his unlimited power produced an evident hardness of character, which thenceforth, throughout all the variations of his fortunes, remained. There was no service, however painful or great, which his friends might not venture to solicit; but woe be to his enemies! for, in proportion as his favours exceeded all due limits, his revenge was bitter and fatal. He was less solicitous to enrich himself than a number of his creatures, such as were most eager to do him fealty, and obey him as the author of their fortunes, while sheer whim, not justice, dictated his choice of them. Yet by exacting too much, by the haughtiness of his commands and whole demeanour, he soon weaned from him the hearts even of those who were most bounden to him; while his rivals, and secret enviers of his power, were quickly converted into his deadliest enemies.

Among others who kept the most jealous eye upon all his motions, and with the quick, steady hand of hate were collecting the materials for his future accusation and slowly undermining the pillars of his greatness, was a Piedmontese count, named Joseph Martinenzo, belonging to the prince's suite. G—— himself had promoted him, as a poor harmless obedient creature, to his present post,—that of supplying his own place in attending upon the pleasures of his princely master,—which he began to find too irksome, and which he willingly exchanged for some more important occupation.

Viewing this man merely as the work of his own hands, which he might, at any period he best pleased, again consign to its original nothingness, he felt assured, from equal motives of fear and gratitude, of the fidelity of his creature. He thus fell into the same error as was committed by Richelieu, in entrusting Lewis XIII. to the care of the young Le Grand, as one of his playthings. Without Richelieu's ability, also, of repairing so great a mistake, he had moreover to deal with a far bitterer enemy than the French minister had to encounter. Instead of boasting of his good fortune, or allowing his patron to feel that he could venture to dispense with his further patronage, Martinenzo was only the more cautious to maintain the show of dependence, and to bind himself with affected humility in closer alliance with his benefactor. Meanwhile he did not omit to avail himself of the advantage afforded him, by his office to ingratiate himself, by every means in his power, personally with the prince; until, from being useful, he became indispensable to him. In a very short period he made himself master of the prince's mind,—he discovered all the avenues to his confidence and favour, in both which he then gradually usurped a place. All those arts which pride and a natural elevation of character had taught the minister

to hold in contempt, were brought into play by the Italian, who was not any way scrupulous about the means employed in the attainment of his object, however vile and despicable. He was well aware that mankind never stand so much in need of a guide and companion as in the career of vice, and that nothing so much conduces to unreserved confidence as participation in common foibles. With this knowledge he proceeded to play upon the prince, to excite passions which had hitherto lain dormant, and direct them, as his confidential adviser and accomplice, to the worst of purposes. By a train of the most seductive arts he plunged him into excesses which admitted of no participation and no witness, and thus finally became master of secrets which were to be entrusted to no third person. Upon the progressive degradation of the prince's character he now began to lay the foundation of his own fortunes; the secrets which rendered him so formidable soon obtained for him complete dominion over the prince's feelings, before G—— even suspected that he had a rival.

It may appear strange that so important a change should escape the minister's sagacity; but he had, unluckily, too high an opinion of his worth to suspect that a man like Martinenzo would venture to start up as an opponent; while the latter was himself too cautious to commit the least error which might tend to rouse him from his proud security. The same overweening confidence which had caused the downfall of so many of his predecessors from the slippery summit of royal favour was fast preparing the minister's ruin. The confidential terms upon which he saw his own creature Martinenzo with his master gave him no uneasiness; he was glad to resign a species of favour which he despised, and which had never offered itself to him as the goal of his ambition: it was only as it smoothed his path to power that he had ever valued the prince's friendship, and having ascended the summit of his wishes, he inconsiderately threw down the ladder by which he had risen.

Martinenzo was not the man to play a subordinate part. At each step in the prince's favour, his hopes too rose higher, and his ambition, in so friendly a soil, began to strike deeper and stronger roots. His artful game of humility towards his benefactor became daily more hateful to him, in proportion as the growth of his reputation excited haughtier feelings. The minister's deportment towards him, on the other hand, so far from becoming more delicate with his rapid rise in the prince's favour, evidently aimed at humbling his growing pride, by wholesome admonitions reminding him of his dependence,—a species of tyranny which finally grew so intolerable, that he eagerly laid a plot to end it at a single blow, and aimed boldly at the destruction of his rival. Under an impenetrable veil of dissimulation he brought his plan to full maturity. Still, he did not venture to enter into open competition with his rival: although the first glow of the minister's favour was at an end, it had commenced too early, and spread too deep roots, to be torn rudely from the bosom of the prince. The slightest circumstance might restore it to all its former vigour; a truth which convinced the Italian that the blow which he was about to strike must either fail or prove fatal. The ground which the minister had lost in the prince's

affections was perhaps compensated by the degree of respect and awe acquired in its place, with which he held both his mind and counsels in control; a control arising out of his political skill and fidelity, not easily shaken off. Dear as he had once been to his master as a friend, he was now equally powerful as a minister.

By what means the Italian actually succeeded in his object remains a secret with the few who aided him in directing and in striking the blow. It was reported that he had detected a secret correspondence of a treacherous nature, carried on by the minister with a neighbouring court; but whether his proposals had been listened to or rejected, remained matter of doubt. Whatever degree of truth there might be in the accusation, it fully answered the end proposed. The prince viewed G—— in the light of one of the most ungrateful and treacherous of mankind, whose delinquencies were fully proved, and only awaited their due punishment. This was arranged secretly between the new favourite and his master. G—— was unconscious of the gathering storm, and continued wrapt in this fatal security, until the last startling and terrific moment, which precipitated him from the summit of princely honours—the envy and the gaze of all eyes—into the lowest depths of obloquy and contempt.

On the appointed day, G—— appeared as usual upon the parade, no longer an ensign, as he had commenced not many years before, but as an officer of distinguished rank. Even this was only meant as a modest veil for the exercise of his political power, which, in fact, placed him above the foremost of the land. The parade was his favourite place of indulging all the pride of patronage, of receiving the obsequious attentions of his creatures, and thus rewarding himself for the laborious exertions of the day. His chief dependants, all men of rank, were seen gathering round him, eager to offer their obeisance, yet evidently anxious as to the kind of reception they might meet with. The prince himself, as he passed by, beheld his chief minister with a relenting eye; he felt how much more dangerous it would be to dispense with the services of such a man than with the friendship of his rival. Yet this was the spot, where he was flattered and almost adored like a god, which had just been cruelly selected for the revolting scene of his disgrace; but the prince rejoined the Italian, and the affair was suffered to proceed.

G—— mingled carelessly in the well-known circle, quite as unsuspecting of the bursting storm as their honoured patron, offering their distant and most flattering respects, and awaiting his commands. Shortly appeared Martinenzo, accompanied by some state officers, no longer the same meek, cringing, smiling courtling; the presumption and insolence of a lacquey suddenly elevated into a master were visible in his quick haughty step and his fiery eye. He marched straight up to the prime minister, and confronted him, with his hat on, for some moments, without uttering a word; then, in the prince's name, he required his sword. This was handed to him with a look of silent, terrific emotion; and, thrusting the naked point into the ground, he split it into shivers with his foot; the fragments lay at G——'s feet. At this signal the two adjutants likewise seized him: one strove to tear the order of the cross

from his breast ; the other pulled off the shoulder-knots, the facings of his uniform, and even the plume of feathers from his hat. During this cruel and unmanly proceeding, which passed almost in an instant, not a single voice was raised ; a breathless silence reigned throughout the immense throng. Yet more than five hundred persons of rank were present ; but all, with pale cheek and beating heart, stood motionless around him, the most painful expression of surprise visible in every quivering lip and every muscle of their face. At this trying juncture, while thus bereaving him of his honours, G—— presented a singular but no despicable picture to the eye ; he laughed, but with difficulty could conquer his surprise : it was a laugh such as can only be heard at the gallows tree, in spite of nature and of death. Thousands in his place would have sunk powerless to the earth ; his firmer nerves, his unflinching spirit, bore him through and supported him while he drained the cup of poison to the dregs.

When this procedure ended, he was conducted, through rows of numberless spectators, to the very extremity of the parade, where a covered carriage was in waiting for him. He was motioned to ascend, an escort of hussars being ready mounted to attend him. Meanwhile the report of this transaction was spread on all sides : windows were opened, the streets were filled with throngs of curious people pursuing the carriage, and whose mingled cries of triumph, of scorn, or of indignation at what had passed, were echoed far and wide—all connected with his name.

At length, however, he escaped the hideous din, though a no less fearful trial now awaited him. The carriage turned out of the high road into a narrow unfrequented bye-way, towards the place of judgment, whither, by command of the prince, he was borne along at a slow pace. Here, after he had suffered all the torture of anticipated execution, tenfold embittered by its manner, the carriage turned off into a more public path. Exposed to the sultry summer heat, without hearing any accusation, without attendance or consolation, he passed seven heavy and afflicting hours before he arrived at his place of destination. Late in the evening the carriage stopped, when, deprived of all consciousness, his gigantic strength having at length yielded to twelve hours' fast and consuming thirst, G—— was dragged like a felon from his seat. On again returning to life, he found himself consigned to a subterranean dungeon, dimly lighted by the rising moon, which cast its sickly rays from a height of nineteen fathoms, through a few grated openings, admitting also the cold air from above. Near him he finds a portion of coarse bread, with a vessel of water, and a heap of straw for his couch. He endured this situation without any interruption until noon the ensuing day, when he heard a sash of one of the iron windows in the centre of the tower drawn aside ; two hands were visible, lowering down a basket like that which he found containing his food the day before. For the first time since the frightful revolution of his affairs, he felt some inclination to inquire into the cause, and into the nature of his future destiny. But he received no answer from above ; the hands disappeared, and the sash was closed. Thus, without beholding the face or hearing the voice of a fellow-creature ; without the least light thrown upon his destiny ;

left in utter ignorance both as to the future and the past; never feeling the warmth of the sun nor the freshness of the air; remote from human aid and human compassion; he numbered in this frightful abode four hundred and ninety long and heavy days, sustained upon a small allowance of coarse bread. The last, too, was provided with that sorrowful monotony on the noon of each day, which, while it sustains life, only renders it more sensible of its utter wretchedness. Yet this was not enough. He one day made a discovery which filled up the measure of his calamity. He recognized the place: it was the same which, in his rage of vengeance against a worthy officer who had had the misfortune to displease him, he himself ordered to be constructed only a few months before, and had even suggested the manner in which it might be rendered more revolting and terrific. He had likewise visited the place only shortly before, in order to witness its completion. What added the last bitter sting to his punishment was that the same officer who had been destined to occupy it, an aged and meritorious colonel, had just succeeded the late commander of the fortress, and, by a sort of retributive justice, was made the master of his enemy's destiny. He was deprived, as it were, of the last poor comfort, the right of compassionating himself. He knew he did not deserve it; he was to himself an object of disgust and the bitterest self-contempt—a feeling of all others the hardest to support by a haughty mind—to depend wholly upon the magnanimity of a foe to whom he had shown none.

His gaoler was, fortunately for him, a man of noble feelings, who scorned to take a mean revenge. He felt sorry at the idea of fulfilling the part assigned him; yet, as a faithful subject and an old soldier, he did not think himself justified in departing from the usual rules, and he feared to swerve from his instructions. Still he pitied him, and pointed him out to a benevolent assistant, the preacher of the prison, who, having been able to ascertain nothing beyond mere report against the prisoner, resolved, as far as possible, to mitigate his sufferings. This excellent man, whose name I unwillingly suppress, believed he could in no way better fulfil his pious charge than by bestowing his spiritual support and consolations upon a being deprived of all other hopes of mercy.

As he could not obtain permission from the commandant himself to visit the prisoner, he cheerfully proceeded to the capital, in order to solicit personally the prince's consent. He fell at his feet, appealing for some mitigation of the poor captive's sufferings, destitute of the aids of religion, never denied to the worst of felons, pining in solitude, and perhaps on the brink of madness or despair. With perfect confidence and sincerity he then insisted, in the name of his pious calling, on free admittance to the prisoner, whom he claimed as a penitent, and for whose soul he was responsible. His subject made him eloquent, and he already began to make some impression upon the prince, who at first had refused his request. Nor did the pious man relinquish his efforts until he had extorted full permission to visit the wretched prisoner, and administer to his spiritual wants.

The first human face G—— saw, after a lapse of sixteen months, was that of his new benefactor. He was eloquent in his gratitude, for he was the only friend he had in the world; in all his prosperity he had

never boasted one. The good pastor's was like an angel's visit: it would be impossible to describe his feelings, but from this day forth his tears flowed more freely; he had found a being who sympathized with and compassionated him.

The pastor was filled with horror and astonishment on entering the frightful vault. His eyes sought a human form, and beheld, creeping towards him from one corner, a white and wild-looking living skeleton, his couch resembling rather the den of a beast of prey than a human resting-place. All vital signs seemed fled from his countenance; grief and despair had traced deep furrows there; his beard and nails were grown to a frightful length; his raiment had fallen from about him in tatters; and, for want of water and all means of cleanliness, the air was contaminated around. In this state he found the favourite of fortune; his iron frame had stood proof against the severity of his trial. Almost terrified at the sight, the pastor soon hastened back to the governor, in order to solicit a second alleviation of his sufferings, without which the first would prove of little avail.

This, however, being in opposition to the strict letter of the governor's instructions, the noble-minded being resolved on a second journey to the capital, in the hope of obtaining some further concessions from the prince. He declares that he cannot, without violating the sacred character of the sacrament, administer it to a wretch who has been deprived of the exterior resemblance of a human being. In this object too the good man succeeded; and, from that day forth, for the first time, the prisoner might be said to receive a new existence.

Many years, however, subsequent, G—— was condemned to languish in captivity, though of a less revolting character than what he had previously suffered; more especially after the short summer of the new favourite's reign was passed, and others succeeded in his place, who either possessed more humanity or had no motive for revenge. Yet ten years expired before the hour of his delivery approached, without any judicial investigation or any formal acquittal. He was presented with his freedom as a sort of princely gift, being at the same time requested to banish himself from ever from his native country. But here the oral traditions, which I have been able to collect respecting his history, begin to fail, and I find myself compelled to omit an intervening period of about twenty years. During the interval, he entered upon his military career afresh in foreign service, which at last brought him, by combined industry and skill, to a pitch of greatness equal to what he had formerly attained in his native land. Time likewise, finally a friend to the unfortunate, which ever makes slow but sure approaches to decrees of justice, took some retributive acts upon itself. The prince's days of passion and of pleasure were over; humanity gradually resumed its sway over him, and, when his hair became blanched and he trembled over the brink of the grave, the friend of his early youth appeared to him, and constantly haunted his rest. In order to repair, as far as he yet could, the injuries which he had heaped upon him, the prince, with friendly expressions, invited the banished man to revisit his native land, which, for some time past, he had eagerly longed to do.

The meeting was extremely trying, though apparently warm and cor-

dial, as if they had only separated a few days before. The prince looked earnestly, as if trying to recall features so well known and yet so strange to him; he appeared as if numbering the deep furrows which he had himself so cruelly traced there. But nowhere, in that aged grief-worn countenance, could he recognize the features of his early companion and friend. The welcome and the look of mutual confidence were evidently forced on both sides; mutual shame and dread had virtually separated their hearts—to meet no more. A single look, which brought back to the prince's soul the full sense of his guilty precipitancy and violence, hurt the prince; while G—— felt that he could no longer entertain any regard for the author of his misfortunes.

Yet in a short time G—— was reinstated in all his ancient honours and authority, the prince attempting to salve his conscience by vanquishing his dislike, and showering upon him the most splendid favours, as some remuneration for what had passed. Never, however, could he win back the sincere good-will and attachment which had once distinguished him; his heart was closed to all the enjoyments of life. Could he restore him the years of hope and happiness of which he had deprived him, or bestow the shadow of pleasure on old age, which only seemed to mock the real energies and delights of life, which he had formerly extinguished?

G—— continued in possession of this clear unruffled evening of his days during nineteen years; neither had fate nor time quenched the fire of passion, nor wholly obscured the lively humour and spirit of his character. In his seventieth year he was still in pursuit of the shadow of a blessing which he really possessed when he was only twenty. He at length died, being then governor of a fortress for the confinement of state prisoners. One would have naturally expected that he would have conducted himself with humanity, the value of which he had so sensibly experienced, towards his unfortunate fellow-creatures. Nothing of the kind! he treated them with harshness and ill-temper; so much so, that in his eightieth year a sudden fit of passion, into which he threw himself against one of his prisoners, deprived him of his existence.

A CRIMINAL, OR MARTYR TO LOST HONOUR.

A True Story.

IN the whole history of man there is no chapter, perhaps, more fraught with instruction, both for his heart and his intellect, than the annals of his errors and excesses. On the commission of every grave offence, a proportionally strong power is brought into action. Inasmuch as the secret play of ambition, and all self-aspirations, are checked only by the feebler light of common feeling, they, in fact, become more powerful and vigorous, more gigantic, and louder in their demands. An exact observer, who has calculated how far the usual power of free-will may really be relied upon, and how far it may be correct to decide by analogy, will acquire much experience

in the province of psychology, which might be applied with advantage to the rules of moral life.

There is something at once so uniform and yet so compounded in the human heart ! one simple habit or desire may display itself in such a variety of forms and directions, produce so many opposite phenomena, and disguise itself under so many characters ; while so many dissimilar actions and characters may spring out of the same bias of mind, even when the being, who is the subject of it, suspects nothing of such connection between them.

Grant us only a Linnaeus for the classification of the impulses and passions of man, as in the other kingdoms of nature, and what would be our surprise to find many whose criminal career is confined to the narrow sphere of a little town, hedged in by local laws, connected with the monster Borgia in one and the same order ?

Viewed in this light, there is much objection to the usual method of treating history ; and here too, I conjecture, lies the difficulty in regard to turning its perusal to advantage, among the class of commoners, and other general readers, in social and moral life. There exists so direct a contrast between the mental exercise of the man of business and the quiet position of the reader ; so wide a space may be said to intervene, that it is difficult, if not impossible, for the latter to detect, or even to conjecture, any connection. There remains a chasm, as it were, between the historical subject and the reader, which no effort of comparison or application can fill up ; and its perusal, in place of inspiring a wholesome alarm, which might put the proud and confident upon their guard, merely excites a feeling of strangeness and indifference. We view the unhappy culprit as a being of foreign species, no less in the commission than during the punishment of his crime ; one whose blood circulates differently, whose will is obedient to other rules and impulses. Though human like ourselves, his fate excites little emotion ; for sympathy is founded upon a vague sense of similar danger, and we are very far from indulging any idea of common danger, any degree of resemblance between ourselves and him. The instruction passes with the event away, and history, instead of becoming a school of education, must rest satisfied with the praise of having gratified our curiosity. To attain higher objects and produce better results, it must necessarily make choice between two methods : either the reader ought to be animated like the hero, or the hero appear cold as the reader.

I am aware that among the best histories of ancient and modern times, a number are restricted to the first method, and appeal to the reader's heart by attractive pictures, and incidents of the same kind. Such a style, however, is an encroachment upon the province of other writers, and injurious to the republican freedom of the reading classes, whose place it is to sit in judgment ; while it moreover exceeds the due limits assigned to that species of composition ; intruding more especially, as it does, upon the characteristics of the orator and the poet. The latter method alone, then, remains open to the writer of history.

The hero must become cold, like his reader, or, what amounts to as much, we must grow familiar before he proceeds to action ; we must not merely pursue him through his whole career, but we ought to feel

satisfied in doing this. What he thinks is of still more importance to us than what he does, and the sources of his thoughts and actions than the results of these actions themselves. The earth of Mount Vesuvius has been analysed, in order to ascertain the source of its fires; and why should more attentive observation be bestowed upon a physical than upon a moral phenomenon? Why should we not equally inquire into the qualities and situation of things which surround such a character, even till we detect the concentrated embers which first awoke the internal fire that slumbered? To the dreamer who loves the wonderful, all that is strange and adventurous in such an appearance will have charms, while the friend of truth seeks to find a mother for these deserted children. He seeks her in the unalterable structure of the human soul, and in the changeable conditions to which it is outwardly subject, in both of which he finds them invariably true. He is no longer surprised to discover in the same soil where once only wholesome herbs appeared, the poisonous hemlock spread its baneful leaves; wisdom and folly, vice and virtue, nourished, as it were, in the same cradle.

Even if I should here illustrate none of the advantages to be derived from a knowledge of motives, in such a mode of treating history, the attempt will at least serve to soften that cruel mockery and that proud security with which, in general, untempted virtue is apt to look down upon the fallen; while it may serve to promote the gentler spirit of toleration, without which no wanderer can be brought back—the law find no reconciliation with an offender—no smitten member of society saved from the general conflagration.

Whether the offender of whom I prepare to treat still reserved a right to appeal to the tolerant spirit above mentioned, or whether he were only a worthless limb cast off from the body of society, I shall not here presume to anticipate for the reader. Our compassion can no longer avail him; he died by the fiat of the law; but perhaps a dissection of the criminal body may afford some instruction to humanity, and possibly also to the course of justice.

Christian Wolf was the son of a publican in the district of — (the name, for reasons which will be explained in the sequel, being suppressed), who, after his father's death, assisted his mother in the affairs of the hostelry until he reached his twentieth year. There was not much business, and Wolf had many leisure hours; even from school he brought back with him the character of a wilful lad. Grown-up maidens were known to make complaints against his pertness, while the youngsters all paid homage, throughout the village, to his inventive spirit. Nature had denied him the fair proportions bestowed on the rest of her children: he was short and plain; had thick curly hair of an ugly blackness; his nose appeared indented, as if flattened upon his face; his upper lip jutted out, which the kick of a horse had served further to displace; altogether giving to his visage a revolting appearance, which held the women at a distance, and afforded an object of merriment to his rivals or the stouter companions of his sports.

He determined to obtain by perseverance what was thus refused him, as he found too feelingly that he could never hope to please and appear amiable. The girl whom he selected treated him vilely enough to be

sure; though it was only animal impulse which he felt: he knew nothing of love. He had good grounds for suspecting that his rivals were more fortunate than himself; yet the girl was poor. A heart that remained proof against his attentions might, perhaps, he thought, become softened by his presents; but penury stared him too in the face, and the rash effort he made to better his condition deprived him, on the contrary, of the little which he had saved from his services. Too indolent and inexperienced to increase the business of his inn, too proud and at the same time too effeminate to exchange the free life he had hitherto led for that of a labouring boor, he saw only one career lying open to him, one which thousands before, and thousands after him, have trod with better fortune,—that of genteel and spirited thieving. It so happened that his native place bordered upon the preserved woods of a neighbouring lord, and he became a deer-stealer. His quarry, of course, passed faithfully into the hands of the lady of his choice.

Among the lovers of Johanna was a young huntsman of the forest named Robert. He soon observed the advantage which the free life of his rival Wolf had acquired over him, and with jealous suspicion he began to inquire into the change. He showed himself more frequently at the "Sun"—such was the sign of the hostelry; his keen eye, sharpened by jealousy, in a short time discovered the source of the newly acquired wealth. Not long before, a severe edict had been published against poachers, which condemned the offender to punishment, a pretty long discipline in the house of correction. Robert became eager and persevering in watching the secret motions of his enemy, and at length he succeeded even in surprising the unsuspecting culprit in the act. Wolf was secured, and it was only by expending the whole of his little remaining property that he was enabled to escape the punishment prepared for him.

Robert triumphed; his rival was driven from the field; Johanna dismissed him, for he was a beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, and that enemy was now the happy undisputed possessor of his lady's favours. A deep sense of poverty, united to injured pride, desertion, and jealousy, all took possession of his soul: necessity drove him forth into the wide world, but revenge and passion seemed to rivet him to the spot. A second time he betook himself to deer-stealing; a second time Robert redoubled his vigilance and activity, and betrayed him into the hands of justice. He now experienced the full severity of the law, had no more to give, and in a few weeks he was delivered up to the work-master in the house of discipline.

A year of severe hardship followed, at the end of which his evil passions had increased, and his pride remained unsubdued under the pressure of his fate. The moment he became free he resumed his way to his native place, to appear before his Johanna, who had grown up into a fine woman. He approached, but all shunned him. This he had not anticipated; he shed tears; cruel want stared him in the face, and his pride was broken. He besought the great landowner of the place to permit him to toil daily for his pittance of bread; but the steward shrugged up his shoulders, and stouter competitors soon deprived him of all chance of success, and thrust him off the scene. He made a last

effort : it was to obtain the poor vacant post of village herdsman, the only honest occupation remaining for him ; but the steward declared that he would entrust the service to no such good-for-nothing fellow. Deceived in all his hopes, all his honest proposals rejected, he was at length compelled a third time to become a poacher, and was again unlucky enough to fall into the hands of his more powerful enemy.

This repeated backsliding greatly aggravated his offence in the eyes of the judge, who consulted only the tenour of the statute, not any of the mitigating circumstances under which it had been violated. The law called for a solemn and exemplary punishment, and Wolf was condemned to be branded with the sign of the gallows upon the back, and to three years' hard labour in prison.

This term also expired. Wolf survived it, and was set at liberty ; but he was a different being : it seemed like a new epoch of his life. Let us hear how he himself explains his internal feelings, as appeared upon one of his trials. "I entered its walls only a misguided being, but I left them a complete villain. I had before something in the world which was dear to me, and my pride was broken under a sense of shame.

"When brought into the fortress, I was placed among three and twenty other prisoners, of whom three were murderers, and the rest some of the most abandoned and inveterate robbers and thieves. They mocked if I uttered the name of the Deity, and invited me, by their example, to pronounce the most terrific blasphemies against our Redeemer. They sang the most vile and licentious songs, which, abandoned as I was, I could not hear without a feeling of disgust. Yet this was nothing compared with what I saw transacted, which carried my feelings of shame and abhorrence to a still higher pitch. No day passed without some repetition of such scenes, some piece of villany or stratagem worse than the last. At first I shunned their society, and stopped my ears as much as possible at the horrid sounds I heard ; but I stood in need of some living being, and the cruelty of my keepers had destroyed even my dog. The labour was hard and inflicted tyrannically ; I was ill,—I wanted support ; and when I openly declared how much I stood in need of compassion, I was compelled to purchase it at the price of my last remaining scruples of conscience. It was thus I gradually accustomed myself to the most revolting deeds, and by the last quarter of the year I had actually outstripped my instructor.

"From this period I sighed for the day of freedom, for I was burning for vengeance. All mankind had injured me, because all were better and happier than I—I, who viewed myself as a martyr to natural right, an innocent victim of the law. Gnashing my teeth, I cursed my chains as I saw the sun rising from behind the mountain beyond our prison ; for a distant prospect is double purgatory to a close prisoner. The free wind, as it whistled through the air-holes, and the swallow which flew from the iron trellis of my grating, seemed to mock my captivity, and rendered its contrast with the idea of freedom still more afflicting. Then it was I vowed hatred, deep and irreconcilable hatred, against everything which bore the human form, and, horrid as it was, this fatal vow I fulfilled.

"Again, the first thought which struck me on my recovered liberty was to revisit my native place. In proportion as there was little to promise myself in the view of subsistence, my hunger for revenge seemed to increase. My heart throbbed wildly as I first caught a glimpse of the church steeple, which rose above the woods. It no longer sprang from a feeling of satisfaction, as on my first return. The recollection of my ruined affairs, with all their fatal consequences, rushed fresh upon my soul: I woke as out of the sleep of death; my wounds bled anew; and I hastened my steps in order to confront and alarm my enemies with my sudden appearance; for I felt that I now rather coveted further degradation, instead of trembling at the prospect as before.

"The hour tolled to vespers just as I reached the middle of the market-place. The crowd was going thence towards the church. I was quickly recognized, and every one I met drew back. Hitherto I had ever been kind and friendly to the children; and a little urchin whom I saw playing near, skipped towards me, and entreated me to bestow on him a farthing's worth. He took it; then looked at me a moment in the face, and flung it back again. Had my blood been calmer I might have recalled to mind that I wore an enormous beard, which I brought from prison, and which gave me a very frightful appearance; but the wickedness of my heart had begun to obscure my reason, and I shed tears of rage, such as I had never shed before.

"The boy knew neither who I was nor whence I came; yet I cried, half audibly, 'What, does he shun me as if I were worse than a wild beast? Do I everywhere bear a mark upon my forehead, or is it my lot to bear only some resemblance to man, feeling as I do that I can never love a human being more?' The contempt of a young boy cut me deeper than three years' labour at the galleys, for I had done him a favour, and was guilty of no personal hatred, at least against him.

"I threw myself upon a piece of timber that lay opposite the church: I knew not exactly what it was I wished; but I well knew and felt it bitterly, that none of the passers-by, many of them my former acquaintance, would once greet me—no, not a single one! I was at length unwillingly compelled to leave my station in order to seek a night's lodging; and as I was turning the corner of a street, I all at once fell in with the girl who had deserted me—with my Johanna. 'My young host,' she exclaimed, and was going to fling her arms round me. 'Are you here again, my dear host of the "Sun"? Heaven be praised you are come back!' Hunger and disease were visible in her whole dress and appearance; from her countenance she was evidently labouring under a loathsome disease; a single glance betrayed what a vile abandoned creature she was become.

"I speedily conjectured what had happened. A party of the prince's dragoons, which I had just met in the streets, convinced me that there was a garrison in the place. 'Soldier's trull!' I cried, as I turned my back upon her, and felt gratified that there was yet a creature lower than myself in the scale of being: in fact, I had never loved her.

"I found my mother was dead. With the remnants of my little property our creditors had paid themselves during my absence. I had no

one and nothing left me. The world cast me off like a poisonous weed, but I had now learned how to despise shame. Formerly I had wished to avoid the face of man, for contempt was intolerable to me; now I was eager to confront, and rejoiced to alarm them. It was so far well with me, that I had nothing more to lose, nothing to preserve. I was no longer in need of any good quality, because no one gave me credit, no one employment.

"The world lay before me, and in foreign parts, I might, perhaps, have acquired some respectability, but I had lost even the courage to affect, much more to attempt it. Punishment and despair had deprived me of this temper of mind. It was the last lesson to learn to dispense with honour, as I no longer ventured to boast any title to it. Had I had sufficient vanity and pride to make me quite sensible of my degradation, I should have delivered myself by self-destruction.

"In fact, I was myself still a stranger to the resolution which I had actually adopted. I wished to do evil, although it yet appeared in dark and uncertain shapes before me. I wished to deserve the destiny to which I had been consigned. I believed that laws were so many blessings to the world, and for this reason longed to violate them. I had formerly fallen into crime from error and misfortune; now it appeared more matter of free choice, for my own satisfaction.

"With unsubdued obstinacy, my first resolve was again to turn poacher. The habit had become a passion in me, and I was, moreover, compelled to subsist. Still more than this, I took pleasure in deriding the prince's edict, and injuring the property of our great landowner in every way I could. I no longer trembled at the idea of being apprehended, for I had a bullet ready to discharge at my informant, and I was confident in the certainty of my aim. I dropped every deer at which I fired; though I turned very little to account, leaving by far the largest share to rot upon the ground. I lived economically, only for the purpose of laying out my savings in powder and shot. My devastations upon the large game made much noise; but my existence was wholly forgotten; no suspicion attached to me.

"This mode of life I continued during several months. Early one morning I had, as usual, penetrated through the farthest woods in search of a deer whose traces I had got; two hours I had pursued in vain, and was just giving it up for lost, when I again espied it at a distance. I was about to fire, when, only a few steps from me, I perceived a hat lying upon the ground. Looking more sharply round me, I recognized the huntsman Robert concealed behind an oak, in the act of firing at the same deer. A deathlike chill ran through my veins at the sight of him. There stood the being whom, of all living creatures upon the wide earth, I most utterly detested, and that being was within reach of my fire. At that instant it appeared as if the fate of the whole world depended upon the goodness of my flint; the deep concentrated hatred of a whole life was felt at my finger-ends, which were preparing to level the murderous weapon. A dread invisible hand appeared hovering over me; the timepiece of my destiny pointed irrevocably to this dark and terrific minute. My hand trembled as it obeyed the fearful impulse; my teeth rattled, as if in an ague-fit; and my breath stopped, and laboured at my breast.

"During a full minute my aim wavered between the man and the deer; but the next, and the next, revenge and conscience were at bitter strife, doubtful long—till sudden passion fired my soul, and the huntsman lay dying upon the ground!

"The fatal instrument fell from my hand. 'Murderer!' I stammered out. The woods were still as a churchyard, and I heard myself plainly pronounce the word. As I drew nigh, the huntsman gave a last gasp. I saw him die. I stood speechless over his body for some time, and then suddenly burst into a loud, loud laugh. 'Will you keep a clean tongue now, good friend, and cease accusing your neighbours?'—and I then stepped boldly up to him, and turned the face of the dead man upwards. His eyes were wide open; and I stopped suddenly as I was going to speak, and felt anxious. A sense of strangeness and wonder took possession of me, and I did not like to leave the spot.

"Until now I calculated I had more than expiated my crimes; but something had here happened for which I had yet to pay. An hour before, it would have been impossible for any one to have convinced me that I was not the vilest of human beings; now I began to suspect that, give me back an hour, and I should be in fact an enviable man.

"It was not the wrath of Heaven—I know not exactly what it was—that alarmed me. It was a confused recollection of corporeal penalty and pain, along with the execution of a child murderer which I once witnessed when a schoolboy. There was something particularly frightful in the idea of the prospect that lay before me: I felt that I had forfeited my life. I cannot here recall anything further, only that I was frequently wishing that he could be restored to life. I attempted to recall more forcibly all the insults and injuries the deceased, while living, had heaped upon me; yet, strange to say, my memory seemed to have forsaken me. From amidst all I could not collect anything which at all accounted for the rage which I had felt only a quarter of an hour before. I could in no way ascertain or satisfy myself how I had come to commit the murder.

"I still stood before the body—stood and lingered. The cracking of a whip, and the sound of a waggon proceeding through the wood, first recalled me to myself. It was scarcely a quarter of a mile distant from the high-road where the deed was perpetrated. It was full time to look to my own safety. Involuntarily I threw myself deeper into the woods. On the way I bethought me that the deceased had been possessed of a watch: I wanted money to reach the boundaries, yet I had not courage to return to the place where he lay. Here I was startled at the idea of a devil and an omnipresent God. I madly summoned all my resolution, determined to cope with all the infernal powers, and ran back to the spot. I found what I had expected, and more than a dollar contained in a green purse. Just as I was about to secure both, I suddenly stopped and thrust the money aside; not from any fear or shame at adding robbery to my crime, but rather from a feeling of pride. I left the watch and took only part of the money; for I wished to pass for the personal enemy of the deceased, not as his robber.

"Again I flew through the woods; I knew that they extended four German miles northward, and there joined the boundaries. I ran almost

breathless until noon; the rapidity of my flight dissipated my thoughts, though the pangs of conscience returned with double force in proportion as my strength deserted me. Dreadful shapes seemed to swim before my eyes, and threatened and struck at me, while I seemed to feel sharp knives in my breast. There was only a fearful choice left me, and choose I must—between a life of restless agony, or laying violent hands upon myself. For this last, however, I had not the necessary courage, and soon adopted the fixed resolution of remaining where I was. Hemmed in between the certain sufferings of life and the nameless dread of eternity, equally unfit to live as to die, I had now continued my flight during six hours, the last full of agonizing pain, such as no living being can describe.

"Buried in my own thoughts, with my hat involuntarily slouched over my countenance, as if to conceal myself from the eye of surrounding nature, I slowly wound my way up a narrow footpath leading through the darkest part of the thicket. Suddenly I heard a hoarse commanding voice, that cried out, 'Halt!' It was close to me, my slouched hat and confusion having prevented me from looking around me. I looked up, and beheld a man of a wild aspect hastening towards me. He held a large knotty club in his hand; his figure approached, or appeared in my eyes to approach, the gigantic; his skin was of a yellowish black, which, contrasted with the large white of his oblique eye, gave him a truly horrible appearance. Instead of a girdle, he wore a thick rope doubled round a green woollen coat, to which hung a large butcher's knife and a pistol. The call was repeated, and the next moment I felt the grasp of a strong arm. The voice of a man had thrown me into alarm, but the sight of a villain reassured me. In my condition, I had cause to tremble in the presence of an honest man—not in that of a robber.

"'Who goes there?' he said, as he grasped me fast. 'One like thyself,' was my reply, 'if thou be truly what thou seemest to be.'

"'There was no way for thee here. What art seeking?' 'What need of the question here?' I replied ironically.

"The man measured me twice earnestly from head to foot, as if he were comparing my figure with his, and my answer with my appearance.

"'Thou speakest as boldly as a beggar,' he added. 'That may be; a beggar I was but yesterday.' The man laughed: 'One would swear,' he cried, 'that thou wouldst not pass for aught better now.' 'For something worse, I hope, then,' continued I. 'Softly, friend! why are you in such haste? have you no time to spare?'

"I considered a moment: I know not how the words escaped my lips: 'Life is short,' said I earnestly, 'and hell endures for ever.'

"He looked at me amazed: 'May I be d—d,' cried he at length, 'but I think that thou art very nearly related to the family of the Gallows.' 'Not very far wide, perhaps; so welcome, brother!' 'Done, comrade,' he added, as he took my hand, and then pulled out a tin flask from his large game-pocket, drained it pretty deeply, and then gave it to me. My flight and my terrors had nearly exhausted my strength: during the whole of this wretched day I had never once broken my fast. I was afraid of dying a lingering death in the desert; for the space of three

miles round no refreshment was to be found. Imagine how eagerly I snatched at the proffered cup and drank my comrade's health. Fresh strength inspired me; I felt reviving courage at my heart; hope and love of life glowed warmly in my breast, and I began to think I was not altogether so wretched; such was the efficacy of a single draught. I confess, on the contrary, that my situation seemed to border on the happy; for at last, after a thousand disappointments, I had met with a being who resembled me. In the lost condition in which I found myself, I should have claimed companionship and drank with the evil spirit, in order to have some one in whom to confide.

"The man threw himself carelessly upon the grass, and I did the same. 'Your liquor has done me good,' I observed; 'we must become better acquainted.'

"He now struck fire, in order to light his pipe.

"'I have you driven this trade long?' inquired I.

"He gave me a keen look. 'What do you mean by that?' 'Has this often been bloody?' I continued, as I chucked the knife at his girdle.

"'What are you?' he cried, rather alarmed, and laid down his pipe. 'A murderer, like yourself, only I am but a beginner.'

"The man glanced wildly at me for a moment, and then resumed his pipe. 'You do not live near here?' he observed.

"'Three miles hence, mine host of the "Sun." Should you happen to have heard of me?'

"The man sprang to his feet like one possessed. 'What! the deer-stealer Wolf!' he cried, eagerly. 'The same.'

"'Welcome, comrade! thrice welcome!' and he shook me heartily by the hand. 'Have I at last got you with me, mine host of the "Sun"? I have long bethought me, both by day and night, to have a catch at you. I know you well; yes, I know all; and I have for some time counted upon you.' 'Counted upon me! in what way, comrade?'

"'Why, the whole country rings with thy name. Thou hast enemies; a placeman has trampled thee in the dust. Wolf! their deeds against thee cried unto heaven for justice—for revenge.' The robber grew warm: 'Because you shot a deer, or a swine or two, which the prince feeds upon the acorns of our fields, they consigned thee for years to the work-house, to the fortress, the galleys; they deprived thee of house and credit, and made thee a beggar. Is it indeed come to this—that a man is to be reckoned no higher than a deer, no better than the beasts of the fields,—and a lad of thy spirit could put up with this?' 'Could I help it?'

"'That we will look to now. But say, whence came you, and what are your designs?'

"I directly related my whole history. The robber, before I had completed it, sprang from the ground impatiently, and drew me after him. 'Come, brother,—comrade,—brave host of the "Sun,"—now thou art ripe for action; now thou art come in time for what I wanted thee. I will show thee the road to honour; trust me, I will; and follow me.' 'Whither wend you, then?'

"'Inquire no more. Follow.' And he pulled me forcibly along.

"We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when the wood became deeper and darker. There was no longer any path; its aspect was wild and dreary; neither of us spoke a word, until at last my guide's whistle roused me from my reflections.

"I looked up; we stood on the rugged edge of a rocky eminence, which opened as we proceeded lower into a deep cavern. A second whistle replied to the former from the interior, and a ladder rose slowly, as if of its own accord, from the cave below us. My guide first descended, bidding me to wait there until he should return. 'I must first chain our great dog,' he observed; 'thou art strange, and the beast would tear thee.' He then crept down. It simply required a bold heart to have drawn the ladder up, and become again free. My flight was secure. I confess that this struck me. I looked down into the cavern, that seemed yawning to receive me; something reminded me of the bottomless pit, whence there is no deliverance more. I shuddered at the career I was about to tread, and sudden flight alone could redeem me. I resolved to fly. My hand was already on the ladder, when all at once there thundered in my ears, and it seemed to resound like the mocking laughter of hell, 'What has a murderer to lose?' and my arm fell palsied by my side. My reckoning was made; the hour of remorse was concluded; my murder lay behind me, like a tower of rock, and severed my return for ever.

"My guide likewise returned, and informed me that I might go down. There no longer remained any choice: I crept into the yawning abyss. We had proceeded only a few steps below the wall of rock, when the entrance grew wider, and a number of heads became visible. Midway between a round green plat opened upon us, where we found from eighteen to twenty men thrown carelessly round a large fire. 'Here, my brave boys,' cried my conductor, thrusting me into the midst of them, 'here is mine host of the "Sun"! and bid him welcome!'

"'Mine host of the "Sun"! ' cried each and every one, as he sprang up, and gathered round me, while the women followed their example. Shall I confess it? the joy was loud and boundless; confidence and esteem were pictured in every face: one pressed my hands, another took me by my garment, and my whole reception was like that of a man who meets an old friend of known worth and hearty feelings. My arrival interrupted the carousal which had already begun; but it was speedily revived: a cup was handed me, and I drank a welcome to my new friends. Wild fowl and game of every kind formed our feast, and the cups went speedily round. Good cheer and harmony seemed to reign over the whole assembly, and all seemed to vie with each other in displaying their delight in celebrating the day of my arrival.

"I was placed between two women at the head of the table as a mark of honour. I anticipated the reproach of all the rest of their sex; but how pleasingly was I surprised at their kind treatment! Under the rude weeds they wore, I recognized a female form, lovely as I had ever beheld it.

"Margaret, the oldest and the most beautiful of the two, went by the name of maiden, and was not more than five and twenty years of age. Her language was very bold, and her features expressed more

than she said. Maria, the younger, had been married, but had absconded from her husband on account of his ill treatment of her. She had a lighter figure, but looked pale and sickly, and she failed to excite the glow of pleasure inspired by her brighter neighbour. Both, however, became rivals for my notice. The beautiful Margaret tried to vanquish my diffidence by her barefaced jokes; but the whole woman revolted me, and my heart became a prey to the more coy Maria.

"You see, my good host of the 'Sun,'" cried my conductor, 'how we live together, and every day resembles the foregoing: Is it true, comrades?' 'Every day like the last!' echoed the whole circle. 'Now, if our mode of life be to your fancy, host—and why should it not?—say the word boldly, and thou shalt be our chief. As yet I am he; but I will resign in thy favour: so rejoice with us, comrade!'

"A willing *yes* burst from the whole circle. My brain was on fire; wine and ambition tingled in my veins. The world had cast me out, like an infected thing: here I found the reception of a brother, good cheer, and honour. Whatever choice I made, death still awaited me: here, at least, I might sell my life for the highest and brightest prize it was worth. Sensuality was my besetting sin; the sex had hitherto treated me only with contempt; all favour and boundless indulgence here invited my embrace. 'I remain with you, comrades,' I cried out with loud decision, and stepped into the midst of the band: 'yes, I remain with you, if ye will yield me my fair neighbour for a mate!'

All assented, not a single murmur met my ear: I became the undisputed master of a courtesan, and the captain of a banditti."

The subsequent portion of this history I omit: the horrible and the revolting can have no claim—can afford no instruction to the reader.

An unhappy wretch, sunk into so deep an abyss, must commit everything permitted to human nature; yet that no second murder ever stained his hands, formed part of his confession at the rack.

The robber Wolf's reputation speedily spread throughout the whole district. The highways became unsafe; nightly excursions alarmed the citizens; the name of the Host of the Sun was the terror of the peasantry; justice long pursued him, and a price was set upon his head. He was always lucky enough to escape the snares, and he soon availed himself of the superstition of the people to add to his security. His connections might well spread, they said, when he had entered into a bond with the devil, and could bewitch whom he pleased. The district in which he played his part then belonged, even less than now, to the more intelligent portion of Germany: the peasantry gave full credit to the report, and his person was safe. No one showed any inclination to meddle with a wretch employed in the service of the devil.

He had already continued this lamentable career during a whole year, when it so happened that he began to find it insupportable. The band at whose head he was placed deceived his expectations. A seductive appearance had, in the first instance, inflamed his imagination, heated as it was with wine; but now he saw, with alarm, that hunger and privations of all kinds succeeded to abundance, and his life not unfrequently depended on a single meal. He was hourly in dread of perishing of want; while, under such pressure, fraternal harmony disappeared;

envy, suspicion, and hatred began to work the ruin of the abandoned crew. Justice held out a reward to any person who would deliver him alive into its hands, even though he were an accomplice, his pardon would be granted. The wretched Wolf was aware of his danger: the honour of those who had betrayed both God and man was small security for him.

His sleep forsook him; incessant deadly terror and anxiety banished all rest; the dreadful spectre of suspicion dogged his footsteps, pursued him in his dreams, and tortured his waking hours. His conscience, too, under these fears and privations, began to make itself heard, while the slumbering embers of remorse were roused into flames by the gathering storm. His former abhorrence of mankind changed its object, and fixed deadlier fangs upon himself. He cast his eye over all animated nature, and found nothing deserving its bitter curse—except himself.

Vice had exhausted the whole of its bitter lessons upon him: his natural strong sense vanquished the lamentable delusion under which he had so long laboured. He now felt to what a depth he had fallen, and the most cutting grief occupied the place of callous indifference and despair. He wept for the recovery of past days, for he felt too keenly to what different purposes he would apply them. He at length began to hope that he might recover some degree of uprightness, while he longed so much to do so. At the highest pitch of his iniquities he was in fact nearer attached to virtue than he had perhaps been previous to his first offence.

About this period the Seven Years' War had broken out, and the levy made of soldiers was very great. This unhappy being hoped to take advantage of such a circumstance, and addressed a letter to his former native prince, from which I extract what follows:

"Should your princely patronage not refuse to stoop so low as a wretch of my character—should afford compassion to the most unhappy of mankind, O most gracious lord, give ear unto my prayer! Assassin and robber as I am, proscribed by law and pursued by justice on all sides, I pray for strength to deliver myself into its hands; at the same time I offer up a particular prayer—a suppliant at your throne. I abhor my life, and fear death no more; but it is dreadful to me to think of dying without having deserved to live. Surely I might be allowed to repair some portion of my past life, to expiate my crimes, and reconcile myself by serving the state which I have injured. If my destruction would afford an example to the world, it would make no reparation for my deeds. I now abhor vice, and long most ardently to follow in the paths of virtue and integrity. Bold deeds have I done, exploits that terrified my native land; yet bolder let me achieve in the eye of my prince and country, in a cause that may confer benefit.

"It is true that I here entreat something very unusual. My life is forfeited, and justice will not listen to my voice. Still, I am not a bondsman, not a convicted captive; I am free, and fear has the least part in the prayer I am addressing to you.

"It is an act of grace which I seek for. My claims of justice, were I to enforce them, would avail me nothing. Yet I would remind my judges of one thing:—the hand of law first impelled me into my present career

it deprived me of respect and honour for ever. If I had then been treated with more reason, justice, lenity, I should not now have been in the act of soliciting your royal mercy.

"Permit grace, instead of justice, for once, my noble prince, to have its course. If it, indeed, be in your princely power to soften the harshness of the law, oh! grant me the boon of life. It shall be devoted heart and soul to your service. May this be: so permit to receive the notification of your gracious pleasure in an open letter, and upon your royal word I will instantly repair to fulfil my duty in the city. Should it, alas! be decided against me, justice, that will run its stern career, must permit me to run mine."

There was no answer returned to this prayer, nor to a second and third, in which the wretched suppliant solicited for the post of common trooper in the prince's service. His hopes of pardon being thus extinguished, he determined to abandon his native state, in order to enter the King of Prussia's service, and die like a brave soldier.

He withdrew secretly from his band and began his journey. His way lay through a small country town, where he intended to pass the night. Shortly before strict mandates had been issued for the examination of all travellers, the prince having taken part in the war. The governor of this little city happened to be employed in giving directions when mine host of the "Sun" rode up to the place. His appearance was something of a courier, with the addition of rather a wild and revolting aspect. The hungry-looking animal he rode, with the burlesque cut of his attire, in which the time of its service was more conspicuous than its taste, was strangely contrasted with a countenance on which were impressed all the ferocious traces of passion perceptible in that of a soldier lying dead upon the field. The gate clerk actually started at the sight of his features, though he had grown grey in his office, which, during a period of forty years, had brought him acquainted with all the vagabonds in the surrounding district.

The keen eye of the gate inquisitor could not easily be deceived. He closed the bar behind Wolf, and inquired for his pass as he laid his hand upon his horse's rein. Wolf, however, was prepared: he handed him his pass, one of which he had plundered a poor merchant. Still the man hesitated; a single paper was not enough to satisfy our forty years' toll-keeper, and he referred the matter to the governor. This last gave more credit to his eyes than to Wolf's passport, and begged he would follow him to the town-house.

There the head of the police examined the pass, and declared it to be correct. He was an avowed admirer of novelty, and was fond of chatting the latest news over his bottle. The pass informed him that the party had just left the scene of action where the war had broken out. Here the man in office hoped to glean some private intelligence, and dispatched his secretary to invite the traveller to come and take a glass of wine with him. Meanwhile our host of the "Sun" was standing opposite the town-house: his odd appearance had collected the rabble around him. A murmur reached his ears: doubts and guesses were hazarded as to the character both of the rider and his steed, and the insolence of the wretches at length broke out into open tumult. Un-

luckily for Wolf, the horse which everybody seemed to be pointing at had been stolen, and he now imagined it was recognized as such. The unexpected invitation of the police officer seemed to confirm his suspicions. He now held it certain that his false pass had been detected, and that the whole was a feint to betray him alive and defenceless into their hands. A bad conscience betrayed him into an error: he gave his horse the spur, and rode off without returning any answer.

This sudden flight became the signal for a riot: "A thief! a thief!" they all cried with one accord, and hastened after him. It was for life or death, and Wolf kept the advantage. He is on the point of rescue, but an invisible hand is over him; the hour of destiny had arrived—the Nemesis; justice was only to be propitiated with the blood of her debtor. The last street he turned into to effect his escape had no thoroughfare; he was compelled to turn round and face his pursuers. The report of this occurrence threw the whole place into an uproar; crowd collects upon crowd; all the streets are stopped up, and an army of enemies cuts off his retreat. He draws a pistol from his holster; the throng recoils, and he attempts to cut his way through.

"The first man," he cried, "who dares me, dies!" He proceeds; there is a long pause; till at length an old gaoler, approaching from behind, seized him by the arm, and wrested the pistol from his hand, just as he was in the act of firing. It fell to the ground, and the wretched man is next torn from his horse, and borne in brutal triumph back into the town-house.

"Who are you?" inquired the magistrate, in the same brutal tone, as if triumphing in his woes. "One who is resolved to answer no questions until he be tried more civilly!"

"Who are you, I say?" "Who should I be but the man I have already represented myself? I have travelled far and wide, and traversed all Germany without once meeting with such an insulting reception as this."

"Your sudden flight, however, looks very ugly; very suspicious indeed. Whencefore did you make off?" "I was weary of the mockery and insults of your rabble."

"But you threatened to fire, sir!" "True, but my pistol was only powder. They tried the weapon, and there was no ball."

"Then why did you carry arms at all?" "Because I have articles of value with me, and because I was informed of a certain robber, who infested these parts, named Host of the Sun."

"Your answers at least prove your courage, but your innocence is another affair. I give you time, from this until to-morrow, to recollect and discover the truth." "I shall return the same answers; no others."

"Goaler! take your prisoner to the tower!" "To the tower! How, my lord! justice is banished, then, from your state? I shall require satisfaction, sir."

"You shall have it when you have fully cleared yourself."

On the following morning it was suggested by the head of the police that, perhaps, being innocent, a harsh examination was not calculated to conquer the prisoner's obstinacy; that it might be more politic to treat him with civility and moderation. A sworn jury was assembled, and the prisoner conducted into their presence.

"You must excuse the somewhat harsh style in which we began to examine you yesterday, sir." "Certainly, when you please to apprehend me aright."

"Our laws are severe, and your affair made much noise. I cannot venture to discharge you without a violation of my duty: appearances are against you. I am anxious that you should state something which may remove this impression." "True! had I anything to allege."

"In such case, I shall be compelled to communicate the affair to Government, and await its directions." "And what then?"

"Then you encounter the risk of having attempted to pass the boundaries, and if you obtain mercy, you will be subject to the levy."

Wolf remained silent during some minutes, as if struggling with some internal feeling. Then turning suddenly towards the magistrate, he inquired, "May I be permitted a quarter of an hour's audience with you?"

The jury looked very suspiciously at him; but at a sign from the magistrate they instantly withdrew.

"Now what is it you wish to say to me?" "Your deportment towards me yesterday, my lord, would never have brought me to confession. I laugh at compulsion. The difference, the kindness, of your conduct to-day inspires me with a feeling of confidence and esteem. I believe you to be a worthy man."

"What do you wish to say to me?" "I find, I say, you are a worthy man. I have long wished to meet with such an one: let me shake hands with an honest man."

"What is your object, sir, in this?" "Your hair is grown grey with years; you look respectable; you must have seen much of the world. And you must have known what it is to suffer—is it not true?—and are since grown more humane."

"Good sir, why do you talk thus?" "Yes, you are just standing on the brink of eternity: soon you will stand in need of the Almighty's mercy. Will you deny it to one of His creatures? No, you will not. Do you not yet suspect? Cannot you conjecture with whom you speak?"

"What is it you mean? you alarm me." "Still don't you suspect me? Write, sir, to the prince; state in what manner I was found, and how I became my own accuser. Impress upon him that God will at the last day so be merciful unto him, as he shall now show mercy unto me. Oh! entreat hard for me, worthy-old man, and shed a tear over what you write; for I—I am the Host of the Sun!"



FRATERNAL MAGNANIMITY.*

DRAMAS and romances present us with the most striking and glowing features of the human heart. They inflame the imagination, but the heart remains cold. The glow of feeling thus

* The above story, so powerfully sketched by the pen of this celebrated writer, and so beautifully moralized, is merely entitled "A Trait of Generosity, taken from Modern History." Published in the Literary Repertory of Wurtemberg.

produced is seldom more than momentary, and less seldom applied to the purposes of common life. Perhaps at the very moment when the unaffected benevolence of honest Puffs moves us almost to tears, we shall fly into a passion with a poor mendicant for knocking at our door. Who can assure us that this artificial existence in an ideal world does not tend to obliterate the principles of our existence in the real one? We here embrace, as it were, the two extreme points of morality, angelic and diabolical; while the middle, that of humanity, we leave untouched.

The present anecdote, relating to two Germans—I state the name of their country with a feeling of proud delight—may boast, at least, the indisputable merit of being true. I trust that it will produce a warmer feeling of sympathy and admiration than all the volumes of “Grandison” and “Pamela” put together.

Two brothers, Barons Von Wrmb, had both formed an attachment to a distinguished young lady of Wrthr, without a knowledge of each other's passion. It was equally strong in both, for in both it was a first passion. Unconscious of their mutual danger, each gave full rein to his affection, neither being aware of the dreadful truth that he had a beloved brother for his rival. They made an early declaration of their love, and had even proceeded to make further arrangements before an unexpected occurrence brought the secret to light.

The attachment of both had reached its highest pitch—that state of elevation both of the heart and imagination which has produced so many fatal consequences, and which renders even any idea of the sacrifice of the object of affection almost impossible. The lady, deeply sensible of their painful situation, hesitated how to decide: rather than inflict the agony of disappointed passion, and disturb the fraternal harmony subsisting between them, she generously referred the whole affair to themselves.

At length, having achieved an heroic conquest in this doubtful struggle between duty and passion, a conquest so easily decided upon by philosophical and moral writers in their closet, and so seldom practised in real life, the elder addressed his younger brother as follows:

“I am aware of your affection, strong as my own, alas! for the same lady of our love. I shall observe nothing in regard to priority of age. I wish you to remain here, while I go upon my travels, and do my utmost to forget her. Should I succeed, brother, she will then become thine, and may Heaven prosper your love! Should I, however, not succeed in my object, I doubt not you will act as I have done, and try what absence will effect.”

His brother assented; and, bidding farewell, the elder instantly left Germany for Holland; but the image of the beloved girl followed him everywhere. Banished from the Paradise of his love, from the only happy and delightful scenes which he had once sought with her, to which his fancy always recurred, and in which only he seemed to breathe and live, the unhappy young man, like a plant torn from its native soil, from the warmer breezes and more invigorating beams of its eastern climes, pined and sickened in the new atmosphere to which he was consigned. He reached Amsterdam, but it was in despair; a violent fever attacked him, and he was pronounced in danger of his life. Still the picture of

his lost love haunted his delirious dreams; the only chance he had of recovery was in the possession of the lovely original herself. The physicians despaired of his recovery, until upon its being mentioned that he might yet live to behold her once more, from that moment he was gradually restored to health. Like a walking skeleton, the picture of utter wretchedness, he again appeared in his native place. He tottered across the threshold of his unforgotten girl, and again pressed his brother's hand. "You see, brother, I am returned. Alas! what my heart foreboded has come to pass; yet, as Heaven is my judge, I could do no more." He sank, almost lifeless, into the poor girl's arms.

The younger brother now became no less determined to try the effect of absence, and was ready prepared; within a few weeks, for his tour.

"Brother," said he, "you bore your grief as far as Holland. I will endeavour to banish myself yet farther. Do not, however, lead her to the altar until you hear from me. I will write. Our fraternal regard will admit of no stronger bond: our word is enough. Should I be more fortunate than you, in God's name let her be thine, and my He for ever bless your union! Should I, however, return, then Heaven alone may decide between us two. Farewell! but keep this sealed packet: open it not until I shall be far away. I am going to Batavia." With these words he sprang into the chaise.

Half distracted, the two beings whom he had left gazed after him, and were little more to be envied than the banished man; for he had surpassed his brother, whom he had left, in greatness of soul. With equal power did love for the woman whom he had recovered, and regret for the brother whom he had lost, appear to strive for mastery in his breast. The noise of the carriage, as it died away in the distance, seemed to cleave his heart in twain. He recovered, however, with the utmost care and attention. The young lady—but no! that will be best shown by the result.

The sealed packet was opened. It contained a full and particular description of the whole of his German possessions, which he made over to his brother in case he found himself happy at Batavia. This heroic conqueror of himself shortly afterwards set sail in company with some Dutch merchants, and arrived in safety at Batavia. In the course of a few months afterwards his brother received from him the following lines:

"Here, where I perpetually return thanks to the Almighty Giver of all good—here I have found a new country, a new home, and call to mind, with all the stern pleasure of a martyr, our long and unbroken fraternal love. Fresh scenes, and fate itself, seem to have widened the current of my feelings; God hath granted me strength—yes, strength to offer up the highest sacrifice to our friendship. 'Thine is alas! here falls a tear—but it is the last I have triumphed!—thine let her be! Brother, I did not wish to take her when thou wert from us, because I feared she might not be happy in my arms. But should she ever have blessed me with the thought that we should indeed have been happy together—then, brother, I would impress it upon your soul. Do not forget how dearly she must be won by you, and always treat the dear angel with the same kindness and tenderness with which

you now think of her. Treat her as the fondest, last, best legacy of a dear departed brother, whom thy arms will never more embrace. Do not write to me when you are celebrating your nuptials. My wounds are yet open and bleeding fresh. Write to me only when you are happy. My act in this will be surety for me, I trust, that God will not desert me in the world whither I have transferred myself."

After the receipt of this letter, the elder brother married the lady, and enjoyed one happy year of wedded love. The lady, at the end of that short period, died, and, in dying, she first entrusted to her husband the unhappy secret of her bosom—that she had loved his absent brother best.

Both these brothers are yet alive: the eldest, who is again married, resides upon his estates in Germany; the younger one remained at Batavia, where he is distinguished as a fortunate and very eminent character. He is said to have made a vow never to marry, and hitherto he has religiously kept it.

A WALK AMONG THE LINDEN-TREES.*



WOLLMAR and Edwin were friends residing together in a pleasant retired situation, for the sake of enjoying the country. They had withdrawn from the tumult of the busy world, in order to examine with philosophical leisure and reflection into the most remarkable incidents of their life and destiny. Edwin, the happier of the two, gazed upon the world with a glowing eye, a world which the more serious Wollmar beheld arrayed in the mourning colour of his own misfortunes. A noble avenue of linden-trees was the spot selected with most pleasure in which to indulge their contemplations. Here one fine May day they sought the cool shade. I was with them, and I recollect the following conversation.

Edwin. What a glorious day! Nature glows in all her strength and loveliness afresh: then why so serious, my Wollmar?

Wollmar. Leave me alone! You know it is my custom, a custom that always spoils your good humour.

Edwin. Is it possible you can thus turn from the cup of joy, sparkling and overflowing as it is?

Wollmar. Yes, when one finds a spider in it: and why not? In your eyes, to be sure, Nature decks herself out like a warm rosy-cheeked maiden on her bridal day. To me she appears an old withered dowager, with sunken eyes, furrowed cheeks, and artificial ornaments in her hair. How she seems to admire herself in this her Sunday finery! But it is the same worn and ancient garment, put off and on some hundreds of thousands—incalculable numbers of times. Why, she sported the identical old green flowing train she now bears before the time of Deucalion! just so perfumed up to the eyes, so motley dressed and bepaned. No wonder one is tired of her, when these thousand years past she pays all her reckonings from the revenue of death, prepares her feasts upon the

* Stated in the title-page of the original to have been borrowed from the Wurtemberg Repository of Literature.—T.

bones of her own children, and nourishes corruption. Young man! are you now aware in whose society you are walking? Do you apprehend that this endless circle here is the gravestone of your own species? that the very breezes which bring the odours of the linden-trees, perhaps blow the decayed strength of the great Armenius, his very dust, in our noses? while, in the fresh spring, you quaff the well-pounded bones of our mighty Henry! Perhaps the same atom which, in the frame of Plato, created the thought of Divinity, that which in the heart of Titus trembled at the appeal of pity, again, perhaps, inflamed the beastly appetites of Sardanapalus; or, in the carcase of some gibbeted wretch, afforded seasoning for the ravens. Now, do you think this pleasant, Edwin?

Edwin. Pardon me. Your views, I think, are comical enough. How! do you imagine that our bodies are subject to the same laws as our souls, and wander after they are interred? Suppose, after death, you were to give the corporeal frame the same office which it had fulfilled in obedience to the soul during life, insomuch that the relics of the deceased were compelled to go through much the same scenes and transactions as they had done here, "*quæ cura fuit vivis, eadem sequitur tellure repòstos.*"

Wollmar. It follows, that the ashes of Lycurgus may still be and eternally continue at the bottom of the ocean.

Edwin. Do you hear the note of the sweet nightingale from yonder tree? Well! I suppose we are listening to the urn of Tibullus's ashes. Yes, and Pindar is still soaring in the distant horizon there, in that towering eagle; while Anacreon's atoms are, perhaps, blowing about in some of these sweet-smelling zephyrs. Who can tell whether the bodies of some of their deceased favourites may not still be playing with their mistresses' locks, flying about in the shape of powder and pomatum? whether the remains of some old usurer may not return, in form of a century or two's rust, to be melted down for the purpose of a new issue in the mint? Yea, whether the bodies of our polygraphers may not be condemned to be beaten into letters, hotpressed into paper, remaining eternally groaning under the bondage of the press, still assisting to immortalize the nonsense of their colleagues? Thus, you see, Wollmar, how I contrive to extract the spirit of good humour from the same chalice that serves to administer to your gall.

Wollmar. Edwin, Edwin! why attempt to turn my serious and philosophical views into mere jest? Let me proceed: though a good case does not shun scrutiny of any kind.

Edwin. Scrutinize, Wollmar, when you are happier.

Wollmar. Stop there! you are probing one of my deadliest wounds. Wisdom might thus be esteemed a mere gossiping meddler, playing the parasite or the mischief-maker in every house in which she appears, denying mercy to the offending and unhappy, and fomenting evils among the happy. A sick stomach converts this planet into a hell upon earth, and a good glass of wine can as easily deify these devils. Were our humours a model of our philosophical reflections, I should like you to inform me, Edwin, from which of these abstract truth would flow? I fear, Edwin, you will never become wise until you become more serious.

Edwin. That I could not be, even to be wise.

Wollmar. You just now mentioned the word happy: how would you become that? Labour is the bond of life, prudence the means, and happiness, you say, is the price. Innumerable sails are spread over the dangerous deep in search of the happy isle, to secure, if possible, this golden fleece. But say, thou wise man, how many succeed in finding it? Here I behold a whole fleet, surrounded by rocks and storms, suffering the severest privations, perpetually trying to make the shore, and as often driven back into the ocean. It fails in the outset of the voyage, the vessel coasts fearfully along the shore, often seeking to refit, often taking in provisions, in order to make once more the hoped-for distant port, to meet with renewed disappointment. Many give themselves infinite pain and labour to-day, in order to accustom themselves to it to-morrow; others are borne away by a torrent of the passions down the eternal abyss, without leaving even their name. There are more who exert their utmost to take advantage of their situation, and turn to account the unavailing labours of their predecessors, and enjoy the fame. Deduct these, and scarcely one poor fourth part remains. Filled with terror and alarm, away they are borne before the wind, without helm or compass, by the feeble light of the stars; while on the edge of the horizon, like a white cloud, appears the happy coast in sight. Land, land! cries the steersman, and behold!—a wretched rotten plank starts clean away, and the leaky vessel sinks. "*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*" The most lucky swimmer, perhaps, arrives fainting on shore: a stranger in the ethereal zone, he wanders solitarily about, and looks with full eye towards his desired home in the north. In this way I may deduct one million after another from your full amount, your free system of happiness. Children free themselves from the control of men, and these last lament that they are no longer children. The stream of our consciousness flows back to its source, the evening grows twilight like the morning, Aurora and Hesperus embrace, as it were, in the same night, and the wise man, who would have attempted to burst through the walls of mortality, sinks back into second childhood. Now, Edwin, pass judgment between the pot and the pipkin: reply, Edwin, if you can.

Edwin. The pipkin is already adjudged, if the pot may be reckoned with it.

Wollmar. Reply, I say.

Edwin. I say that even when the vessel fails to make that happy shore, the voyage is not therefore lost.

Wollmar. Widen your view, and take in the very picturesque prospects which open to the right and left of you. Do you see them tossed about in cloud and storm, trembling upon the edges of the rocks? No, argue with me no longer! my grief is more reasonable than your joy.

Edwin. And shall I trample the violet underfoot, only because I cannot pluck the rose? Or should I lose a fine May day because a storm may darken its face?—no! I rejoice in the cloudless blue, I pluck the flower though its scent may be flown ere morning. I throw it aside when it fades, and pluck its younger sister on the stem, just bursting into bloom.

Wollmar. Once for all, it is in vain. Where one seed of pleasure

springs, you may find a thousand shoots of sorrow and despair. Few are the tears of pleasure, compared with those of sorrow and despair. Here on the very spot where man was late rejoicing, you shall find a heap of worms. While our voice of gladness seems to fill the air, a thousand curses are ready to be launched upon our heads. Yes, life is a cheating lottery, in which a few poor prizes are lost in a crowd of blanks. Each point of time becomes the grave of some pleasure ; each wretched mortal, each atom of dust, the gravestone of some departed delight. Death hath impressed his seal upon each atom of the eternal universe : upon each atom I read that comfortless word of farewell : *Gone!*

Edwin. But wherefore not have been? May not each tone of that funeral hymn prove a blessing? it is likewise the hymn of omnipresent love ; for it was in this spot, Wollmar, under this Linden-tree, where I first kissed my Juliet, where Juliet first returned my kiss.

Wollmar (turning hastily away). Young man, it was under these Linden-trees where I lost my Laura !

GERMAN NOVELS.

LEWIS TIECK.

IN common with so many of his learned but eccentric contemporaries, Tieck put forth his earliest literary efforts under a pseudonymous title, and appeared under the wing of PETER LEBRECHT and G. FARBER. Many of his favourite productions are become already familiar to the English reader, in several able versions from the pens of our best German scholars. Not the least excellent and amusing among these are to be met with in a recent English translation of his two tales, entitled the "Pictures," and the "Betrothing," presented to us by an anonymous hand.

It would be an idle attempt on the part of the present Editor, after the various beautiful versions and notices of Tieck's genius which have appeared in some of our periodical journals, to presume to enter at any length into this great writer's character and productions. At the same time, it will be obvious that in a selection embracing so great a variety of names and materials, the Editor must confine his attention to a few only of the most brief and characteristic among his fanciful effusions, in affording specimens most suitable to the object he has in view,—specimens of the traditional and romantic character of the Germans.

Ludwig Tieck was born at Berlin on the 31st of May, 1773. He was raised to the chair of philosophy at the university, and chiefly resided at the city of Dresden. One of his first productions was entitled "William Lowell," published at Berlin, 1795, 2 vols., a new edition in 1814. This was followed by that of "Peter Lebrecht; or, a History with no Adventures," 2 vols., 1795-6. The next was "Ritter Blaubart, an Old Woman's Story;" and of still more familiar sound came the "Booted Tom Cat," "Puss in Boots, a Child's Story, with Interludes, a Prologue, and an Epilogue;" "Heart-Effusions of a Monk devoted to Art;" "Popular Stories;" "Francis Sternbald's Travels, an old German History," 2 vols., 1798. Tieck's powers, however, soon freed him from the danger of indulging his more wild and eccentric qualities; he engaged in several works conjointly with A. W. Schlegel, gave an excellent version of "Don Quixote," and wrote his well-known work, entitled "Phantásus," from which the following specimens have been chiefly drawn.

In the year 1820 he edited the works of Kleist, and published a collection of his own poems, 3 vols., besides editions of the old English and German dramatic writers.

Among the specimens here offered, it may be proper to warn the English reader, unacquainted with the wild and daring cast of this author's productions, that he must not be too much startled at meeting with a few of those more supernatural exhibitions which Tieck so much delights in conjuring up, however startling and terrific they may occasionally appear. He is a true northern magician, one who disguises

nothing of his terrors : like an experienced master, he leaps at once into the magic ring, and casts his spells about him with all the confidence and power so well calculated to impress upon us that sort of illusion sought for in the enchantments to which he aspires. Most of all he succeeds in embodying the traditionary phantoms of the past,—dim forms, just disappearing in the darkness of the middle ages, yet still visible in the distance, and whose names have some of them survived in the old heroic poems and ballads of the country.

To this class will be found to belong the two which are entitled "The Faithful Eckart," and the "Tannenhäuser, or Dweller of the Firs." Of the former of these mention is made in the preface to the "Book of Heroes," an analysis and specimen of which appear in the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities,"* from the pen of the most distinguished writer of his age, likewise a great magician of the north.

In his introduction to both these stories, Tieck takes occasion to observe that he was indebted for his idea of the Venus-berg to a tradition current during the middle ages ; but that in respect to the poem of the "Tannenhäuser," as well as that of the "Niebelungen," he was wholly unacquainted with them at the period when he composed the second portion of his "Faithful Eckart," and "The Dweller of the Fir Woods." He adds that frequent mention of the former occurs in the writings of old Hans Sachs and other poets, by all of whom he is represented as keeping constant watch before the Venus-berg. Hence, too, he borrowed his ideas of some of the following prose and poetic fictions.

LOVE MAGIC SOME CENTURIES AGO.



ABSORBED in his own thoughts, Emilius sat leaning his head upon the table, awaiting the arrival of his friend Roderick. His lamp began to burn dim ; it was a cold winter's evening, and he wished his fellow-traveller would return, although, at one time, he had as earnestly avoided his society. The truth was, he had determined that evening to entrust him with a secret, and further solicit his advice in what way to act. The unsocial Emilius found, or rather imagined, so many difficulties, so many insurmountable obstacles in the commonest affairs and occurrences of life, that fortune seemed to have thrown him in Roderick's way out of a mere freakish ironical humour, as the latter afforded in every respect almost a ludicrous contrast to his poor friend. Volatile, affable even to flattery, influenced and determined by first impressions, Roderick undertook everything, was every one's adviser, thought nothing too difficult for him, and was least of all to be deterred from pursuing his object. Not so in prosecuting his undertaking to an end : he soon grew weary, and broke down almost as suddenly as he had first entered upon his career. His elasticity and inspiration of ideas then forsook him ; every little obstacle, instead of acting as a spur to

* A work of admirable learning, taste, and execution, produced by the conjoint labours of several very able antiquarians, but unfortunately presented to the world in somewhat too unwieldy and uninteresting a shape.—Ed.

incite him to greater efforts, induced him to relax them, and to undervalue the task which he had so warmly approved and commenced. Thus his plans lay all confused, without a motive and without conclusion; abandoned as weakly as they had been conceived. Hence, too, not a day passed without some difference of opinion arising between the two friends, which often seemed to threaten the continuance of their regard; yet this apparent hostility was perhaps the real bond which more intimately united them. They were, in fact, truly attached to each other, although both felt no little satisfaction in the idea that they had the best grounds in the world for complaining of each other's whims.

Emilius was a young man of fortune, of an enthusiastic, irritable, and melancholy temperament. He had early become master of his own time and property, had set out on a tour to enlarge his views, and had latterly spent some months in a celebrated city to enjoy the pleasures of the Carnival; about which, however, he in truth cared very little. Still, he had to meet the very significant expectations of his relations, whom he had scarcely ever visited, but who calculated upon splendid proofs of his great fortune in his future style of living. Meanwhile the fickle and busy Roderick urged him forward; for he had quarrelled with his guardians, and in order to rid himself altogether of their tedious admonitions, he had eagerly embraced the opportunity of accompanying his new friend upon his tour.

As they proceeded, indeed, they had often come to the resolution of separating; yet in every dispute, the more serious it seemed to grow, the more sensibly did both feel, when they came to bid farewell, how impossible it was for them to part. They had barely alighted in any new city before Roderick protested he had already beheld all the most remarkable objects it contained, and which were forgotten before the next day; while Emilius devoted a full week to the examination of libraries, suffered nothing curious to escape him; leaving Roderick, meanwhile, to form a thousand acquaintances, visit a thousand places, and return with some of his new friends to invade his companion's quiet apartment. Nay, he would not scruple, when the company he had brought grew tiresome, to leave Emilius with them alone, and set out in quest of something fresh. Often, of a truth, he brought the reserved Emilius into the most cruel dilemma, by passing extravagant encomiums upon his merits and acquirements before learned and distinguished men, dwelling upon his familiarity with languages, antiquities, and the arts, upon all of which he was well qualified, he said, to give lectures to the most accomplished audience; yet the volatile wretch had never had even patience enough to listen to his friend when discoursing on any one of these subjects. Whenever Emilius once betook himself to active employment, his restless friend was sure to have engaged himself to some ball, or in some excursion on the sledge, when his couch was certain, for that night, at least, to remain unpressed; and Emilius, while travelling in the society of one of the liveliest, most restless, and sympathizing of beings, was left in complete solitude.

That day, however, Emilius looked for his arrival with confidence, as he had extorted the most warm and willing promise that he would spend this very evening with him, in order to receive an explanation

as to the cause of his friend's evident anxiety and low spirits during some weeks past. Emilius meanwhile amused himself with penning the following lines upon a subject which filled all his thoughts :

How sweet and pure life's vernal gales,
When every bird that sings
Pours strains all like the nightingale's,
Till wood and valley rings,
And leaves and flowers tremble like breathing things !

How sweet in golden moonlit hours,
When evening airs first blow,
Through calm and fragrant linden bowers
To feel them as we go,
And hear their music with the streamlet's flow.

Serenely shines the rosy light,
When fay-rings deck the fields,
Love peeps from every rose of night,
From every star that yields
Its lamp to lovers, and their raptures gilds.

Yet sweeter, purer far to me
The pale light of that lamp,
Where in her chamber I may see
That face and form, whose stamp
Of beauty on my soul, nor time nor seasons damp.

Behold her white hand through the gleam
Unloose her lovely zone,
And let her auburn tresses stream
In luscious freedom down,
And from her fair brows take her rosy crown.

Hark ! 't was the music of her lute—
Sweet notes might wake the dead
From every string, till through my mute
And listening soul their magic sped ;
The light of mirth and joy, with griefs that bled.

Let me approach—near and more near,
In conscious honour bold,
Nor more depart until she hear
The tale I'd long have told,
And learn that love is all my hope—my world.

Emilius rose impatiently. It grew darker, and Roderick did not appear, much as he longed to confide to him his secret,—that of his attachment to a fair unknown who resided directly opposite, and who thus kept him night and day awake and at home. At last he heard footsteps on the stairs, his door opened without any preliminary knock, and two masks, of most revolting aspect, marched boldly in. One of these was a Turk, arrayed in red and blue silk ; the other a Spaniard, in crimson with a mixed pale yellow, with fine waving feathers in his hat. Emilius expressing his impatience at this intrusion, his friend Roderick unmasked, displaying the same smiling countenance as usual, and exclaiming, "Lord ! my poor friend, what a rueful face ! Is that a face for the Carnival, think you ? I have brought my young friend here to entertain you. There is a grand ball to-night in the masquerade-rooms, and as I well know that you have taken an oath not to go, except you wear mourning, which is your every-day habit—we are glad to find you ready dressed ; so you will go along with us ; it is getting rather late."

Emilius, not a little irritated, replied, "It would seem that according to your habit, likewise, sir, you have broken your engagement to me this evening;" then turning towards the stranger, he added, "I am much concerned that it will not be in my power to accompany you, and my friend has been too hasty in engaging for me. Indeed, it is quite out of the question, as I happen to have something of importance to communicate to him."

The stranger, aware of the meaning of this, instantly withdrew; Roderick resumed his mask, walked before the mirror, and said, "Is it not true? one looks quite hideous. Upon my honour it is a remarkable proof of ill taste; it is a notable discovery of mine." "There is no question of that: nothing new at all in caricaturing yourself, and running after the most absurd amusements; but perhaps you are possessed."

"This is all said in spite," said Roderick, "because you can't dance; because you consider it a most d——nably grievous offence; and so nobody must be merry. It is truly pitiable to see a man turn himself into a bundle of conceited prejudices." "It is certain," replied Emilius, in high dudgeon, "there is occasion enough for them, in reference to you; yet I was simple enough to believe, from what passed between us, that you would have given me the pleasure of your company for one short evening."

"True; but it is the Carnival," returned the other, "and all my acquaintance, with several ladies to boot, are expecting to see me at the grand ball. Only consider, my good fellow, that it is sheer sickness that gives you such an unreasonable aversion to all kind of fun." "I will not pretend to decide," retorted Emilius, "which of us is sick; but thy irreclaimable frivolity, thy determination to ruin thyself, thy mad pursuit of pleasure, with the elevation of thy head and the emptiness of thy heart, are, doubtless, no good symptoms of a sound mind. You would do well to imitate my weakness, as you call it, if such it be, in some things; and think with me, that there is nothing in the world so utterly intolerable as that mad riot called a ball, with all the frightful noise called its music. It has been truly observed that to the dumb, happily exempt from the nuisance, a ball appears a dance of bedlamites; but I am of opinion that this frightful music itself—this eternal harping upon a few notes in quick incessant repetition—in certain miscaled melodies, which really set all one's thoughts, I might add all one's blood, into commotion,—'confusion thrice confounded,'—so as to require no little time to recover from the injury; I say that all this must be downright folly and insanity; insomuch that, if dancing ought to be tolerated, it should be on conditions that there be no music; but both are intolerable."

"What a paradoxical wretch!" cried the Mask, in high good humour; "you have gone so far as to accuse the most natural, innocent, and delightful amusement in the world of absurdity, folly, and insanity." "I cannot account for it," continued his friend, more seriously, "how certain tones of music have made me feel unhappy from my childhood; even often reduced me to the brink of despair. To me the world of sound appears as if haunted with goblins, furies, and all kind of ill spirits, which wave their wings over me and mock and mow in my face."

"Weak nerves,—blue devils all!" exclaimed his friend, "just like your abhorrence of spiders, and other innocent worms and creepers." "Innocent do you call them?" cried his irritated companion. "Yes, as long as they do not oppose you. To me, who indulge a feeling of utter repugnance at the sight of toads and spiders, and that most detestable of all ugly nondescripts, a bat;—to me, I say, they are like ferocious wild beasts; and you cannot deny but that their nature *is* strongly opposed to ours. Let unbelievers experience some of the phantoms of a sick man's dream, or behold some of Dante's pictures of terror, and declare that *they* are not horrible! How, in fact, should we rightly appreciate the forms of beauty itself, without detesting and wondering at the sight of these, so naturally and instinctively as it were opposed to them?"

"Why amaze us?" inquired Roderick, "why should the great world of water, for instance, present us with this terrific character, to which your ideas have become accustomed? why should not such objects more likely appear under an odd, entertaining, and ridiculous view, so that the whole province of nature should bear some resemblance to a well-furnished comic masquerade? Your whims, however, run yet further, for just in proportion as you would almost worship the rose, you are inclined to despise and detest other flowers; yet what has the fine yellow lily done, with so many of its other summer sisters? Some kind of colours, in the same way, displease you, some scents, and some sounds; yet you make no exertion to rise superior to such fancies, weakly giving way to them; insomuch that a bundle of such peculiarities will soon occupy the place which your egotism should possess."

Emilius was highly incensed at this language, but said not a word. He had already changed his mind in regard to entrusting Roderick with his secret, who, on his part, expressed no curiosity to hear it,—a secret which his gloomy companion had alluded to with so very important an air. He sat playing with his mask, in an arm-chair, in the most careless attitude, until, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he jumped up, exclaiming, "Oh, Emilius, be so good as to lend me your large mantle." "What for, sir?" inquired the other.

"I hear music in the church there over the way," replied Roderick, "and I have already let slip the opportunity several evenings; to-night I am well reminded, and I can disguise this fancy dress under your great mantle, mask and turban and all; then, as soon as it is finished, I can go to the ball."

The grumbling Emilius took the mantle from his drawers, gave it to his friend in the act of going, and forced himself to a kind of ironical smile.

"There," said Roderick, "is my Turkish scimitar for you, which I purchased yesterday" (covering himself at the same time with his mantle); "it is not good to carry so serious a weapon upon a fool's errand, not knowing to what purpose it may be misapplied, should a bit of a breeze, or any other pleasant adventure, afford an opportunity. To-morrow we two meet again; until when farewell, and try to be content." Neither waiting for nor receiving any answer, he ran down the steps.

Once more left alone, Emilius sought to remove his vexation by

viewing his friend's conduct only in a ludicrous point of view. He examined the naked, elegantly wrought dagger, and said, "How must that man feel who is piercing his enemy's bosom with steel sharp as this, or who, still more, wounds a beloved object with it?" He then sheathed it; softly raised the sashes of his window, and gazed across the street. But he saw no light; all was gloom in the opposite house: the lovely form which dwelt there, and was accustomed, about this time, to be seen engaged in her little household affairs, had some way disappeared. "Perhaps she is at the ball!" thought Emilius, little as it appeared adapted to her usual secluded mode of life. Suddenly, however, there appeared a light, and the little attendant, who usually appeared along with his unknown beauty, approached the window-sashes with a lamp, and drew them up. A crevice, however, remained, which admitted a view of part of the room from the spot where Emilius stood, and where he was often rejoiced to stand until past midnight rooted to the ground. He watched each motion of her hand, every feature of his beloved, as if enchanted; and could have stood gazing for hours, when he saw her sit down, and begin to teach the little girl to read, to sew, or to knit. He had learnt from inquiry that the child was a poor orphan, of whom the lovely maiden had kindly taken charge, intending to give her an education. The friends of Emilius could not conjecture why he inhabited this narrow street, in an inconvenient house, appeared so little in any kind of society, and in what business he was occupied. Yet he was unoccupied, in solitude, and happy; except in as far as he accused himself of an unsocial, shy disposition, for not venturing upon a nearer intercourse with this beloved being, although she had frequently smiled upon and greeted him when she became aware of his notice. He little dreamed that, on her part, she was as deeply engaged with him. What wishes she cherished in her bosom, what difficulties, what sacrifices she felt herself capable of encountering, in order to insure the success of her hopes!

After pacing the room for some time, observing that the light along with the child had disappeared, he suddenly resolved, in spite of his want of inclination, to go to the ball, as it struck him that his fair unknown might chanced to have deviated, in this instance, from her usual style, and was gone to enjoy a little of the world and its vanities. The streets were just lighted up; the snow crumbled under his feet; the carriages rolled past him, and masks of the most opposite character whistled and jeered, and twitted him as they went by. From many a house came the detested music bursting upon his ear, and yet he could not contrive to find the shortest path-towards the assembly-rooms. Crowds of persons in every direction were rushing, as if they were mad, to reach the desired spot. He approached the ancient church, looked wistfully at its old high towers frowning darkly through the dim midnight, and enjoyed the dreary stillness and solitude of the deserted place. He took his station in the recess of a large tower, whose variety and grandeur of architecture he had often admired, indulging his taste for ancient art and the recollection of other times; and here, for some moments, he yielded himself up to the melancholy reflections which the scene inspired. Shortly, however, his attention was directed towards

a strange figure, pacing to and fro in evident impatience and anxiety, as if expecting some one's arrival. By the light of a lamp burning before a figure of the Virgin, he could distinguish the features, and in particular the singular attire of this person. It was an old hag of the most revolting appearance, and the more remarkable, as she was seen in the act of stabbing at a scarlet bodice adorned with gold, in a wild manner, as if she were acting some mad part. Her robe was of a dark hue, and the cap she had on her head likewise sparkled with rich gems and gold. At first Emilius conjectured it to be some horrible kind of mask, one of those which, like himself, had missed his way; but he was soon convinced by the clear light that it was really an old, horrid, yellow wrinkled countenance, and no burlesque. Soon there appeared two men, both wrapped in mantles, approaching the place cautiously and slowly, and frequently looking round to observe whether any one was following them. The old hag went forward to meet them.

"Have you lights?" she inquired hastily, in a hoarse tone of voice. "Here they are," replied one of the men. "You know the price, and manage the affair right—right well."

The old creature then put money into one of their hands, which he seemed to be counting under his mantle. "I trust," she added, "that you will find them cast exactly after the same art and pattern, so that their workmanship will not appear."

"Don't be anxious," said the other, as he departed quickly, leaving his companion, a young man, with the strange-looking creature alone.

He took her hand, saying, "Is it possible, Alexia, that such forms and ceremonies, and such strange old sayings and invocations, in which I had never the smallest belief, can really control our free-will, and make us love and hate at their command?" "So it is," cried the old red-mantled wretch; "but all things must conspire together. Not merely those lights, dipped in blood and moulded in the new moon; not these magic forms and invocations. Many other potent charms are to be added to them, which the initiated well understand."

"Insomuch am I then beholden to you," said the stranger. "To-morrow, after midnight, I shall be at your service," replied the old woman; "you will not have been the first who has found reason to repent of my acquaintance. To-day, as you have heard, I am occupied for another, upon whose whole mind and senses our art will work very powerfully." She laughed out, as if in triumph, as she pronounced these last words; and she and her companion then separated in different directions. Emilius shuddering stepped from his hiding-place, and fixed his eyes upon the image of the Virgin and child.

"Before thine eyes, most chaste and holy one," he involuntarily exclaimed, "have the evil ones broken off their hateful dialogue; yet separated only to pursue their vile and unlawful practices upon the reason and free-will of the innocent. Yet, as thou art yet seen, most pure and lovely one, embracing thy tender child, so doth the power of invisible love protect us; and in joy as in sorrow, our heart turns towards that source of mightier strength and charity which is never known to desert its orphan children. Clouds pass over the spire of the tower, casting their shadows across this rude and massy pile. The eternal

stars cast their soft and quiet rays, and seem to regard us with a tender power."

Emilius then turned from the nocturnal scene, and began to dwell upon the beauty of his beloved. He mixed once more with the crowds in the streets; gradually approaching nearer the bright and splendid ball-rooms, whence he could already catch the sounds of voices, rolling carriages, and, in certain pauses, the loud pealing notes of the music itself.

In the rooms, too, he was soon lost in the waves of a sea of beauty and fashion flowing to and fro; of dancers, masks, and mimes, elbowing him on all sides; while kettledrums and trumpets assailed his ear, insomuch that he hardly knew whether his waking life were not a dream. He pushed his way, however, through rows of fashionables, bent upon catching the eye of his own fair girl in every face he saw, with her bright brown tresses; and that night he longed more than usual to behold her. He secretly reproached her, at the same time, for mingling in such a scene, and thus rendering him guilty of the same folly.

"No," said he to himself, "no heart that truly loved could open its feelings to such emotions as here triumph in the woes they create: rank jealousy, and tears, and food for blood, mixed with the ranting mockery of wild music—such as drums and trumpets, fit only for murderous scenes, afford. Away! It is the murmur of the trees, the bubbling fall of waters, the burst of involuntary joy and song, filling the happy bosom with nature's sweetest pleasures,—this is the music for love. But this! this, alas! is more akin to the bold and raving tumult, the shouts of madness and despair."

He found not her whom he sought, and the idea of the beloved face being concealed under a mask made his search still more anxious and unprofitable. He had already traversed the hall three several times, and reviewed all the unmasked ladies whom he found seated—all in vain. Just then the Spaniard came up to him, and said, "It is amusing enough, indeed, to see *you* here, after all. You are, perhaps, seeking your friend?" No; Emilius had quite forgotten him; but replied in an embarrassed tone, "In fact I am surprised not to find him, for his mask is easily recognized."

"Do you know in what the whimsical gentleman is engaged, sir? He has neither danced nor remained long in the rooms, for he found here my friend Anderson, just arrived from the country. Their conversation turning upon literature, and the stranger being unacquainted with the new poem which lately appeared, Roderick took him aside into another room, where they are shut up together perusing it with great zest."

"Not at all unlikely," said Emilius; "for he follows nothing with so much pleasure as his own whims. I have tried every means, and even quarrelled with him more than once, to dissuade him from this extempore mode of life,—from devoting his whole existence to sudden impromptus and to whims; but I fear they are so thoroughly engrafted in his nature, that I verily believe he would rather part with the best friend he has than with them. This identical work, which has so greatly taken his fancy, and which he everywhere carries about him, he began to read to me the other day. Yet he had scarcely got into its beauties and awa-

kened some degree of interest, when, in spite of my entreaties that he would forbear, he suddenly sprang up, and tying on a cooking apron, he said he must instantly go and superintend the broiling of a beef-steak, in which he said he could instruct the first cook in Europe, although, indeed, he more frequently spoiled than broiled the beef-steak to my liking; and I protested I wanted to have the poem, and not the steak."

The Spaniard laughed. "Has he never been in love, then?" he inquired. "Yes! in his own way," continued Emilius, more seriously, "just as if he meant to make a farce of it; while he declared he was on the brink of despair, he was a sound man again in little more than a week."

They were here separated by the throng; and Emilius proceeded in search of his friend, whom he heard loud in argument—so loud as easily to lead him, from some distance, into the right chamber. "Lord! is one to believe one's own eyes?" he cried, as he saw Emilius approach. "It is very lucky, as I have just got to the place where I left off when we were interrupted; so you can sit down and listen."

"At present I am not in the humour," replied Emilius; "and I think this is no time nor place for such kind of entertainment." "Why not?" inquired Roderick; "we ought not always to listen to our humours, you know, Emilius; and every time is good to employ ourselves in so laudable a manner. But perhaps you had rather dance, Emilius? the ladies are in want of partners, and you may easily, at the expense of a pair of weary heels, a few hours gentle curvetting, become a favourite with them." "Adieu at present, skitterwit," returned his friend, with his hand on the door: "I am for home." "A word with you yet," cried Roderick, as his friend was going: "I am off early in the morning, with my companion here, on a few days' tour; though I promise you a call P.P.C. before we set out. Only if you should happen to be asleep, do not waken yourself merely to bid me good bye, for in three days I am with you again. That is one of the most extraordinary fellows," he continued, as Emilius left the room; "the most miserable, dull, serious—in fact, I cannot conjecture what is the matter with him. He takes no pleasure in anything—his name ought to have been Kill-joy. He must feel interested only in what he conceives noble, grand, magnanimous, with a dash of sympathy and the *lachrymose*, which he more especially looks for in a comedy. Were he at a puppet show which did not chime in with his ridiculous pretensions, he would assume the most tragical airs, and fall foul of the whole world, asserting that it contained nothing but what was crude, rude, and ridiculous. Under the humorous masks of old Pantaloon and Punchinello he expects to find the most preposterous fine feelings and lofty impulses, and will have Harlequin to philosophize with him upon the emptiness of all things. Then, on finding himself disappointed, the tears start into his eyes, and he turns his back upon the motley good-humoured personages with an expression of anger and contempt." "Is he melancholy, too?" inquired Roderick's companion.

"No! not downright melancholy—only spoiled by his over-indulgent parents, and then by himself. He is accustomed to think and think, and feel and feel, with the due return and precision of ebb and tide; and when such thought or emotion did not return just as he expected,

he shouted 'a miracle!' and offered a premium for the physical inquiry and discovery of so strange a phenomenon. He is the best fellow under the sun; but all attempts to remove his rooted perversity go for nothing; and if I would not wish to be insulted for my good opinion of him, I must warrant it." "He is, perhaps, in want of a physician?" said the other.

"But it is one of his peculiarities," replied Roderick, "to hold medicine in utter contempt. He opines that disease assumes an individual character in each respective subject, and is not to be treated according to general symptoms or established theories. He has more faith in sympathetic influences and the cures of old women. In the same way he despises in other respects everything we call order, moderation, and frugality. From childhood his favourite idea has been that of some noble character, and his chief aim to unite, as far as possible, such ideal excellence in himself with a lofty contempt of all things, more particularly of money. Thus, in order to avoid the least suspicion of being economical, he purposely dissipates it as fast as he can; so as to contrive, in spite of an immense income, to remain always poor; and is the ready tool of all those who choose to take advantage of this species of magnanimity to which he is so much attached. How to become his friend, and how to serve him, is the problem of all problems; for you have only to cough, to eat with too little dignity, or, most of all, to pick your teeth, in order to offend him mortally." "Was he never in love?" inquired the stranger.

"Whom should he love?" replied Roderick, "despising as he does all the daughters of Eve. Were he to detect his ideal fair in a fashionable dress or in the act of dancing, the sight would break his heart; perhaps he might die on the spot if she were so unlucky as to catch a cold."

Meanwhile Emilius had mixed in the crowd, when he suddenly felt himself attacked by that wild and strange feeling of anxiety and alarm which so often surprised him amidst a vast human throng, and seemed to pursue him as he fled from the assembly towards his own house. He paced the deserted streets with an eager desire to reach his chamber, and throwing himself into a chair, for the first time that evening felt some relief. His lamp was already extinguished; he bade his servant retire to rest, and seating himself in a musing posture, he began to ruminate upon the impressions made upon him by the ball—upon all he had that night seen and heard.

Wearied at length with thought, he went and looked out of his window, and there he beheld the bright vision in the chamber opposite—lovely as ever, her dark brown tresses streaming over her white neck and playing in a thousand wanton folds. She was in a loose undress, and appeared engaged in some little domestic arrangements previous to retiring to rest. He observed her place two lighted tapers in two corners of the room, spread a white cloth over the table, and then retire. Emilius now yielded himself up to the most flattering dreams: the image of his beloved still stood arrayed in all her charms before his fancy, when, to his utter dismay, he beheld the frightful old red-hooded woman step quickly into the room. The bright gold shone quite terrific from her large haggard face and bosom, and cast a red glow, glaring still

redder with the light, upon the wall. He turned away his eyes ;—he looked again, and she was gone. Was he to believe his senses? Was it some illusion of the night, which his own heated and alarmed imagination had conjured up?

"Oh, no," he cried, "she is coming back more horrible than before!" for she had unlocked her grizzly, greyish-black hair, which hung in disorder over her back and breast; while the lovely girl followed, pale and disfigured, her beauteous bosom bare, her whole form most resembling a marble statue. Between them stood the pretty little child, which crept weeping close to the young woman, whose eyes were turned another way. But the timid creature stretched forth its hands, and caressed the lovely maiden's neck and cheeks, as if exhorting her protection against that fearful old woman. But in vain; her bony hand was already in its hair; in her other, she held a silver basin; and then murmuring some horrid words, she plunged a knife into its throat. Next there appeared to rise something out of the place behind them; neither, however, appeared to notice it, for both seemed then as much terrified as Emilius himself. It wound itself up in a spiral form, higher and higher, amid the gloomy light, and now appeared like a huge dragon, which crawled towards the dead body lying, still throbbing, in the old woman's arms: it sucked the red-flowing blood from the wound, and then fixed its dark green sparkling eye upon that of Emilius, through the open crevice which betrayed this terrific scene. That look suddenly shot through the frame, the brain, and heart of Emilius, and he fell senseless upon the ground. In this state he was found by Roderick several hours afterwards, on his return.

Time flew. It was a beautiful summer morning, and in the umbrageous shade of a pleasant garden sat a bright, gay, bridal party, looking and chattering pleasantly. Abundance of healths were drunk to the happiness of the handsome young couple, though neither were yet present. The bride was still busied with her maids at the toilet, while her lover was taking a delightful walk, meditating, doubtless, upon his exceeding good fortune, now drawing rapidly nigh.

"T is really a pity," cried Anderson, "that we have no music:—the ladies are sadly out of tune, for they never felt so irresistibly inclined to dance in all their lives,—because they must not,—as this very day. But, you know, music would be the death of him."

"Yet I can inform you," returned a young officer, "that we shall, nevertheless, have a ball; a right mad and riotous one too. Everything is in readiness; the musicians have secretly arrived, and taken up a safe and invisible position. Roderick has conducted the whole proceedings; though he says we must none of us offer to interfere with, much less to pass any remarks upon his friend to-day, whatever may be his odd humour. He is more kind and reasonable, I think, than he was," said the officer, "and on that account, I think too, the change of places will not prove disagreeable. Yet this sudden marriage is somewhat against one's expectations."

"There is only one opinion upon that. The tenour of his whole life," continued Anderson, "is as singular as his character. I believe you are all acquainted with his journey, last autumn, to visit our city. He

spent the winter here, like an anchorite, secluded in his chamber the whole time; entering into no sort of amusements, not so much as going to the theatre. He very nearly quarrelled with his friend Roderick, for trying to amuse him and not being as miserable as himself. His irritability and eccentricity was, doubtless, for the most part disease; for, if you will recollect, he was seized with a horrid nervous fever, which had nearly carried him off, and hung upon him at least four months. When his imagination had raged itself to rest, he came to himself, but could recall nothing but his earlier years of childhood, his memory as to what had happened during his journey, and during his illness, having totally failed him. He did not even know his former friends, and it was long before Roderick himself could revive their acquaintance; until, by degrees, traces of past occurrences began to cast some dim glimmerings over his mind. His uncle had kindly taken him under his own roof, in order to attend personally to his wants, and treated him every way like his own child. When he first went to breathe the open air, on a mild spring day, in the park, he saw a young lady seated at a little distance from him, apparently absorbed in thought. She looked up, and her eyes met his; at the same moment, as if seized by an irresistible impulse, he stopped. He approached her, and taking both her hands in his, he burst into a flood of tears. His friends became again anxious for his reason; but henceforth he grew calmer, more cheerful, and more sociable. He soon announced himself to the parents of the lady, and requested her hand in marriage; a request which was complied with. He now felt happy, seemed to enjoy new life, and daily became stronger and more cheerful. About a week ago he arrived here on a visit to me; the country round appeared much to his taste; and, in fact, he would give me no rest until I agreed to sell him the estate. I might easily have turned his predilection for it to a good account; for whatever he sets his heart upon he will purchase at all risks; so we agreed, and he instantly determined upon taking up his abode here for the summer; and here we are all assembled at my old residence to celebrate our friend's nuptials."

This country seat was on a large scale and very pleasantly situated. On one side it overlooked a river, with hills in the distance; it was surrounded with fine plantations, and a garden, well stocked with the sweetest plants and flowers, in the centre. The orange and the citron shed their rich odours in the spacious hall. The range of rooms was noble and elegant, with only small side-doors, which led to the household establishment, well supplied with eating-rooms, cellars, &c. On the other side opened a rich prospect of lawns and meadows, extending into a large park; while to each long and stately wing of the edifice was attached a large open court, whence from three rows of marble pillars, rose numbers of broad lofty steps, leading into the respective halls and chambers; which gave a very imposing as well as novel and pleasing air to the whole edifice; for on this side were seen a number of figures as you entered the porches, engaged in a variety of occupations, extending through the lofty rooms; while between the halls and the way to the respective chambers you met with others of every description, proceeding to and fro along the passages and noble corridors

at pleasure. Of these, some parties were engaged at tea, others at play; while beyond the whole of these spacious apartments rose the aspect of a theatre, round which numbers of guests were lingering, in anticipation of the novel and charming entertainments in store for them.

The whole party of young people rose with an air of respect, as the lovely bride, richly adorned, approached them along the garden. She was dressed in violet-coloured velvet, with sparkling ornaments round her snow-white neck, while still more costly gold was thrown into stronger relief by her full, white, heaving bosom. Her dark auburn tresses were bound with a myrtle crown, mixed with other flowers, which seemed to gather fresh beauty from her looks. With a charming air she greeted all her guests; the young men standing in astonishment at her surpassing loveliness. She had been gathering flowers in the garden, with which she was returning, in order to inspect the progress of the approaching entertainments. The tables were spread in the long galleries; their rich covers of a dazzling white—their bright silver and glowing crystals, and vessels filled with all kinds of odorous flowers, seemed to lull the senses in a dream of delight. The ceilings were overhung with garlands of the choicest greens and flowers, resembling one grand bower, the charm of which was not to be described, as the blooming bride entered the gallery, winding her way through a Paradise of love and flowers. She was seen to proceed through the opposite doors, visiting the whole arrangements in the adjacent halls; and then mounting into the corridor, she went up the marble steps into her own chamber.

"By heavens!" cried Anderson, "there goes the most charming and exquisite creature, I think, I have ever seen. Our friend is a very happy fellow, indeed."

"Yes, and I think," said the officer, "that her paleness heightens all her charms. How her dark hazel eyes lighten over her cheeks, and from under her dark tresses, giving her face so fine a relief; and then that moist warm redness of her ripe lips is surely something more than mortal; she has quite an irresistible, almost a magic air about her—something enchanting one cannot describe."

"It is that look of calm tender melancholy," replied Anderson, "which seems to invest her with more dignity."

The bridegroom now approached, and inquired for his friend Roderick, who had been missing some time, and no one could conjecture where he was. They all went in search of him. "He is in the hall below," said a young man whom they met, "busily engaged with some of the domestics, showing them some new tricks at cards." They proceeded to the spot, and surprised the great domestic oracle, who proceeded, however, with his magical evolutions, to the astonishment of the whole admiring household. When he at length concluded, he agreed to go with his friends into the garden, observing, "I only do this to strengthen the rascals' faith; for the art I have displayed will make some impression upon these free-thinking jockeys, and tend to their conversion."

"So I find," said the bridegroom, "that in addition to his other talents, my friend does not despise the fame of a charlatan, odd as it may appear." "Yes, we live in wonderful times," rejoined the other;

"one ought, in fact, to despise nothing now, for we never know how soon it may prove useful to us."

When Roderick and his friend were at last left to themselves, the latter turned into a shady walk, observing, "How strange that I should feel so low and odd on such a day as this! Yet I assure you, Roderick, of a truth, whatever you may think, that it is quite too much for me to mingle in this vast throng—to notice each and all of my guests; to omit not a single one of my old and new relatives; to pay respect to the old people, compliments to the ladies, welcome the coming, speed the going, and dispatch messengers for everything in all directions."

"Oh!" replied Roderick, "all this is done of itself; your household is right well stocked and ordered; your house-steward keeps all hands and all legs in exercise, and everything proceeds in a way to reach the consummation of all good cheer, without confusion of dishes or of guests: the whole hostship will go off with an air and a grace; depend upon your old steward and your young bride for that."

"I was walking this morning," said Emilius, "before sunrise in the woods; I felt keenly and deeply how decided a step I had taken—how this new connexion had given me a vocation and a home. I at last approached near yonder bower: I heard voices—it was my beloved girl's in confidential dialogue with some one. 'Has it not happened,' said the stranger, 'just as I foretold it would? You have your wish, and therefore rest content.' I did not venture to disturb them, though I approached nearer to listen: the next moment they were both gone. Yet I keep thinking what could be the meaning of those words?" Roderick said, "Perhaps she may have long loved you without your knowledge—you are so much the happier."

One of the latest nightingales here began its song, as if inviting the young bridegroom to thoughts of rapture and approaching night. Emilius grew more serious. "Come with me," cried his friend, "into the neighbouring village, and I will soon make you cheer up. There you shall see a bridal pair; for you must not imagine you are the only happy fellow on earth this blessed day. A young page has fallen into the snares of an ugly elderly sort of *soi-disante* maid, who first seduced and is now going to marry the young simpleton. Both by this time are decked out for sacrifice: we really must have a peep at them—it will be truly an edifying sight."

The serious bridegroom was prevailed upon by his amusing friend, and they hastened to the little cottage. The rural procession was just then preparing to go to church. The young fool was dressed in his ordinary day's frock—only sporting a pair of leather gaiters, which he had newly brushed for the occasion. His features were of the simple cast, and he looked rather out of place. The bride had a fine sunburnt skin; she bore few traces of her younger days, looked coarse and poor, though withal neatly arrayed. She wore red and blue ribbons, somewhat worse for wear, which flew like mill-sails round her head-dress; which last was built up stiff and high, by means of fat and flower and kitchen skewers, which rose like threatening horns for her unlucky helpmate out of her forehead; while a grand garland crowned the tower of paste upon her head. She laughed and looked very frolicsome, as

those do that win, yet withal was a little pale and abashed. The old relatives followed: his father, still a court page, whose hat and coat bore sufficient witness to his poverty. A miserably attired musician brought up the wake of this miserable show, scraping upon his wretched fiddle, to which he added, gratis, as wretched a voice. His instrument was half parchment, half wood, and, instead of strings, enforced the harmony derived from three pieces of packthread. The procession halted at the sight of the gracious gentleman's approach. There was a party of bold young rustics, amusing themselves with satirical touches and rural jokes at the expense of the wedded pair, in which the young pages, in particular, as more ingenious and accomplished, bore a shining part. Emilius almost shuddered and turned away; he looked at Roderick, who was already making his escape. An impudent varlet, bent upon displaying his wit, called out to Emilius, "Well, good gentleman, and what say you to this flaming bridal pair? The poor rogues are somewhat dashed at the idea of wanting a dinner to-morrow; but they have mettle, sir, and they are going to give us a grand ball to-night—all in the first style." "No bread?" cried Emilius; "is it so indeed?"

"Oh," said another, "everybody knows their poverty; but the rogue says that life is a good thing, though he got nothing. Oh, yes, truly, love is all-in-all. The ragamuffin has no bed to lie upon; but what of that? there is straw; and the happy pair have begged enough of strong liquor to drown their cares."

The whole rustic audience laughed aloud at this sally, while the unlucky objects of it cast down their eyes, evidently much hurt and abashed.

Emilius thrust the unfeeling jester aside: "Here, take it," he cried, and gave the bridegroom some hundred ducats, which he had put into his pocket that morning. The bridal pair and the old people at sight of this cried out and wept aloud, throwing themselves at their benefactor's feet. But Emilius wished to get away. "There," he cried, "keep want at a distance as long as you can."

"Oh! for ever, for ever, my good, most gracious sir," echoed all the relations at a time.

Emilius hardly knew how he had escaped, but he was once more alone, and bent his steps towards the wood. He sought out one of his most secluded spots, and threw himself upon a green hillock, while he there gave free course to his tears.

"Yes! I abhor life," he cried in painful emotion. "I cannot be happy and content—I will no longer try! Receive me, O my mother earth, receive me in thy soft cool arms; protect me from the wild beasts that dog my footsteps—protect me from mankind. God in heaven!" he exclaimed, "how have I deserved to array myself in silk, and lie upon down—that the grape should pour its richest juice—that all around should vie, as it were, in offering homage and respect to me? Why, that poor wretch is nobler and better than I, though misery be his nurse, and scorn and bitter mockery his only portion. I feel each precious morsel, and each luscious glass at table, like the commission of some sin; reposing on a downy couch, and wearing soft apparel and ornaments of fine gold, while thousands and millions of naked, hungry,

and thirsting wretches are driven at the world's frown—poor outcasts from house to house. Oh! yet, I promise you, ye long-tried, long-suffering, insulted brotherhood of misfortune—stretched upon your couch of straw, with a sack round your loins for raiment—I would rather encounter your privations and your wanderings, to expiate my indulging sins, than feast at the tables of the rich, whose profusion might afford you all full competence, joy, and peace.”

The poor enthusiast saw everything float before him, as in a dream: he resolved to unite his fate with the unfortunate, and abandon his more happy companions for ever. The party had been long expecting him in the hall, the bride was become anxious, and her relations were in search of him throughout the gardens and the park. At length, however, the mourner returned, more composed for the very tears he had shed, and the splendid entertainments were begun. The party proceeded from the halls below into the table galleries, to take their places for the feast. The bride and bridegroom led the way, at the head of a grand procession, among whom Roderick had given his arm to a very lively and conversable young lady.

“What can be the reason,” she inquired, “of the bride’s sad looks? the tears started into her eyes as she came into the gallery with Emilia.” “Because,” replied Roderick, “she is at this moment about to enter upon the most important and mysterious change, perhaps, that can occur during life.”

“Yet of all brides I ever saw,” continued his fair companion, “she surpasses them in solemnity; she looks particularly pale and melancholy; if you will observe, she never really laughs, nor even smiles.” “This confers so much the more honour upon her heart and feelings, as it is opposed to her usual custom. You are not acquainted, perhaps, lady, with her previous conduct. Some years since, she took charge of a little orphan girl, in order to educate her. She devoted her whole time to this tender task, finding her sole reward in her young charge’s improvement and attachment to her. When about seven years of age, she had the misfortune to lose this adopted child as she was one day walking through the city; and notwithstanding all her exertions to recover her, all the rewards held out, she was no more heard of. This accident preyed so much upon the lovely creature’s mind, that she has never since recovered her usual cheerfulness, and even yet sighs for the loss of her pretty little playfellow.”

“It is truly very interesting,” said Roderick’s companion; “it may give rise to something very romantic;—an excellent foundation, either for a poem or a romance.”

The company now arranged itself at the tables; the bride and bridegroom occupying the middle places, commanding a view of the lovely prospect without. Mirth and good cheer went hand-in-hand; toasts were drunk, and all were soon in high good humour—more especially the relations of the young bride. The bridegroom alone appeared still reserved, saying and partaking of little, and even starting as he heard the voice of music burst upon his ear. Yet he soon recovered his presence of mind with the softer notes of a distant horn from beyond the gardens, which resounded among the trees, and the far-off mountains

beyond the park. Roderick had himself stationed the musicians in the rooms over their head, and his friend expressed himself satisfied with the arrangement. Towards the close of the banquet, Emilius summoned his house-steward, and turning to his bride, said, "Suppose, my beloved, we share some portion of our superfluity with the hungry and the destitute?" He then gave orders for a quantity of provisions, wine, and fruit, to be sent to the unlucky pair he had that morning seen, in order that they might celebrate their intended feast, and have occasion to hail the return of their marriage-day with a feeling of pleasure.

"Now see, my friend," cried Roderick, "how happily things are connected in this world. That very frivolity and folly which you so often charge me with, has given rise to this same charitable embassy."

Many present were desirous of criticising their host's prudence and misplaced confidence on this occasion, while the bride was about to say something noble and sentimental in his favour.

"For Heaven's sake, be quiet," cried Emilius, in a scornful tone: "it is nothing worth mentioning—it is nothing good, nothing bad; nothing in the whole proceeding. If the birds around us are permitted to pick up the crumbs thrown from the windows, and carry them to their young, surely there can be no harm in allowing a wretched fellow-creature to glean some portion of the same superfluity. Were I to venture to follow the dictates of my own heart, you would all ridicule me, as you would any other people, who were to seclude themselves in a desert, in order to experience nothing more of the world and its generosity."

All were silent, and in the sparkling eye of his friend Roderick detected the utmost displeasure and disdain. He sought, therefore, to calm his feelings by turning to other topics, though without succeeding in withdrawing Emilius from his uneasiness and abstraction. His looks were often directed towards the gallery above, where some of the domestics who occupied the highest floors were engaged in various occupations. At length he observed, after a long pause, to his bride, "Who can that peevish old woman be, making herself so very busy coming and going—her I mean in the grey cloak?" "Oh!" replied the bride, "she belongs to my household, and is doubtless keeping an eye upon the younger domestics and maidens engaged in different employments."

"But how can you bear such a disagreeable-looking old creature in your service so near your person?" replied Emilius. "Oh! let her wear her ugly looks as long as she lives," replied the young bride, "provided she can be useful to us, for she is so active and honest."

The guests now rose from table, surrounding the lovely pair, and offering up fresh wishes for their happiness. They then pressed, with much ardour, to be permitted to hold the ball: the bride even threw her fair arms around him, and beseeching said, "Surely my beloved will not refuse me this simple boon, which we have all along anticipated: it is so long since I danced—and I think you never saw me dance: have you no curiosity to see how I can acquit myself?" "I think I never saw you so merry, lady; and Heaven forbid that I should mar your enjoyment. No; do as you please—and permit me. I have no desire to render myself voluntarily ridiculous by bounding and curvetting and linking feet and hands."

"Why, if you are a bad dancer," she replied, laughing, "depend upon it, nobody will think of troubling you." Having said this, the bride left him to attend to her toilet and make preparations for the ball.

When Emilius too had retired, as well as many of the ladies, to attend to their ball dresses and summon their maids, Roderick invited the young men to accompany him to his apartment. "It will soon be evening," he said; "certes, it is already twilight, and we are none of us dressed. Quick, let us dispatch! for to-night we will, once in our lives, be as smart, as jovial, and as mad as we list. Whatever takes you into the head, my pretty fellows, that do without restraint—the worse the better, say I. The more extravagant your whims, the more will I commend you for your folly. There be no hunchbacks so ugly—no goblin, and no mask, with no disguises and conceits so villanous, that shall not be practised and paraded this blessed night. A marriage, gentlemen, is so wonderful an occurrence—the parties find themselves so suddenly metamorphosed, when the yoke with Cupid's speed is suddenly thrown around their necks—that we cannot render such a festival as this, too absurd and strange, in order somewhat to excuse the sudden revolution in the young wedded pair's affairs; so that, being still madder than they, we may lull them in a soft elysian dream, and withdraw their minds from the consequences of their folly, by showing ourselves at open war with all moderation and common sense."

"Be at peace," cried Anderson, "let us to work; you shall find no reason to complain. We have brought with us a huge parcel of masks, and all kind of mad motley dresses, such as will excite your admiration, I think."

"But first behold," cried Roderick, "what I have purchased from my tailor, who was just on the point of cutting it up into lappets. Yes, I was in time to redeem this dress, which he received from the hands of an old godmother, who, doubtless, had it from the shop of Lucifer, fashioned somewhere on the Blocksberg by Galla. Survey with all your eyes this scarlet red apron, fringed with golden lace, and this gold-studded cap, which I shall ever continue to revere. Add to which this green silk gown, with saffron embroidery, and this terrific mask—arrayed in all which I propose, in the shape of an old woman, to guide the whole troop of caricatures into the bridal chamber. Make all dispatch you can, and we will then proceed to escort the young bride to the ball-room, with all due pomp and circumstance of fun."

The musical horns were yet playing; part of the company wandered about the gardens, and part were seated in the house. The sun had just set behind a mass of dark clouds, the prospect lay half visible in the grey twilight; when suddenly, from out the gathered clouds, there shot a bright beam, which streaked the prospect around, but more especially the whole edifice, with its walks, and marble pillars, and flowery ornaments, as with streaks of red blood.

The relations of the bride, and the rest of the spectators on the spot, witnessed this very singular sight as it hovered over the corridor above. Then came Roderick, heading his procession of masks and mimes, huge monsters in wig and gown, fierce goblins, Punchinellos, and wild female figures, with long tresses and sweeping garments, along with the most

terrific figures,—that of Roderick himself, as old Red Riding-hood, a frightful old woman, being none of the least—and almost resembling some phantasma or hideous dream. Soon they spread themselves, hooting and leaping about, starting from doors and passages in the domestics' faces, and again vanishing from sight. A few of the spectators had just sufficiently recovered their surprise to enter into the joke, and laughed aloud; when suddenly there burst a real fearful cry from the inmost chambers—and there rushed forth, seen in the red glaring light of dying evening, the pale distracted bride in short white garments, all embroidered with flowers, her beautiful bosom bare, and her tresses sweeping loose in air. Next, like one in raging passion, with rolling eyes, and his features sternly fixed, came Emilius, with the naked Turkish dagger in his hand, pursuing her across the gallery, where in her terror and confusion she found no outlet, and flew to the opposite side. Just as she reached it and could go no farther, he overtook her, before the grey old woman and the masks could reach the spot. Seizing her by the hair, he pierced her bosom and her white neck through and through, and her blood flowed rapidly, seen in that same red light of evening that shone so portentous just before. The old hag had by this time wound her arms around him, to tear him back; struggling with her fiercely, he came nigher and nigher, and suddenly slipped over the lofty banisters several stories high, and both fell together with horrid crash, down at the very feet of the relations of the bride, who had witnessed the bloody spectacle. They were nearly dashed to atoms in the fall! Above and below, through hall and court and corridor, were seen the horrid features of ghosts and goblins, in the shape of masks, who ran howling and weeping over the terrific catastrophe, like demons just loosened from their dark abode.

Roderick took his dying friend in his arms. He had found him in his bride's chamber playing with the dagger. She was nearly dressed; but the sight of the hateful red cloak had kindled the bridegroom's fancy afresh, and the recollection of that fatal night again occurred. Instantly he threw himself upon the trembling bride, who escaped from his grasp, in order to avenge the murder he had seen, and punish her for her hateful and diabolical arts. The old hag likewise confessed the murder before she expired, and a whole house of joy was turned into a scene of mourning, tears, and terror.

THE FAITHFUL ECKART AND THE TANNENHÄUSER.

THAT noble Duke—the great
Of Burgundy's proud land,
Felt all his foemen's hate,
And, vanquish'd, bit the sand.

He spoke: "I'm struck! I bleed!
Where is my valour fled?
Friends fail me at my need,
My knights are flown or dead:

"I cannot hold the field,
I faint! My strength, my pride,
Have left me here to yield—
True Eckart 's from my side.

"It was not thus of old,
When war rag'd fierce and strong—
The last to have it told,
He loved his home too long.

"Now, see, they trooping come—
Not long my sword is mine:
Flight 's made for the base groom—
I'll die as died my line."

With that he raised his sword,
And would have smote his breast;
When, truer than his word,
Good Eckart forward prest—

Back spurn'd the vaunting foe,
And dash'd into the throng;
Nor was his bold son slow
To bring his knights along.

The bold Duke saw the sign,
And cried, "Now, God be praised!
Now tremble, foeman mine,
My drooping hopes be raised!"

Again he charged and cheer'd.
True Eckart wins the fight;

"But where 's his boy?" he heard;—
"No more he sees the light."

When now the foe was fled,
Out spoke the Duke aloud:

"Well hath it with me sped,
Yet Eckart's head is bow'd.

"Though many thou hast slain,
For country and for life,
Thy son lies on the plain,
No more to join the strife."

Then Eckart's tears flow'd fast,
Low stoop'd the warrior down;
Embraced and kiss'd his last,
And sadly made his woe.

"Sweet Heins, how diest thou young,
Ere yet thou wert a man?
What boots it that I'm strong,
And thou so still and wan?

"Yet thou hast saved thy prince
From his dread foeman's scorn!
Thou art his—accept him, since
He never will return!"

Bold Burgundy then mourn'd
To see a father's grief;
His heart within him burn'd,
But could not bring relief.

He mingles tears with tears;
He clasps him to his breast;
The hero he reveres,
And speaks his deep distress:—

"Most faithful hast thou been,
When fail'd me all beside;
Henceforth we will be seen,
Like brothers, side by side.

"Throughout all Burgundy
Be lord of me and mine;
And could more honour be,
I'd freely make it thine."

He journey'd through the land,
Each liegeman hail'd him home;
To each he gave command
True Eckart to welcome.

YEARS elapsed. It was the voice of an old mountaineer that sang this song, resounding far among the rocks, where the faithful Eckart was sitting upon a declivity, weeping aloud. His youngest boy stood near his father, and said, "Why do you cry so bitterly, my dear father? Why are you so much better and stronger than other men, if you are afraid—can you be afraid of them?"

Meanwhile the duke, at the head of a hunting party, was leisurely proceeding homewards; Burgundy himself was mounted upon a stately, richly caparisoned steed. His princely gold and silver trappings sparkled in the evening sun, insomuch that the young Conrad could not sufficiently admire the fine procession as it passed. Faithful Eckart raised his eyes, and looked darkly and sorrowfully towards the

place ; while his tender Conrad again began to sing, as he lost sight of the princely cavalcade in the distance :—

“ If you ’d wield
Sword and shield,
And have good steed
With spear at need
And harquebuss,—what must you do?
You must feel
Your nerves like steel,
Strong in heart and spirit ;
Manhood good
In your blood
To bear you stoutly through with merit.”

The old warrior pressed his son to his heart, and looked earnestly at his large clear blue eyes. He then said, “ Did you hear the song of the good mountaineer, my boy ? ”

“ Did I ? ” repeated the boy : “ surely he sang loud enough. Are you, then, still that faithful Eckart whom I was glad to hear so praised ? ”

“ That same duke is now my enemy—he has forgotten the battle in the song : he holds my second son in durance,—yea, hath already laid him low, if I must believe all that the people of the country say.”

“ Then take your great sword, father, and bear it no longer,” exclaimed his brave boy : “ they will tremble when they see you ; the good people will uphold you the country round, for they say you are their greatest hero.”

—“ No, I must not do that, my boy, for then I should prove my enemies’ worst words true. I must not be unfaithful to my native prince. I will not break my fealty and the peace of the country, to keep which I have sworn.”

“ But what does he want to do with us ? ” inquired Conrad impatiently.

Eckart had risen, but he again seated himself, and said, “ Dear boy, the whole of that history would sound too harsh and strange in thy young ears. Enough to know that great people always bear their worst enemy in their own heart, and live in fear night and day. The duke now thinks he has trusted me too much, and been all along only cherishing a viper in his bosom. Yet in the country they call me the Prince’s Sword—the strong sword that restored him life and land ; all the people call me Faithful Eckart, and the wretched and oppressed cry unto me for help in the hearing of the court. This the duke cannot bear. His envy hath turned to rage, and they who might help set him against me, and have turned his heart from love to hatred.”

The aged hero then related how the duke had spoken evil words, and banished him from before his face for ever ; and how they now became quite strange, like enemies, because envious men had said that he was going to deprive the duke of his dominions. More sadly did he proceed to tell, as he passed his hand across his eyes, how the duke had seized upon himself and his son, and accused them of wanting to take his land and life. “ Yea, ’t is said he hath even doomed my son to die.”

Young Conrad spoke not to his father, seeing he wept : at length he said, “ Father, let me go to the court ; and I will talk to the duke, that he may be brought to understand you, and treat you better. Should he have hurt a hair of my brother’s head, he is so bad a man that you

shall punish him, yet it can scarce be that he hath so soon forgotten all your services."

"Alas! don't you remember the old proverb, poor boy?—

"When the mighty want your hand,
They'll promise you both gifts and land;
When the evil day hath passed,
Then friendship fleeth, too, as fast."

"Yes, and all my long and painful life has gone for nothing. Wherefore did he raise me high above my peers, only to plunge me into the lowest ignominy? The love of princes is like a fatal poison, which they ought to reserve only for their enemies, and which finally often proves the ruin of its heedless possessor: so it hath ever been."

"I will hasten to him," said Conrad; "I will plainly remind him of all you have done and suffered for him, and then he will treat you as well as he did before."

"You forget," replied Eckart, "that they have pronounced us traitors: we had better seek refuge together quickly in some foreign land, where we shall, perhaps, be more fortunate than here."

"What, father, in your old age!—and will you turn your back upon our sweet home? Let us rather try any way but this," said Conrad. "I will see the Duke of Burgundy; I will appease and make him friendly to us; for what harm can he do *me*, though he does hate and fear you?"

"I do not like to let you go," replied Eckart, "for my mind misgives me sadly; yet I should like to be reconciled to him, for he was once my kind friend, and for the sake of your poor brother, who is lingering in prison, or perhaps dead." The sun was now casting its last wild beams upon the green earth, and Eckart sat down, absorbed in deep thought, leaning against the root of a tree. He looked at Conrad earnestly a long while, and at length said, "If you will go, my son, then go now, before the night gathers in: the lights are already up, you see, in the windows of the duke's castle; I can hear the trumpets sounding at a distance for the festival; perhaps his son's bride is arrived, and he may feel more friendly disposed towards us."

His son was instantly on his way; yet he parted with him unwillingly, for he no longer put any faith in his own good fortune or the duke's gratitude. Young Conrad was bold and hopeful, doubting nothing but that he should touch the duke's heart, who had heretofore caressed him on his knees.

"Art thou sure thou wilt come back to me, my sweetest child?" cried the old man; "for were I to lose thee—I have seen thee for the last time—the last of thy race." His young son then kissed and comforted him, promising that he would be with him very soon; and they separated.

Conrad knocked at the castle gate, and was admitted. The aged Eckart remained seated where he was, exposed to the night winds, all alone. "And I have lost him too; I am sure I have lost him!" he cried bitterly in his solitude; "these eyes will never rest upon his dear face again." While thus lamenting, he saw an old wayfaring man leaning upon his crutch, and trying, at great hazard, to make his way down the mountain. A precipice yawned beneath him, and Eckart,

aware of his danger, went and took him by the hand. "Whither are you going?" he inquired, as he assisted him down to the place where he had himself sat.

The old man sat down, and wept till the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks. Eckart sought to comfort him with gentle advice, but the other seemed too much afflicted to pay attention to him.

"What terrible calamity can it be that thus overpowers you?" inquired Eckart. "Only try to speak." "Alas! my children!" exclaimed the aged man.

Then Eckart again thought of Conrad, of Heins, and Dietrich, and became himself inconsolable.

"I say nothing," he added, "if your children are all dead, for then your grief is indeed great." "Oh! worse than dead," exclaimed the other. "No, they are not dead," he repeated in a still more bitter voice, "but they are lost to me for ever. Yea, would to Heaven that they were only dead!"

The good old hero almost shrieked at hearing these words, and beseeched the unhappy father to explain so horrible a mystery; to which the latter replied, "We live in a wonderful world, and these are strange times. Surely the last dreaded day cannot be far from hand, for alarming signs and omens are daily abroad, threatening the world more and more. All evil things seem to have broken loose beyond their ancient boundaries, and rage and destroy on every side. The fear of God restrains us not; there is no foundation for anything good; evil spirits walk in the broad day and boldly scare the good away from us, or celebrate their nightly orgies in their unholy retreats. Oh, my dear sir, we are grown grey in the world, but not half old enough to have heard such histories as we have heard, to have witnessed the sights we see. Doubtless you have seen the great comet, Heaven's portentous lightnings through the skies, which glare so prophetically down upon us. Every one forebodes disasters, but none think of reforming their lives in order to escape the threatened evil. As if this, too, were not enough, the ancient earth discovers her trouble and casts up her mysterious secrets from the deep, while that portentous light serves to reveal them from above. And hark! have you never heard of the strange mountain which the people round call Venus-berg?"

"No, never," said Eckart, "though I have travelled far and wide here around the hills." "At that I wonder much," replied the old man, "for the dreadful thing is now become as well known as it is true; for that, good sir, is the very mountain whither the Evil One fled for refuge in the centre of the earth, when the holy Christian faith began to wax strong and pressed hard upon the heathen idols. There, they now say, that fatal goddess Venus holds her unblest orgies, whither the infernal powers of worldly lust and ambition and all forbidden wishes come trooping in myriads for their prey, so that the whole mountain hath become forsaken and accursed from time immemorial."

"On what side lies the mountain?" inquired Eckart. "There is the mystery; it is a secret," whispered the old man, "which those who know dare not tell, though it is known to be in the power of our great adversary, and that no innocent person will ever venture the discovery."

Once only a wandering musician by miracle appeared again, but he came commissioned by the powers of darkness to traverse the world, and he plays strange notes upon a pipe; sounds which are heard to echo first in the distance, then more loud and sweet. Those who approach too close within his sphere are seized with a strange unaccountable delirium, and away they run in search of the mountain, heedless of every obstacle, and never weary, never satisfied, until they gain the fatal summit, which opens for them, and whence there is no return. Their supernatural strength forsakes them only in the infernal abode, when they turn in another direction, wandering round its unhallowed precincts like unblest pilgrims, without the least hope of salvation. I lost all hope of comfort in my sons long ago; they grew wilful and abandoned; they despised their parents and our holy religion itself. Then they began to hear the strange music, and they are now fled far into the hills: the inhabited world is too narrow for them, and they will never stop until they reach the boundless regions below." And the old man wrung his hands.

"And what is it you think of doing in this affair?" "What should I do? with this crutch, my only support, I have set out in pursuit of them, being determined either to find them or to die."

At these words he rose with a resolute effort, and hastened forward as fast as his feeble steps could bear him, as if fearful of losing a moment; while Eckart gazed after him with a look of pity, lamenting his useless anxiety and sorrows yet to come.

"To all his other evils," cried Eckart, "even madness itself does not seem to have brought any relief."

Night came and passed away; the morning broke, yet no signs of young Conrad. The old warrior wandered among the hills, and cast his eyes wistfully towards the castle; still no one appeared. Then he heard a tumult, as if proceeding from the place; and, no longer able to restrain his anxiety, he mounted his steed that was grazing near, and rode hastily towards the castle. He no longer disguised himself, but spurred boldly among the troops and pages surrounding the castle gates, not one of whom ventured to stop or lay a hand upon him,—all opened to him a path.

"Where is my son Conrad?" inquired the old hero, as he advanced. "Inquire nothing," said one of the pages, casting down his eyes: "it would only grieve you. Better turn back."

"And Dietrich," added the old man, "where is he?" "Mention his name no more," said an aged knight; "the duke's rage was kindled, and he thought to punish you through him."

Hot scorn flushed the face of the old hero when he heard these words, grief and rage took possession of him, and he rode through the castle gates at speed. All opened a way for him with fear and reverence, and he soon threw himself from his horse at the palace doors. With trembling step he mounted into the marble halls.

"Am I here," he cried, "in the dwelling of the man who was once my friend?" He tried to collect his thoughts; but dreadful visions seemed to rise before him, and he staggered wildly into the duke's presence. Not aware of his arrival, Burgundy uttered a cry of alarm as

he found himself confronted with the old man. "Art thou the Duke of Burgundy?" asked the old hero. The duke replied, "That I am!"

"And hast thou caused my son Dietrich to die?" The duke said he had.

"And my youngest boy! my Conrad—was not he too good and beautiful for thy sword?—hast thou killed him too?" "That I have," said the duke again.

And Eckart replied, as he shed tears, "Oh, say not that! say not that, Burgundy! for I cannot bear those words—recall them! Say, at least, that it repents you of all you have done, and I will yet try to take comfort, though you have now done your worst to break my heart." The duke answered, "Away, thou faithless traitor! hence from my sight! thou art the bitterest enemy I have on the face of the earth."

Eckart stood firm, and said, "Heretofore thou didst call me thy best friend; but good thoughts are now become strange to thee. Never did I aught against thy honour; nay, I have revered and loved thee as my true prince, so help me God! or here, with this hand upon my good sword, I could take speedy and bitter vengeance for all my wrongs. But no, I will for ever banish myself from your presence, and end my few and evil days in solitude and woe."

Having uttered these sad words, Eckart turned away, while Burgundy, agitated with hateful passions, called aloud for his pages and his lancers, who surrounded the old hero, and followed him with the points of their spears out of the duke's palace; none venturing, though at their lord's command, to put him to death.

Away he spurred at speed,
Eckart that noblest knight,
And spoke, "No more I bled
The world, nor wrong nor right.

"My sons are gone, and I
Am left to mourn alone;
My prince would have me die,
And friends I have not one."

Then made he to the woods,
And with full heart did strive
To bear his dismal moods—
To bear his woes and—live.

"I fly man's hated face!
Ye mountains, lakes, and trees,
Be now my resting-place,
And join your tears to these.

"No child beguiles my grief,
Their lives were sworn away;
Their days were all too brief;
My last one they did slay!"

Thus wild did Eckart weep
Till mind and sense were gone,
Then madly down the steep
He spurred his true steed on;

He bounded, leaped, and fell,
Yet Eckart took no heed,
But said it was right well,
Though sadly he did bleed.

He next unfurled his horse
And lay down on the ground;
And wish'd it had happ'd worse,
That he his grave had found.

None of the duke's peasantry could say whither the faithful Eckart had fled, for he had taken to the wild mountain woods, and been seen by no human being. The duke dreaded his great courage and prudence, and he repented that he had not secured him, blaming his pages that they had suffered him to escape. Yet, to make his mind more easy, he proceeded, at the head of a large train, as if going to the chase, being determined to ride through all the surrounding hills and woods until he should find the spot where Eckart had concealed himself, and there put him to death.

His followers spread themselves abroad on all sides, and vied with

each other in the hope of pleasing the prince, and reaping the reward of their evil deed ; but the day passed, and the sun went down, without their discovering any traces of him they sought.

A storm was now gathering, and the great clouds came darkling over the woods and hills ; the thunder began to peal along the sky, the lightning flashed athwart the heavens, smiting the largest oaks, while torrents of rain fell upon their heads. The duke and his followers ran for shelter among the rocks and caves ; but the duke's steed burst his reins, and ran headlong down the heights, while his master's voice was lost in the uproar of the storm. Separated from all his followers, he called out in vain for assistance.

Wild as the animals of the forest, poor Eckart had wandered, unconscious now of his sorrows, or whither he went. Roots and berries, with the water of the mountain spring, formed his sole refreshment : he would no longer have known any of his former acquaintance ; the day of his despair seemed at length to have gone by. Yet no ! as the storm increased, he suddenly seemed to recover some portion of his intellect, and to become aware of objects around him. Then he uttered a loud cry of horror, tore his hair, and beat his aged breast, as he bethought himself of his children. " Dear as the life-blood of my heart," he cried, " whither, my sweet boys, are ye all gone ? Oh, foul befall my coward spirit that hath not yet avenged ye ! Why smote I not your fell destroyer, who hath pierced my heart through and through, worse than with a thousand daggers ? Mad wretch that I am ! I deserve it all—all !—for well may your tyrant murderer despise me, when I oppose not the assassin of my own children. Ah ! would that he might once come within the reach of my arm ! for now I long, when it is all too late, to taste the sweetness of revenge."

Thus he spent the night, wandering, and weeping as he went. At last he thought he heard a distant voice of some one crying for help. He turned his steps towards the direction in which it came, and finally he approached a man, whom the darkness hid from his sight, though he heard his voice close to him. This voice beseeched him piteously to guide a stranger into the right path. Eckart shrieked as it again fell upon his ear : he knew it, and he seized his sword. He prepared to cut down the assassin of his children—he felt new strength—and drew nigh in the hope of full vengeance, when suddenly his oath of fealty, and all his former promises when he was the duke's friend, came across his mind. Instead of piercing him to the heart, he took the duke's hand, and promised to lead him into the right path. They passed along conversing together, although the duke trembled with fear and cold. Soon they met some one ; it was Wolfram, the duke's page, who had been long in search of his master. It was still dark night—not a star cast its feeble rays through the thick black clouds. The duke felt very weak, and sighed to reach some habitation, to refresh himself and repose ; besides, he was in dread of encountering the enraged Eckart, whose strange feigned voice he did not yet know. He feared he should hardly survive till morning, and trembled at every fresh blast of wind that shook the trees, or the thunder as it rolled more awfully above their heads.

"My good Wolfram," cried the duke, "mount this lofty fir, and cast a keen glance around thee to discover some light—whether from house or hut it boots not, so that we can-but live to reach it."

The page obeyed at his life's risk, as the storm bent the strongest branches of the huge tree as if it had been a tender reed. Its topmost boughs sometimes nearly touched the ground, while the boy appeared little more than an acorn growing to a branch of the tree. At length he cried out, "In the plain below us there I perceive a glimmering—I can see the way we ought to go." At the same time he carefully descended, and took the lead. In a short while the friendly light greeted the eyes of all three, the very sight of which greatly restored the fallen spirits of the duke. Absorbed within himself, Eckart uttered not a word. He walked along, striving with the bitter feelings that rose in his breast, leading the duke by the hand.

At length the page knocked at the cottage door, and an infirm old woman appeared. When they had entered, Eckart loosed the duke's hand, whom he had led along, and the latter fell trembling upon his knees, to return Heaven thanks for his deliverance from the perils of that terrific night.

Eckart retired into a dark corner, where he found, stretched in sleep, the same old man who shortly before had been bewailing his unhappy fate in regard to his sons, whom he was then in search of.

The duke having finished his prayers, thus spoke. "This has, indeed, appeared a miraculous night to me. I feel the goodness and almighty power of the Lord more than ever I had before reason to do. Yet my heart hath failed within me, and I feel that I must shortly die; only wishing for time, before I depart, to entreat forgiveness for my manifold sins and offences against the Most High. But I will take care to reward you both, my faithful companions, before I go, and that as handsomely as I can. To thee, my trusty page, I bequeath the two castles which lie close to the next mountain here, on condition that, in remembrance of this terrific night, thou dost in future take the name of the Dweller of the Firs. And who art thou, good man, that hast laid thy weary limbs in the corner? Come forth, that I may reward thee quickly, according to thy great services and many kind offices shown me during this terrific night!"

Then up rose Eckart, like a thing
That starts from out the dim moonlight;
His furrowed cheek betrays the sting
Of many a woeful day and night.

The soul of Burgundy sighed sore
To witness thus that aged face;
The blood forsook his veins—he tore
His hair, and swooned for dire disgrace.

They raise him from the low cold ground,
His limbs and temples warmly chafe:
"Then, Mighty Lord, at last he's found,"—
He cried, "True Eckart's here—he's safe."

"Oh whither shall I fly thy look?
Was't thou didst bring me from the wood?
And was it I thy dear babes struck—
Thou that to me hast been so good?"

And Burgundy, as thus he said,
He felt his heart was breaking fast;
On Eckart's breast he laid his head,
And thought he there would breathe his last.

His senses fled!—Then Eckart spoke:
"I reckon not, master, of their fate;
That so the world may see, though broke,
True Eckart's heart's yet true and great."

Thus passed the night. In the morning the followers of the duke arrived, and found him very sick. They placed him upon their mules and carried him back to his castle. Eckart stirred not from his side,

and often the duke took his hand, and, pressing it to his bosom, looked up at him imploringly; when Eckart would embrace him, and speak soft words of comfort till he was again still. The duke next called together his council, and declared that such was his confidence in his faithful Eckart, the bravest and noblest of all his land, that he would leave him governor of his sons. Having said which, he groaned and died.

Eckart then took the reins of government into his own hands, fulfilling the trust reposed in him in such a humane and prudent way as to excite the admiration of all the country. Shortly afterwards the report spread more and more on all sides of the arrival of the strange musician from Venus-berg, who seduced his victims with the strange sweetness of his tones, and they disappeared without leaving a trace behind. Many gave credit to the report; others not; while Eckart again bethought him of the unhappy old man whom he had seen so forlorn and crazed upon the mountain.

"I have now adopted you as my children," he said to the young princes, as he one day sat with them on the hill before the castle. "Your happiness is now become my inheritance, I shall continue to survive after my departure in your ^{lives} fate and your good conduct."

They all stretched themselves on the hillside, whence they could look far into the distant and lovely prospect beyond, and Eckart would then strive to subdue the regrets he felt for his own children, though they would appear as if passing over the mountain before him, while in the distance he thought he heard the faint echo of delicious music gradually growing louder.

Hardly comes it not like dreams
Before the morning beams
From some far greenwood bowers,
Such as the night bud pours
So sweet and such its dying fall
Those tones the magic song recall
And Eckart sees each princely child
Flushed with the joys its victim yield,
Wild wishes seized each youthful breast
For some far unknown fount of rest

"Away to the mountains!" they cried, "the deep woods,
Where the trees, winds, and waters make music for gods;
Sweet, strange, secret voices are singing there now,
And invite us to seek their blest Eden below

In strange attire they came in view
The unblush Sirens and anew
Inspired the maddening youths till bright
And brighter shone the sunny light
Trees, streams, and flowers danced in the rays,
Through earth, air, heavens war, he and the lays,
The grass, fields, forests trembling joined
That magic tumult wild and blind
Saw it as a shadow fade the ties
That bind the soul to earth, and rise
Sole longings for unearthly scenes,
An strange confusion intervenes
Between the seen and unseen world,
All reason from her seat is hurled,
And madly bursts the soul away
To mingle in the infernal fray
And lo! it felt the glow,
He saw the magic show—

Seemed young once more—nor knew
 'T was the same world where first he drew
 The vital air. "Those notes revive
 Long faded joys—my children live,"
 He cried; "their mother's form is there,
 All that was mine,—before despair."

Yet secret horror thrills
 The aged hero's breast;
 He dares whate'er he wills—
 He stands to manhood's test.

To faith and honour true,
 He struggles with the charm;
 The flattering forms subdue
 No more his steadfast arm.

His children fade in air—
 Mocks of infernal might;
 His young friends vanished were;
 He could not check their flight.

Yes, these, his princely trust,
 Late yielded to his power,
 He now desert them must,
 Or share their evil hour.

Faith, duty to his prince
 Is still his watchword here;
 He still thinks of him since
 His last sad look and tear.

So boldly doth he now
 Advance his foot and stand,
 Armed proof to overthrow
 The evil powers at hand.

The wild musician comes!
 Eckart his sword has ta'en;
 But ah! those magic tunes
 His mortal strength enchain.

From out the mountain's side
 Come thousand dwarfish shapes,
 That threaten and deride,
 And leap and grin like apes.

The princes fair are gone
 And mingled with the swarm;
 True Eckart is alone,
 And faint his valiant arm.

The rout of revellers grows,
 Gathering from east to west,
 And gives him no repose,
 Around—before—abreast.

True Eckart's 'mid the dim,
 His might is lost and gone;
 The hellish powers must win—
 He of their slaves be one.

For now they reach the hill
 Whence those wild notes are heard,

The dwarfish fiends stand still,
 The hills their sides upreared,

And made a mighty void,
 Whence fiercer sprites glower'd grim.
 "What now will us betide?"
 He cried;—none answered him.

Again he grasped his sword,
 He said he must prove true!
 Eckart has spoke the word,
 And rushed amid the crew.

He saved the princes dear;
 They fled and reached the plain;
 But see, the fiend is near,
 His imps their malice strain.

Though Eckart's strength is gone,
 He sees the children safe;
 And cried, "I fight alone—
 Now let their malice chafe."

He fought—he fell—he died
 Upon that well-fought field;
 His old heroic pride
 Both scorned to fly or yield.

"True to the sire and son,
 The bulwark of their throne,
 Proud feats hath Eckart done;
 There's not a knight, not one—

"Of all my court and land,"
 Cried the young duke full loud,
 "Would make so bold a stand,
 Our honour to uphold.

"For life, and land, and all,
 To Eckart true we owe;
 He snatched our souls from thrall,
 For all it worked him woe."

And soon the story ran
 Through Burgundy's broad land,
 That whoso venture can
 To take his dangerous stand

Upon that mountain-side,
 Where in that contest hard
 True Eckart fought and died,
 Shall see his shade keep guard,

To warn the wanderers back,
 Who seek th' infernal pit,
 And spurn them from the track
 That leads them down to it.

PART II.

THE TANNENHÄUSER, OR LORD OF THE FIR WOODS.

ABOUT four centuries had elapsed since the death of the Faithful Eckart, when there lived a certain lord, who stood in high reputation as a counsellor at the imperial court. The same lord had a son, one of the handsomest knights in all the land, highly esteemed and beloved by his friends and countrymen. Suddenly, however, he disappeared under very peculiar circumstances, which occurred previous to his departure, and no one could gather any tidings of him whatsoever. But, from the time of the Faithful Eckart, a tradition respecting the Venus-berg had become very prevalent among the people, and it was asserted by many that he must have wandered thither, and there been devoted to eternal destruction.

Among the whole of his friends and relatives who lamented the young knight's loss none grieved so much as Frederick of Wolfsburg. They had been early companions, and their attachment had grown with their years, insomuch that their subsequent attachment appeared rather the result of necessity than of choice. Meanwhile the Lord of the Woods died, having heard no account of his son, and in the course of a few years his friend Frederick married. He had already a playful young circle round him. Years passed away, and still no tidings arrived as to the fate of his friend, whom he was at length reluctantly compelled to number with the dead.

One evening, as he was standing under the tower of his castle, he observed a pilgrim approaching at some distance in the direction of the castle gates. The stranger was very singularly dressed; his whole appearance, and particularly his gait, striking the young knight as something odd and unaccountable. As the pilgrim drew nigh, he went to meet him, and, on examining his features, thought he could recognize them. He looked again, and the whole truth burst upon him: it was indeed no other than his long-lost friend—the young Lord of the Fir Woods himself! Yet he shuddered and uttered an exclamation of surprise when he contemplated the ravages which time had made in the noblest face and form—the theme of his former admirers—of which only the ruins were to be traced; no, he no longer appeared the same being.

The two friends embraced, while they still gazed at each other as upon perfect strangers newly introduced to each other. Many were the confused questions and answers which passed between them, and Frederick often trembled at the strange wild glances of his friend: the fire seemed to sparkle in his eyes. He agreed, however, to sojourn with him; but when he had remained a few days, he informed Frederick that he was about to go upon a pilgrimage as far as Rome.

Their acquaintance in a short time grew more familiar, and resumed its former happy and confidential tone. They recalled the mutual adventures and plans of their early years, though the Lord of the Woods seemed to avoid touching upon any incident which had occurred since his late disappearance from home. This only raised Frederick's curio-

sity the more; he entreated to be informed, and still with more earnestness as he found their former regard and confidence increase. Still the stranger long sought, by the most friendly appeals and warnings, to be excused; till at last, upon fresh solicitation, he said, "Now, then, be it so! your wish shall be fully gratified; only never in future reproach me, should my history excite feelings—lasting feelings—of sorrow and dismay."

Fredrick took him in the most friendly manner by the arm, and led him into the open air. They turned into a pleasant grove, and seated themselves on a mossy bank; the stranger then giving his hand to his friend, turned away his head among the soft leaves and grass, and, amidst many bitter sighs and sobs, gave way to the sad emotions which the recollection seemed to inspire. His friend, pressing his hand, tried every means to console him; upon which the stranger, again raising his head, began his story in a calmer voice, to the following purport:

"Believe me, my best friend, that there are many of us who, from the day of their birth, are made and born subject to an evil spirit, which dogs their steps through life, and ceases not to torment them until it succeeds in bringing them within the sphere of its predestined destruction. Thus it has happened unto me, and my whole life is only one enduring penalty of my birth—the labour-pains unintermittingly inflicted; and when I awake I must awake in hell. Therefore have I already made so many painful steps, and as many yet remain of this my woeful pilgrimage, should I indeed be able to reach the feet and obtain absolution of the holy father at Rome. Yes, at his feet must I lay the heavy burden of my sins, or lie groaning under the weight of them, and die in despair."

Here Frederick renewed his consolatory advice; but the lost knight, appearing to pay no attention to it, in a short time proceeded in his narrative as follows:

"There goes an ancient tradition, that several hundred years ago there lived a knight known by the name of the Faithful Eckart. It is further believed that there appeared a strange musician, at that time, from one of the wonderful mountains, whose unearthly music awakened such strange delight and wild wishes in the hearts of his audience that they would irresistibly follow him, and lose themselves in the labyrinths of the same mountain. At that period hell is supposed to have kept its portals open there, in order to entrap, by such sweet irresistible airs, unhappy mortals into its abyss. Often have I heard the same account when I was a boy, and sometimes it used to make me shudder. In a short time it seemed as if all nature, every tone, and every flower reminded me, in spite of myself, of that same old fearful saying. Oh, it is impossible for me to convey to you what kind of mournful thought, what strange ineffable longing, one time suddenly seized me, bound me, and led me, as it were, in chains; and particularly when I gazed upon the floating clouds, and the streaks of light ethereal blue seen between them; and what strange recollections the woods and meadows conjured up in my soul. Often did I feel all the love and tenderness of nature in my inmost spirit; often stretched forth my arms, and longed for wings to fly into the embrace of something yet more beautiful; to pour myself, like the spirit of nature, over vale and mountain; to become all-

present with the grass, the flowers, the trees, and to breathe in the fulness of the mighty sea. When some lovely prospects had delighted me during the day, I was sure to be haunted with dark and threatening images that same night, all of which seemed busy in closing against me the gates of life. One dream, in particular, made an indelible impression upon my mind, although I was unable to recall its individual features clearly to my memory.

"I thought I could see an immense concourse of people in the streets, — I heard unintelligible words and languages, and I turned away, and went in the dark night to the house of my parents, where I found only my father, who was unwell. The next morning I threw my arms round both my parents' necks, embracing them tenderly, as if I felt that some evil power were about to separate us for ever. 'Oh, were I to love you,' I said to my dear father: 'how very lonely and unhappy should I feel in this world without you!' They kissed and consoled me tenderly; but they could not succeed in dispelling that dark foreboding image from my imagination.

"As I grew older, I did not mingle with other children of my own age in their sports. I wandered lonely through the fields, and on one occasion it happened that I missed my way, and got into a gloomy wood, where I wandered about calling for help. After searching my way back for some time in vain, I all at once found myself standing before a lattice which opened into a garden. Here I remarked pleasant shady walks, fruit-trees and flowers, among which were numbers of roses which shone lovely in the sunbeams. An uncontrollable wish to approach them more nearly seized me, and I eagerly forced my way through the lattice-work, and found myself in that beautiful garden. I bent down and embraced the plants and flowers, kissed the roses over and over, and shed tears. While lost in this strange feeling, half sorrow, half delight, two young maidens came towards me along the walk, one older, and the other about my own years. I was roused from my trance, only to yield myself up to fresh amazement. My eye reeled upon the younger, and at that moment I felt as if I had been suddenly restored to happiness after all my sufferings. They invited me into the house; the parents of the young people inquired my name, and were kind enough to send my father word that I was safe with them; and in the evening he himself came to bring me home.

"From this day forth the uncertain and idle tenour of my life acquired some fixed aim; my ideas recurred incessantly to the lovely maidens and the garden; thither daily flew my hopes and all my wishes. I abandoned my playmates and all my usual pastimes, and could not resist again visiting the garden, the castle, and its lovely young inmates. Soon I appeared to become domesticated, and my absence no longer created surprise, while my favourite Emma became hourly more dear to me. My affection continued to increase in warmth and tenderness, though I was myself unconscious of it. I was now happy! I had not a wish to gratify, beyond that of returning, and looking forward again to the hour of meeting.

"About this time a young knight was introduced to the family; he was acquainted likewise with my parents, and he appeared to attach

himself in the same manner as I had done to the fair young Emma. From the moment I observed this I began to hate him as my deadliest enemy ; but my feelings were indescribably more bitter when I fancied I saw that Emma preferred his society to mine. I felt as if, from that instant, the music which had hitherto accompanied me suddenly died away in my breast. My thoughts dwelt incessantly upon hatred and death ; strange feelings burned within my breast, in particular whenever I heard Emma sing the well-known song to the lute. I did not even attempt to disguise my enmity, and when my parents reproached me for my conduct, I turned away from them with an obstinate and wilful air. I wandered for hours together in the woods and among the rocks, indulging evil thoughts, chiefly directed against myself. I had already determined upon my rival's death.

"In the course of a few months the young knight declared his wishes to Emma's parents, and they were received with pleasure. All that was most sweet and wonderful in nature, all that had ever influenced and delighted me, seemed to have united in my idea of Emma. I knew, I acknowledged, and I wished for no other happiness—nothing more—nothing but her. I had even wilfully predetermined that the loss of her, and my own destruction, should take place on one and the same day : neither should survive the other a moment.

"My parents were much grieved at witnessing my wildness and rudeness of manner ; my mother became ill, but it touched me not ; I inquired but little after her, and saw her only very seldom. The nuptial day of my rival was drawing nigh, and my agony proportionably increased : it hurried me through the woods and across the mountains, as if pursued by a grisly phantom by day and by night. I called down the most frightful maledictions both upon Emma and myself. I had not a single friend to advise with—no one wished to receive me, for all seemed to have given me over for lost. Yes ! for the dearest fearful eve of the bridal day was at hand. I had taken refuge among the rocks and cliffs ; I was listening to the roaring cataract ; I looked into the foaming waters, and started back in horror at myself. On the approach of morning, I saw my abhorred rival descending the hill at a little distance : I drew nigh—provoked him with bitter and jeering words, and when he drew his sword, I flew upon him like lightning, beat down his guard with my hanger, and—he bit the dust.

"I hastened from the spot—I never once looked back at him ; but his guide bore the body away. The same night I haunted the neighbourhood of the castle where dwelt my Emma now. A few days afterwards, in passing the convent near at hand, I heard the bells tolling, nuns singing funeral hymns, and saw death-lights burning in the sanctuary. I inquired into the cause, and was informed that the young Lady Emma had died of the shock on hearing that her lover had been killed.

"I was in doubt what to think and where to remain ; I doubted whether I existed—whether all were true ; I determined to see my parents, and the night after reached the place where they lived. I found everything in commotion : the street was filled with horses and carriages ; pages and soldiers were all mingled together, and spoke in strange broken words ;—it was just as if the emperor were on the eve

of undertaking a campaign against his enemies. A single light was dimly burning in my father's house ; I felt a strange sensation, like strangulation, within my breast. When I knocked, my father himself came to the door, with slow soft steps, and just then I recollected a strange dream I had in my childhood, and felt, with horrible truth, that it was the same scene which I was then going through. Quite dismayed, I inquired, 'Why are you up so late to-night, father?' He led me in, saying as he entered, 'I may well be up and watching, when your mother has only this moment expired.'

"These words shot like lightning through my soul. My father sat himself thoughtfully down ; I seated myself at his side : the corpse lay upon a bed, and was appallingly covered over with white fillets and napkins. My heart struggled, but could not burst. 'I myself keep watch,' said the old man, 'for my poor wife always sits near me.' My senses here failed me. I raised my eyes towards one corner, and there I saw something rising up like a mist ; it turned and motioned, and soon took the well-known lineaments of my mother, who seemed to regard me with a fixed and serious air. I attempted to escape, but I could not, for the figure motioned to him, and my father held me fast in his arms, while he softly whispered me, 'She died of grief, my son, for you.' I embraced him with the most terrific, soul-cutting emotion. I clung to him for protection like a feeble child ; burning tears ran down my breast, but I uttered no sound. My father kissed me, and I shuddered as I felt his lips, for they were deadly cold—cold as if I had been kissed by the dead. 'How is it with you, dear father?' I murmured, in trembling agony ; but he seemed to sink and gather into himself, as it were, and replied not a word. I felt him in my arms growing colder and colder. I felt at his heart, but it was quite still ; yet, in the bitter agony of my woe, I held the body fast clasped in my embrace.

"By a sudden glimmer, like the first break of morning, which shot through the gloomy chamber, I there saw my father's spirit close to that of my mother ; and both gazed upon me with a compassionate expression, as I stood with the dear deceased in my arms. From that moment I saw and heard no more. I lay deprived of consciousness, and I was found by the servants delirious, and yet powerless as a babe, on the ensuing morning."

The Lord of the Forest had proceeded thus far with his narrative, to which his friend Frederick had listened in the utmost alarm and astonishment, when he suddenly broke off, overpowered by the intensity of his feelings. His friend was silent and thoughtful ; then taking the unhappy man by the arm, he led him back into the castle, and they went into a room, and seated themselves alone. After remaining some time silent, the wretched pilgrim resumed his tale.

"The memory of that hour is still as fearfully impressed upon my mind, and I am at a loss to conjecture how I was so unfortunate as to survive it. For it was now, indeed, that this once fair earth, with life, and all that life had to afford, became worse than dead and perished for me—became a lone waste and wilderness, with all its soft airs, sweet flowers, pure streams, and blue starry skies. I stood like one, the last of a

sudden overwhelming wreck, saved only to regret that he had not perished with all that was dearest to him on earth. How I lived on from day to day I know not; till at last, unable longer to contend with the fiends that grappled me, I flew to society for relief. I joined a number of dissipated characters, who sought, like me, to lose the sense of their follies and enormities in the most dissolute pleasures. Yes, I sought to propitiate the evil spirit within me by obedience to its worst dictates. My former wildness and impatience revived, and I no longer placed any restraint over my wishes.

"I fell into the hands of an abandoned wretch of the name of Rudolf, who only laughed at my lamentations and remorse. More than a year thus elapsed; my anxiety and horror, in spite of all efforts to control them, daily gained ground upon me, until I was seized with utter despair. Like all who experience that stage of such a malady, I took to wandering without any object. I arrived at distant and unknown places—spots unvisited by other feet; and often I could have thrown myself from some airy height into the green sunny meads and vales below, or rushed into the cool streams to quench my soul's fiery and insatiable thirst; yet though I had no fear, something unaccountable always restrained me. I made many attempts towards the close of the day; for I longed to be annihilated; but when the morning returned with its golden beams, its fresh dews, and odorous flowers, I felt I could destroy nothing, and hope and love of life revived within my breast. A thought then came across me, that all hell was conspired together to work my utter perdition, that both my pleasures and my pains arose from the same fiendish source, and that a malicious spirit was gradually directing all the powers and influences of my mind to that sole end. I yielded myself up to it, in order to mitigate the various pains and agonies inflicted by it. On one dark and stormy night I went into the mountains. I mounted one of their highest and giddiest peaks, where foot of man never before trod, and there, with my whole strength of heart and soul, I invoked the foe of God and man to appear. I called him in language that I felt he must obey. My words were powerful: the fiend stood at my side, and I felt no alarm. While conversing with him, I could feel my faith in each haunted and wonder-working mountain growing stronger within me, and the Base One taught me a song sufficiently potent of itself to guide me the right path into its labyrinths. He vanished; and then, for the first time since the day of my birth, I found myself alone; and now for the first time I comprehended the nature of my wandering thoughts, which, from this middle point of life, had been the whole time in pursuit of a new spiritual world. I set forward on my way, and the song which I sang with a loud fearless voice conducted me easily over the most strange desert places, such as those possessed with demons only know how to find; all else, both within and without me, beside the loud clear song, was buried in oblivion; it bore me, as if on lofty wings, back to my native spot; though I tried to avoid their shadow, which seemed to frown in the strong moonshine, and the wild tones, which in their softest dying fall appeared to upbraid me. It was thus I approached the strange mountain: the night was dark and tempestuous; the moon glimmered through a mass of dusky livid clouds;

yet boldly and loudly did I sing that song. A giant form arose, and motioned me with its sceptre back. I drew nigher. 'I am the Faithful Eckart,' exclaimed the supernatural form; 'and, praise to the goodness of the blessed God, I am permitted to hold watch here, to deter the unhappy from rushing into the base fiend's power.' I rushed on. On passing, I found my way led through subterraneous passages in the mountain. The path was so narrow as to compel me to force my way: I heard the gushing of the hidden waters, and the noise of spirits engaged in forging steel, gold, and silver in their caverns, for the temptation and perdition of man. I heard too the deep clanging tones and notes in their simple and secret powers, which supply all our earthly music; and the lower I descended, the more it seemed to fall like a veil from before my eyes.

"I pushed more impatiently forward, and beheld other human forms hovering around, among whom I recognized my friend Rudolf. I was at a loss to conceive how they could thus slip past me in that narrow way; but they seemed to glide through the crevices of the stones and rocks, without being at all aware of me.

"Soon I heard other music, of quite an opposite character to the last, and my spirit within me struggled, as if eager to fly nearer and catch the notes. I came into more open space, and on all sides strange clear glowing colours burst upon my eye. This I felt was what I had all along sighed for; deep in my heart I welcomed the presence of something I had long looked for—the deep-seated master-passion, of which I then felt the ravishing powers playing in their full strength within my breast. A swarm of the mad heathen deities, with the goddess Venus at their head, ran forward to greet me,—all demons that assumed those ancients' names, and were banished thither by the Almighty, their career being fully run upon earth, though they still continue to work in secret.

"All the delights so familiar to the world I there found and enjoyed in their fullest and keenest zest. My appetite was as insatiable as the delight was lasting. The long-famed beauties of the ancient world were all there—all which my most ardent wishes required was mine, and each day that world grew brighter and appeared arrayed in more charming colours. Streams of the most costly wines slaked our thirst, the most lovely and delicious forms played and wantoned in the air, while a throng of naked Loves hovered invitingly around me, shed perfumes over my head, and tones of music burst forth from nature's inmost heart, and with their undulating freshness restored the ardour of our desires, while soft mists and dews stole over flowery fields, giving new essence to their ravishing odours.

"How many years thus passed I am quite unable to state; for here was no time and no divisions; the luscious charm of virgin beauty burned in the flowers, and in the forms of girls bloomed the fragrant charm of the flowers; their colours seemed to enjoy a peculiar language; tones uttered new words; the world of sense was enclosed, as it were, within the glowing bloom of those luxurious flowers—the resident spirits within were ever engaged in celebrating their triumphant delights.

"How this was accomplished I can neither explain nor comprehend; but soon, amid all my sinful and outrageous pleasures, I began to sigh

for repose, for the innocent earth I had left, with all its virtuous social endearments; and my desire grew as violent as it had formerly been to leave it for what I had there obtained. I wished to lead the same life as other mortals, with its mixed pains and pleasures. I was satiated with splendour and excess, and turned with thoughts of pleasure towards my native land. Some unaccountable mercy of the Almighty granted me the privilege of returning. I found myself once more in this present world, and dream only of expiating and receiving absolution for my sins at the footstool of the all-restoring father in God at Rome, that so I may again be numbered in the rank of other living men."

Here the sad pilgrim became silent; and Frederick fixed his eye upon him, with a searching glance, for some time. At last he took his poor friend's hand, and said, "Although I have not yet recovered from my astonishment, and cannot in any way comprehend your narrative, yet I conceive it impossible that all with which you have been thus fearfully haunted can be other than a strong delusion of the mind. For Emma herself is still alive, she is my own wife; we two have never differed, much less engaged with our weapons, during the whole course of our lives. No, we never hated each other, as you seem to think, though you were missing just before my marriage from home. Besides, you never at the time gave me a single hint that you loved my Emma. I never heard a word of it." Then he again took his poor bewildered friend by the hand, and led him into another apartment to his wife, who had just returned from a visit of some days to one of her sisters. The pilgrim stood dumb and thoughtful in her presence, though he examined the form and features of the lady. Soon shaking his head repeatedly, he said, in a low voice, "By heavens! but this is one of the most wonderful adventures of all!"

Frederick now related to him everything which had occurred to himself since they parted, and attempted to explain how he must have been labouring under a temporary delirium during many years past.

"Oh! I know right well," answered the pilgrim, "how it is: I am still bewitched and insane; but hell will clear up these juggling tricks, unless I go speedily for Rome and lighten my conscience of its desperate sins."

Emma tried to withdraw his attention from the subject by recurring to scenes and incidents of his childhood; but the pilgrim was not to be undeceived. One day he suddenly leaped up, declaring he must instantly set out, and forth he went without even saying farewell.

Frederick and his Emma often discoursed of the strange unhappy pilgrim. A few months had scarcely elapsed, when, pale and worn, in tattered attire and barefoot, his poor friend entered Frederick's apartment while he was yet asleep. He pressed his lips to his, and exclaimed hastily, "The holy father will not forgive me. I must away and seek my former abode." He then ran hastily back.

Frederick imagined he had left the castle, and was going into his wife's chamber, where were her women, who were all running to find him in an agony of terror and alarm. The fearful dweller of the woods and mountains had been there: he had come early in the morning, and

uttering the words, "This shall not stop me in my career!" he had dispatched her upon the spot.

Frederick was still unable to account for the strange feelings of dismay and uneasiness he felt. He could not rest, and ran into the open air, and when they wished to bring him back, he exclaimed bitterly, "that the pilgrim had kissed his lips, and that he was burning inwardly until he should meet with him again." He then ran rapidly in a variety of directions in search of the wonderful mountain, and he was never afterwards heard of. It was reported by the people that whoever received a kiss from one of the dwellers of that mountain was unable to resist the evil enchantment, which, with the same powers of sorcery, tempted him likewise into its subterraneous depths.

AUBURN EGBERT.

IN the vicinity of the Hartz there once resided a knight, usually known by the name of Egbert the Fair, or Auburn Egbert. He was about forty years old, of middle stature, and with short auburn hair, which hung thick and close over his pale and somewhat emaciated countenance. He led a very secluded life, never interfered in the affairs of his neighbours, and was seldom seen beyond the precincts of his own castle walls. His wife was of as retired a disposition as himself, both were warmly attached to each other, and only lamented that their union had not been yet blessed with children.

Egbert saw little company, and made still less preparation to entertain his guests when they did come, the strictest frugality being observed throughout his whole establishment. In their presence he was cheerful and affable; but when alone he appeared a prey to a reserved and silent melancholy.

No one was so frequent a visitor at the castle as Philip Walther, to whom Egbert was greatly attached, from the similarity of their tastes and feelings. His chief residence was in Franconia, though he often sojourned, near half a year at a time, in the vicinity of Egbert's castle, where he made collections of plants and fossils, which he arranged for his amusement. Being possessed of a small property, Walther lived quite independent. He was frequently attended by Egbert in his solitary excursions, owing to which their intimacy appeared to become yearly stronger and stronger.

There are periods in which we all feel more or less uneasy in concealing a secret from those who are dearest to us. The soul feels an irresistible impulse to confide its most treasured thoughts to the breast of some friend, drawing the bonds of mutual confidence still closer. In such moments the inmost recesses of our hearts are laid open, and it sometimes happens that on these occasions we inwardly recoil from each other.

It was in the twilight of a misty autumnal evening, when Egbert, his wife, and friend were seated round the cheerful fire, which cast its flickering lights and shadows through the room and upon the ceiling.

The gloom of night was only perceptible in the distance, whence came the sound of the forest trees waving in the cold evening air, the breeze becoming stronger and stronger. Walther complained of weariness after his long walk, and his friend Egbert proposed that he should remain the night with them : they might wile away the time in conversation, and then retire to their apartments. Walther accepted the offer ; wine and supper were brought in ; they stirred the fire, and by degrees the conversation became more animated and familiar. Supper being removed, and the servants dismissed, Egbert took his friend Walther by the hand, saying, "Come, you must let my Bertha here relate the history of her early days ; you will hear some very extraordinary adventures."

"Oh ! with much pleasure," returned Walther ; and they resumed their places at the fire.

It was now near midnight : the moon shone at intervals through the fleeting clouds ; and Bertha began her tale. "You must not think me too importunate ; but my husband's account of his friend is so flattering, all your thoughts and opinions, he declares, are so elevated, that it would be unjust to disguise anything from you. But you must not regard my narrative in the light of a fiction, however singular you may conceive it.

"I am the native of a little hamlet ; my father was only a poor shepherd. The domestic management of our house was none of the most excellent ; we hardly knew how to prolong our existence from day to day. But what most grieved me was the incessant bickerings of my parents, arising from their poverty, when they would load each other with the severest reproaches. In regard to myself, I was perpetually reviled for being a dull and silly child, incapable of fulfilling the most simple duties ; and, in fact, I was excessively awkward and good for nothing. I broke everything put into my hands ; I could learn neither to spin nor to sew ; afforded my mother no assistance in the house ; and all that I comprehended was the wants of my parents. I used often to sit down in a corner, pleasing myself with the idea of assisting them ; should I ever happen to become rich, and enjoying their surprise when I poured showers of gold upon their humble roof.

"Spirits appeared to float around me—to point out subterranean treasures, or presented me with small pebble stones, which were suddenly transformed into diamonds. In truth, I only amused myself with these dreams, which served to render me awkward than ever whenever I happened to be called upon to assist in the common affairs of life, for my head began actually to swim with the number of these whimsical notions.

"Of course my father was extremely irritated at having so useless a burden in his house : he invariably treated me with harshness, and a kind word seldom issued from his lips. In this way I approached my eighth year, and it became a serious question by what means I was to be taught to do something. Imagining it arose either from caprice or indolence, my father first began by assailing me with dreadful threats ; finding they were all to no purpose, he inflicted as severe personal chastisement, each time concluding with observing that it would be re-

peated the ensuing day as long as I chose to continue such a good-for-nothing creature.

"My pillow was constantly steeped in tears, and I felt so desolate and wretched that I often prayed to die. I shrank from the approach of light; I was at a loss how to begin the day; I longed to become as dexterous as other people, and wondered why I was born more stupid than other children; in short, I was in despair.

"I arose one morning early, and, without knowing why, opened our cottage door. I found myself in the open field. Soon I was in the wood, which as yet was scarcely lighted up with the approach of day. Still I ran on, without looking once behind me. I felt too much afraid lest my father should overtake me to complain of weariness, for I knew that he would treat me with redoubled cruelty. The sun was mounted high ere I reached the other side of the wood, and I saw some dark object in the distance, veiled in a thick mist. Sometimes I encountered hills, at others paths that wound among the cliffs and rocks. I imagined I was drawing nigh the neighbouring mountains, and the idea, combined with the solitude around, awoke my fears. I had never beheld hills before; even the name of mountains had sounded like something awful in my ears. I had not courage to go back, my very fears giving wings, as it were, to my flight. I often gazed around me in alarm, as I heard the wind whistling through the branches of the trees; I listened to the echo of the woodman's axe in the distance, breaking upon the deep silence of the morning; and soon I met colliers and miners going to their labour, whose foreign accent nearly made me faint with alarm.

"I passed through several villages, begging my bread as I went along, for hunger and thirst next began to assail me. I contrived to give pretty satisfactory answers to the questions I had to encounter, and by such means wandered three or four days, when I struck into a little bye-path, which led me farther and farther from the main road. The rocks, as I proceeded, appeared to assume still more fantastic forms. Huge crags were piled upon each other so high, that the least wind seemed enough to hurl them from their airy height. I knew not whither to turn my steps. I had hitherto reposed in the open woods—occasionally in the shepherds' huts, it being the mildest season of the year; but here I met with no human abode: a wilderness lay before me, and the rocky heights appeared to grow more and more terrific. Often I passed close under overhanging precipices or at the edge of the yawning abyss. I felt all the horror of my deserted situation: I shed silent tears, and then I screamed aloud; but my voice was re-echoed only from the dark rocky valley, adding fresh terror to all I had before felt. Night was gathering round, and I now sought to find some mossy bed on which to rest. Yet I could not sleep: I was haunted by the most unaccountable sounds, which I successively attributed to the cry of wild beasts, the wind moaning through the rocks, or the note of some strange and unknown birds.

"I now prayed fervently, and towards morning for the first time fell asleep. When I awoke the sun was shining in my face. A steep cliff rose before me, which I climbed, in the hope of finding some outlet from that horrid wilderness, and of discerning, perhaps, signs of some human

habitation. On gaining the summit, I could discover surrounding objects only through a thick vapour as far as the eye could reach. Neither tree nor shadow, not even a bush, was to be seen: a few sapless solitary shrubs were all that grew between the crevices of the rocks. I longed with indescribable emotion to behold the face of a human being, of whatever character, though his presence were calculated to fill me with alarm. Hunger began to gnaw my vitals afresh: I threw myself upon the ground, resolving there to die. Soon, however, the love of life revived within me: I strove to resume my courage, and continued my way amidst sighs and tears. Towards the close of the day I was so exhausted that I hardly knew what I did; I became indifferent about life, and yet was afraid to die. As evening gathered in, the country assumed a less wild and gloomy character; happier thoughts and feelings revived, and the desire of life seemed to beat in all my veins. At length I fancied I heard the murmuring sounds of a distant mill; and redoubling my speed, I soon reached the end of the rugged cliffs: I caught a view of woods and meadows, and mountains beyond in the distance. I felt as if I were suddenly emerging from the regions of torment into Paradise, and solitude and destitution appeared no longer awful.

"My delight was considerably diminished when I came towards a waterfall instead of the hoped-for mill. I caught the water eagerly in my hand, when suddenly I heard some one cough gently at a little distance from me. Never was I so agreeably surprised as at that very moment; I ran nearer to the spot, and at the corner of the wood I saw an aged woman who appeared stooping as if to rest herself. She was almost quite in black, with a black hood over her head and the greater part of her face, and she held a small crutch in her hand. On approaching nearer and soliciting her assistance, she bade me seat myself at her side, at the same time offering me some bread and a cup of wine. When I was seated, she began, in a harsh disagreeable tone, to sing a hymn. After this she rose up, and informed me that I might follow her.

"Singular as the voice and manner of the old crone appeared to me, I gladly accepted her offer. She contrived to hobble along at a pretty quick pace with the help of her staff, but distorted her countenance in so whimsical a manner at every step, that for some time I could not refrain from laughing. The sterile rocks appeared to vanish by degrees as we proceeded. We crossed over a fine green meadow, and next through an extensive grove. As we were approaching its opposite skirts, the sun went down, and I never, I think, can cease to recollect the lovely aspect of the scene which that evening presented itself. Every object seemed dissolved, as it were, in the softest vermillion and gold; the tree-tops were brightly tinged by the rays of the setting sun, the richest glow of summer warmed the fields, the vast arch of heaven was bright as if Paradise were unfolded to the view. Then the trickling of the fountains, the whispering of the leaves, produced a soft music that added a new charm to the serenity of the scene, more allied to pensive than animated emotions of joy. It was now that my inexperienced heart for the first time seemed to indulge a foretaste of the world and its affairs. Heedless both of myself and my guide, all spirits and all eyes, I gazed until I wished to lose myself in the vastness of the golden

heavens. But I was compelled to follow, and we now ascended a hill crowned with birch-trees, and we beheld a green vale full of the same trees from its summit. Amid these trees lay a small cottage, and a shrill bark was heard, and a lively little dog came capering and fondling towards the old woman, and then towards me. As we were descending the hill, I heard a singular song, which I thought sounded as if from the cottage, like the notes of some bird, yet as distinct as here follows :

“ The lonely wood
To me seems good,
So does the greenwood tree ;
The song by night,
The pale moonlight,—
The lonely wood ’s the home for me.

“ The same simple words were incessantly repeated, and to describe them aright, I should say they came like the music of French horns and bugles mingling in the distance. I was very curious to learn the cause, and ran into the cottage without waiting for the old woman’s permission. It was already light ; the inside appeared neatly arranged : a few glasses were lying upon a shelf, with other odd-shaped vessels upon a table ; and behold, in a beautiful cage was the bird I had heard, which sang those very words. The old woman coughed and panted, as if she were about to yield the ghost, yet she first stroked her little dog, and then talked to the bird, whose sole answer was the same pretty song ; and she conducted herself just in the manner she would had I not been there. When I looked at her, I felt a cold shuddering come over me ; the muscles of her face were constantly working, and her head shook so strangely with old age that I could not conceive what she most looked like. When she was a little recovered, she struck a light, spread a small table, and set out the evening meal. Then looking at me intently, she ordered me to take one of the reed-bottomed chairs and sit opposite to her. The candle was placed between us, and she folded her lean shrivelled hands, and prayed aloud ; while the same distortions of face were continued, so very ridiculous that I could hardly prevent myself from laughing, fearful as I was of exciting her anger.

“ Supper was no sooner over than she began to pray again ; after which she pointed me to my low narrow dormitory, while she occupied the eating-room. Being already half asleep, I soon sank into profound repose. Yet I awoke frequently during the night, and heard the old woman coughing and speaking to the dog, as well as to her bird, which seemed to be dreaming, as it sang only in broken accents single words of the same song. Add to this the rustling sound of the birch-trees before the window, the notes of the distant nightingale, altogether forming such an odd concert, that I began to think I was not awake, but each time had fallen into a more and more singular dream.

“ At length I was awakened by the old woman—it was morning ; and she soon found some work for me. She began by teaching me to spin, the method of which I shortly acquired. I was also desired to look after the bird and the dog, and introduced into the management of housekeeping. Everything around soon became familiar to me, and it now was evident to me that everything ought to be as it was. I no

longer imagined the old woman looked strange and whimsical, or that her dwelling was odd, and lay remote from other human habitations; not even that there was anything unnatural in the bird. Indeed, I was struck with his plumage, which shone with a thousand dyes—the richest azure and the most glowing red, with alternate streaks on his neck and body. And when he sang, he spread his feathers both bold and proudly to the eye, which then assumed their richest brilliancy.

“The old woman was in the habit of leaving her abode in the morning, and not returning until night. On these occasions I was accustomed to take the dog, and go out to meet her, when she would call me her pretty child and daughter. Shortly I grew quite attached to her; the mind of a mere child easily accustoming itself to anything. In the evenings I was taught to read, in which I made good progress, and soon it became a source of constant pleasure to me, as the old dame had several books, written in an ancient style, containing wonderful adventures.

“The remembrance of my mode of life at that period always much affects me, even until now. Visited by no human being, and confined to so narrow a circle, even the bird and dog made an impression upon me which only long acquaintance, in other instances, can produce. Never since have I been able to call to mind the singular name of the little dog, though I have called him so repeatedly.

“Four years were thus spent, and I was about twelve years old, when the old body began to give me more of her confidence, and told me a great secret. Indeed, I daily observed that she busied herself with something about the cage, but had never taken further notice of it. It now appeared that the bird every day laid an egg, always containing either a pearl or a diamond. In her absence I was permitted to take out the eggs, and to deposit them carefully in the odd-shaped vessels before mentioned. She left me my food, and her absence daily continued to grow longer and longer: first weeks, then months elapsed; my wheel went round, the dog barked, the wonderful bird sang his old song, and all was so lone and still, that, during the whole period, I do not remember a single tempest, or rain, or thunder. No one wandered near the spot—no, not a beast of the forest drew nigh; day followed day—I pursued my toil and was contented. Perhaps if we could contrive to spend our whole lives in this manner, we should be happier in the end.

“From the little I read, my imagination was filled with the most extravagant notions of the world and of man. My views were borrowed only from myself and my companions: my idea of lively people consisted wholly in that of the little dog, richly arrayed ladies were compared to the beautiful bird, and every old body to my own ancient dame. I had read something too of love, and went over, in my fancy, the most wonderful scenes and adventures. I drew a picture of the handsomest knight in the world; I endowed him with perfection, and yet I was unable, after all my trouble, to understand the sort of personage I had made; I was melted with compassion at my own condition when, as was often the case, he refused to return my love. I began to pronounce long and affecting soliloquies, not unfrequently aloud, as if to win him

back. I see you smile, for we are truly all of us past this stage of youth.

"At length I began to feel pleased at being alone, for I was then mistress of the house. The dog was quite a favourite with me, and obeyed my call; the bird answered all my questions with his pretty song; even my spinning-wheel hummed the most assiduous music, and I indulged no desire of change. The old woman, returning from her long excursion, commended my care and attention, observing her household had been better conducted since I arrived, and she then praised my growth and my good looks. In short, she just showed me the same kindness as if I had been her daughter.

"'You are my good child,' she one day said to me, in her harsh squeaking tone; 'if you only go on thus, everything will be well with you. But we must keep the straight-forward path, or good fortune will soon leave us, and punishment be sure to follow, however slow.'

"I did not pay much heed to this good advice, being extremely volatile in all my motions; but it would often occur to me at night, though I was at a loss to conceive her meaning. I reflected, indeed, upon every word that dropped from her lips. I had heard of riches, and I began to suspect that her pearls and diamonds might be valuable. This notion soon appeared more clearly to me; but as to the straight-forward path, there I was quite at a loss. Yet long reflection even rendered this intelligible to me in time.

"I was now fourteen years old, and felt what a misfortune it is that we do but attain our maturer knowledge, as it were, at the expense of the innocence of our souls. I became aware that it only rested with myself to take possession of the bird and all the precious stones in the old woman's absence, and then visit the world of which I had heard so much. Besides, I might there, perhaps, meet with my handsome knight, who still floated so brightly before my imagination.

"This thought came and went like any other idea, though it ever haunted me while I sat at my wheel. Soon I became so absorbed in its flattering prospects, that I beheld myself magnificently attired, surrounded by a train of knights and princely personages. When I had so far forgotten myself, I became grieved at finding myself still confined to the same narrow spot. Yet if I only did my duty, the old woman troubled herself very little with other points of behaviour.

"She one day went forth, saying that she should be away much longer than usual, and that I must keep my eye upon every article, and at the same time contrive to amuse myself. I was more anxious at this parting than before, for I fancied I should never behold her again. I kept her in view as long as I could, though I knew not why I felt so uneasy; it was just as if my future intention stood forward to accuse me, without my being exactly aware what it was.

"I had never before attended to the little dog and the bird with so much tenderness; they appeared dearer to me than I can describe. The good old dame had not been gone many days before the same thought returned; and I rose one morning, with the fixed resolution of forsaking the cottage, and running away with the little bird, to seek my fortune in the world. My mind was greatly perplexed; I wished to

persuade myself to stay, but the very idea had become hateful to me. There was a struggle in my soul, it was like the contention of two rival spirits. At one moment the quiet solitude of the scene appeared so delightful; and the next my anticipation of a new world, so full of agreeable varieties, seemed to beckon me away.

"I was puzzled how to act: the little dog leapt up and caressed me; the sun's beams lay warm upon the fields, and the bright green of the birch-leaves glittered in the morning light. I felt the pleasing sensation of having found something new,—something that was to be done, and done speedily. Involuntarily I seized the dog, bound him fast in the room, and, taking down the cage, proceeded forth. The little dog barked and whined at being thus treated, looked up in my face as if to entreat me to take him with me; but I was too much afraid. I had courage, however, to seize upon a vessel filled with precious stones, and, putting it into my pocket, I left the remainder of them where they stood.

"In going through the door, the bird turned round with a very odd expression, I thought, for a bird; the poor dog made many attempts to follow, but he was compelled to remain in his prison. I sought to shun the path towards the wild and sterile rocks, by going directly the opposite way. I heard the dog's moans and howls incessantly, and the sound went to my heart. The bird often began his song, but the motion of his cage seemed to interfere with it. The barking at last began to die away in the distance, and soon entirely ceased: I wept, and was very near returning, had not my wish to behold something new impelled me to continue my route.

"Already I had traversed the mountains and the neighbouring woods, when the approach of evening compelled me to enter a village. As I walked into an inn, I was overpowered with a feeling of shame; they showed me into a room with a bed in it, and I passed a tranquil night, except that the idea of the old dame seemed to haunt me with terrific threats.

"My journey was rather uniform, only the farther I went, the more sadly was I tormented with the thought of the old woman and her little dog. I was afraid he would be starved to death unless I assisted him, while at every turn of the road I fancied the old lady would suddenly start out before me. I continued my route, sighing and weeping as I went; and whenever I stopped and placed the cage upon the ground, the bird began his wonderful song; and I recalled to mind, with lively regret, the sweet secluded spot I had deserted. So wayward is the human mind that I began to think my journey almost more wretched than the one I had made in my childhood, and I wished myself once more in my former situation.

"I disposed of some of my diamonds, and after proceeding for a few days, I arrived at a little village. I felt myself strangely affected as I entered the place; I was dreadfully alarmed, though I knew not wherefore, and I strove to recover my presence of mind, when I found I had returned to my native village. How astonished I felt! Tears of delight ran down my cheeks, while a thousand tender recollections came across my mind. Many changes had taken place; new houses were built, others fallen into decay. I stood upon a spot where there had been a

fire, and all around appeared more small and contracted than I should have imagined. I anticipated great pleasure in the idea of again beholding my parents, after so many years. Soon I discovered our little cottage,—the same threshold, the latch of the door,—all was just the same as I had left them. It seemed but yesterday that I was leaning against the door; my heart beat with emotion. I opened it in haste, and found myself amid a party of strangers, who fixed their eyes upon me in astonishment. I inquired for the shepherd Martin; they answered that he and his wife had died some three years ago; when, instantly withdrawing, I left the village, weeping aloud.

"Alas! I had pictured to myself the pleasure of surprising them with my wealth. By a very singular adventure I had obtained what I only dreamed of in my childhood; yet all was now in vain: they could not partake it with me; and the most flattering prospect of my whole existence suddenly vanished from my view.

"I took a small house and garden near a pleasant country town, and also engaged an attendant. I was not half so much surprised with the world as I had fondly anticipated; yet, by degrees, I contrived to forget the old woman and my former mode of life; in fact, living very contentedly.

"The bird had long ceased to sing, and I felt not a little terrified when one night he suddenly began a different song; it ran as follows:

"The lone woodside, the lone woodside
 Is every far from me,
 Where late I loved to hide,
 And fain again would be,
 The lone woodside for me.

"I could not compose myself to sleep; my memory was too busy with the past; I feared I had done wrong.

"The sight of the bird when I rose in the morning seemed a reproach to me; he looked at me continually, and his presence grew irksome to me. He now never ceased his song, which was louder and more sweet than usual. The oftener I looked at him the more uneasy I became; at length I opened the cage, and seizing him by the neck, pressed my fingers tightly together. He cast one imploring look; I loosed my hold,—but he was already dead! I then went and buried him in the garden.

"Next my fears turned towards my attendant, when I reflected upon what I had myself done. I thought she might take it into her head to rob, and perhaps to murder me. Some time previous to this I became acquainted with a young knight, with whom I was much pleased. I gave him my hand in marriage—and it is thus, Mr. Walther, that my story comes to an end."

"Yes, you should have seen her then," cried the fond Egbert eagerly; "you should have seen what youth, beauty, and inexpressible charms her secluded kind of education had given her. To me she appeared most like a miracle, and I loved her most devotedly. I had no property; it was her love that brought me prosperity: we withdrew to this spot, and hitherto we have had no reason to regret our union."

"But," said Bertha, "we have continued to prattle until it is become very late. Suppose we retire to rest?"

Saying this, she rose and went to the door; Walther wished her a good night, adding, as he kissed her hand, "I return you thanks, my noble lady. I think I can just imagine you with your wonderful bird, and the way in which you fed the pretty *Strohman*."

Walther then also retired to his chamber, while Egbert walked up and down the hall with a dissatisfied air. At length he stopped, exclaiming, "To think of the folly of mankind! I first persuaded my wife to relate her history, and such confidence now vexes me. Will he divulge it to others? Will he not, perhaps—for such is the human character—be seized with a fatal wish for our diamonds, and contrive some plan for obtaining them?"

It then occurred to him that Walther had not taken leave of him as he might have done, after receiving such a proof of confidence. Once bent upon suspicion, the soul is apt to construe the least trifle into a matter of importance. Egbert reproached himself for so very undeserved a distrust of his excellent friend, yet in vain he attempted to banish it. Full of these thoughts, he rambled about the house, and got very little sleep. The next morning he heard Bertha was unwell; she could not appear at breakfast. Walther seemed to trouble himself in no way at this, and took leave of the knight with an air of indifference. His friend was unable to account for the change; he went to inquire after his wife, and found her in a high fever. She was of opinion that the long narration of the preceding evening might thus have agitated her nerves. From this period Walther seldom returned to the castle, and then soon took his leave, after a slight unmeaning conversation. Egbert now began to be greatly alarmed; but he concealed his feelings both from his friend and his wife, though his anxiety must have been evident to them.

Bertha's indisposition grew daily more serious; her physician expressed his fears; for the roses had left her cheeks, while her eyes became more and more inflamed. One morning she entreated to see Egbert at her bed-side, at the same time ordering her domestics to withdraw. When her husband drew nigh, she observed, "My dear husband, there is something which has very nearly deprived me of reason, and quite destroyed my health; and trifling as it may appear, I think it my duty to confide it to you. You may recollect that, in giving an account of my childhood, I never could call to mind the name of the little dog which was so long with me. But on that evening when your friend took leave of me, he said, 'I can imagine the way in which you used to feed the little *Strohman*.' Could this be mere accident, or did he guess the real name? Does he perhaps know the dog, do you suppose, and could he name him to me purposely? How is this man connected with my destiny? Sometimes I strive to believe that I do but imagine this strange circumstance; yet you perceive that it is only too certain. A terrible emotion overpowered me when I found myself so strangely reminded of the name, and by a perfect stranger. What does my Egbert think of it?"

Egbert gazed upon the features of his suffering Bertha with tender

compassion, but for some time spoke not. At length he uttered a few consolatory words, and took his leave. In unutterable anguish he paced to and fro in one of the most secluded chambers of the castle. For several years Walther had been his sole companion; yet now he was the only being in the world whose existence distressed him. He felt as if he should never enjoy happiness more until he were swept from across his path. To dissipate his anxiety, he took down his fowlingpiece, and bent his steps towards the moors.

The air was chill, with a stormy sky, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the naked branches of the trees were covered with it. The unhappy Egbert walked hard, until the perspiration stood upon his forehead; and meeting with no game, it added to his secret vexation. Soon, however, he perceived some object moving in the distance: it was his friend busied in collecting mosses. Scarcely conscious of what he did, Egbert levelled his piece; Walther looked towards him with a silent but threatening gesture. It was too late; the fatal shot was fired, and Walther lay lifeless on the ground!

At first Egbert felt easy, or at least more composed, though a feeling of alarm impelled his footsteps back towards his castle. A long walk lay before him, for he had wandered far across the moors and into the woods. He was informed on his return that Bertha had expired, raving, in a strange unintelligible manner, about Walther and the old woman.

For some time after this event Egbert buried himself in the deepest solitude. Always of a pensive cast of mind, his wife's singular story had often filled him with uneasiness lest some untoward occurrence was in store for them, and now he was quite overwhelmed. The assassination of his friend continually haunted him; his life became a prey to remorse and misery; and such were his sufferings, that he was glad to seek the society of a neighbouring town, and mix in the reigning amusements. Still he wished to have a friend in whom to confide; he felt a vacancy in his soul; and when he thought of Walther his terror was redoubled, for what friend could alleviate such misery? Then he had passed so many delightful days with his dear, unhappy Bertha; but friendship and love had both vanished from his view, and his life became more like a strange tale that had been told than a mere human career.

Soon he met with a young knight, named Hugo, who appeared to take an interest in the sad and thoughtful Egbert. He returned the knight's courtesies the more willingly as he had not expected them, and ere long they were seldom separate. They never rode out except in each other's company, they visited in the same societies; and yet Egbert was far from being happy. He felt as if he were imposing upon his friend Hugo, whose affection for him was founded in error. He wished to confide the secret of his destiny, in order to learn whether his friendship would stand the test. He then felt so completely overwhelmed with a sense of his infamy, that he believed no one could really esteem him to whom he was not totally unknown. Nevertheless he could not resist the impulse, and, during a solitary ride, he confided the history of his adventures to his friend. He then inquired whether Hugo could retain his esteem for an assassin. Hugo was affected, and tried to

console him, as Egbert followed him, with lighter heart and feelings, back to the town.

But, alas ! it was the curse of Egbert's nature to indulge suspicion, even in the hour of confidence ; and hardly had they entered the public rooms together before the features of his friend Hugo began to alarm him. He fancied he detected a malicious smile playing upon his lips ; that he spoke very short ; conversing with other people present, with a kind of marked neglect towards him.

Among the company was an old knight, who had ever shown a decided enmity towards Egbert, often inquiring in a very peculiar manner respecting his wealth and his wife. Hugo was observed to associate much with this man, frequently conversing with him aside, while they directed their looks towards Egbert. Believing himself betrayed, his soul became a prey to the most violent rage. While still gazing on them, what was his horror suddenly to behold Walther's face, his exact features, his well-known figure ! He withdrew his eyes : again he looked : it was no one else but Walther whispering in the ear of the old man. His terror was extreme ; he darted from the room with a look of distraction, and, abandoning the place that evening, immured himself once more in his castle.

There, with the restlessness of a troubled spirit, he paced from room to room, his thoughts incessantly busied with horrible ideas, while slumber no longer visited his eyes. Sometimes he believed himself insane, that it was only imagination which had produced so many terrific circumstances ; yet surely he recollected Walther's features : here there could be no illusion ; and again everything became inexplicable. Soon he resolved to try whether travel would tend to dissipate these hateful feelings, for friendship and society seemed to be closed against him for ever. Without having fixed upon any settled route, he instantly set forth, paying little attention to the country and the objects before him. When he had proceeded during some days, he began to enter some defile among the rocks, whence he found no outlet. At last he met with an old peasant, who led him to a path opposite a waterfall. He wished to bestow some pieces upon his guide, but he refused them.

"I could almost imagine," said Egbert to himself, "nay, I could lay a wager, that this man is Walther." Again he turned round to look ; it was indeed Walther ! Egbert stuck his spurs into his horse, and sped through wood and field, until, worn down by fatigue, the noble beast fell upon the ground. He then continued his route on foot ; and, half distracted, he ascended a hill ; he thought he caught the sound of a dog barking near him ; but the waving of the birch-trees might, perhaps, deceive him, which interposed between the spot. Soon, however, he distinctly heard, in a kind of supernatural note, the following song :

"The lonely wood
To me seems good,
So does the greenwood tree ;
The song by night,
The pale moonlight,
The lonely wood for me."

At these sounds Egbert lost all sense of reason and consciousness.

Buried in the labyrinth of fear and mystery, he was uncertain whether he were awake, or whether he ever possessed such a wife as Bertha. He grew more and more confused; a variety of strange fancies whirled through his brain; he breathed in an enchanted world; he could not rightly conceive or recollect anything.

Next he saw an aged woman, bent almost double, come creeping and coughing, with a crutch in her hand, along the hill-side.

"Dost thou bring back my dog, my bird, my jewels?" she shrieked aloud. "Now see how the unjust punish themselves. I was thy friend Walther; I was thy Hugo; only I."

"Gracious God!" cried Egbert. "in what an awful wilderness then have I spent my days!"

"And Bertha was thy own sister!" added the old crone.

The unhappy Egbert lay senseless upon the earth.

"Why," continued the old woman, "why did she so deceitfully abandon me? Had she not done this, everything would have yet been well. Her period of trial was already over. She was the daughter of a knight, who confided her to the care of a herdsman—thy own father's daughter."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed Egbert, "why have I ever predicted this fatal consequence—ever been haunted by this detested idea?"

"Because," said the old woman, "thy father himself informed thee that he had a daughter, whom he did not venture to bring up at home on account of his wife, being his daughter by another woman."

Egbert heard no more: he was lying in a raving and dying state upon the earth; the last voices that broke upon his ear were the screaming voice of the old woman, the barking of the dog, and the strange bird's reiterated song.

LANGBEIN.

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK LANGBEIN was born at Radeberg, near Dresden, the 6th day of September, 1757. He was employed for some time as a private tutor and censor of the press at Dresden, where he first produced two volumes of poems, Leipzig, 1788; followed, in 1795, by three volumes of novels, entitled "Evening Pastimes." He wrote his "Talisman against Ennui," in three parts, at Berlin, 1802, with "Ritter Gerhard and his Faithful One," a romance, also in 1802. Another series of novels appeared in 1804; his "Ritter der Wahrheit, or True Knight," in 1805; followed by a variety of other works, chiefly belonging to the same class, but all remarkable for their spirit, and the ingenuity of their plots and incidents. Most of these are of a light and humorous character, approaching in point of excellence nearer to the manner of Wieland (though without either his classical or romantic pretensions) than any other novels that can be mentioned.

In a work like the present, however, only a faint idea can be conveyed of the qualities of his more extended productions, many scenes and incidents of which are of a highly animated character, though too diffuse and national to prove wholly acceptable to modern English tastes. Yet, extensive as they are, these novels constitute only a few of his lively and humorous compositions, both in prose and verse, many of which are become deservedly popular with the lighter readers among the author's countrymen, with those who delight rather in viewing the comic and burlesque than the terrific and supernatural exhibitions of imaginative power. Specimens of the former kind have here been selected, as affording at once the most amusing materials—such as are best adapted to display the author's peculiar manner, and as offering some degree of relief and contrast to the more powerful and appalling pictures from the hand of Tieck.

As a novel-writer Langbein will be found to rank among the foremost who have infused a more light and animated spirit into their productions, since the revival of the modern literature of Germany. He discovers less of a national and peculiar tone than most writers of fiction who have either preceded or followed him; his delineation of manners and characters are more general and universal; the interest attaching to them is more in unison with modern tastes and feelings; while the keen and lively yet good-natured air of satire thrown over his reflections, presents us with much of the pleasure of ironical observation, without the sting.

MARIANNE RICHARDS; OR, MEMOIRS OF AN ACTRESS.

THE Treasury-Secretary Richards was a clever, clear-sighted man. On this account he was very naturally disliked by all those of an inferior character, who are inclined to consider the project

for some lucrative office, or the dispatch of some gracious commands, as the most distinguished and advantageous triumph of the human understanding. "A mighty genius, to be sure!" they would often observe to one another, at the same time shrugging their shoulders in a way which rather betrayed their own malice than the justice of their reflections upon him.

True it was that Mr. Secretary Richards had committed an unpardonable offence in the eyes of these court pedants, which they conceived quite treasonable: he had been long ago attached to polite literature, and had even written verses and comedies in his youth. And though he had long dismounted from this his early hobby, discharging his official duties with the utmost degree of promptitude and care, they declared that the old sinner had not fairly recanted his youthful error, and that his love for theatrical exhibitions still kept possession both of his head and his heart. Worse than all, they found his name in a list of members for a private theatre, which he furnished with—his advice; and, if the verses lied not, with occasional prologues and epilogues, as if to give greater zest to the sin. To be sure, he did not stalk the stage; but her lady-secretaryship was known to appear in certain fine maternal characters, which she represented with much nature and truth.

Such a *penchant*, however, did not seem to interfere with her other duties, for she very ably superintended her domestic affairs, and continued to live on the best terms with her consort. This highly gifted pair possessed an only child, a lovely girl, who seemed to have derived a taste as well as a genius for theatrical performances from her mother's breast. Before she was four years of age Marianne displayed her infantine powers with such a degree of excellence, combined with so much simplicity and ease, as to delight every one who beheld her. So beautiful and accomplished a young creature, thus early attracting the plaudits of her parents and her friends, became almost an object of idolatry in their eyes, and they spared no means of cultivating her uncommon powers to the greatest advantage.

Nor did she disappoint their fond expectations. At fifteen years of age Marianne spoke the French and Italian languages with fluency, painted beautifully, and danced still more enchantingly. In all the most pleasing feminine accomplishments she far surpassed her companions, for rivals she had none; there was an inimitable grace in her least actions, which appealed with irresistible power both to the eye and to the heart.

Her genuine vivacity and wit rendered her the soul of the society in which she moved. She could enliven the most sedate and sorrowful groups of antiquated belles and beaux in the world by the magic of her looks and words, while, at the same time, there was nothing approaching to levity or extravagance—nothing infringing on the most refined manners, or the feelings of others. Of course, with these shining qualities, she was cordially hated by all the awkward or plain women of her acquaintance, pitied and condemned by all the devotees, but vastly admired and prized by every man who had a heart to give. Yet, beyond the circle of her own family and most confidential friends, did Mari-

anne's true worth, the native simplicity and tenderness of her whole character, remain unappreciated, in the recesses of her heart.

The truth of this she soon painfully experienced in the loss of an excellent mother, for whom she was almost inconsolable; but which brought some of her noblest and most valuable feelings into fuller play. Her devoted attachment to her father, and her respect for all his opinions, would now have led her to renounce her theatrical taste and pursuits, had he at all insisted on such a sacrifice; but in about a year he requested her to appear once more upon the private boards. Here her characters were always of the most pathetic and exalted cast. The hero's part was in general played by a fine promising young man, one of her father's secretaries, in whom he placed the utmost confidence, and whose talents he justly appreciated, uniformly treating him less like an assistant than like a son.

Unfortunately, there are always certain busy and officious people, whose chief occupation seems to be that of deciding upon other people's affairs, without possessing, or wishing to possess, any competent information on the subject: so it happened in this instance. Secretary Richards' real elevation of mind, which induced him thus to indulge his daughter's tastes and his own, was regarded by them as absurd and romantic extravagance, highly unjust towards his daughter. He deigned not, however, to notice any of these idle and injurious reports, though he well knew their object, and the source whence they were derived. It did not escape him, likewise, that his young friend Werner and Marianne were satisfied with strictly confining their love scenes to the circle of the stage, but, in order to perfect themselves in such characters, held frequent rehearsals elsewhere. And this they both frankly confessed on his first allusion to the subject.

From this time he seemed to regard Werner as his son, and the new alliance soon became the familiar conversation of every circle in the city. This gave peculiar zest to the pleasure of the privileged few admitted to the private boards, who watched the progress of the lovers in their assumed characters, through all the difficulties and sufferings opposed to their mutual passions, until, on being sometimes eventually surmounted, the lovely heroine yielded her hand, amidst the smiles and whispers of the spectators. "How long will it be before she gives it him for good—at least for better or worse? When will they leave off these heroics, and cease weeping and making *us* weep thus?"

This was one of those prophecies, however, destined never to be fulfilled. Mr. Secretary Richards fell a sudden victim to an apoplectic seizure, unconscious even that he died in his unhappy daughter's arms. Young Werner, too, beheld himself at once deprived of a benefactor and a father, at a moment when he was fast rising into notice, and might shortly have laid claim to the legal title of his son.

But this was not the sole change it produced: the noble secretary had served his country better than himself, and had, consequently, amassed little fortune. His influence no longer promoted the young statesman's advancement; he began to question the policy of the proposed alliance, and his attentions to the daughter of his benefactor became less warm and assiduous. His language assumed a more measured

tone, and the word of friendship was more frequently upon his lips. In this manner did the ungrateful seek gradually to loosen those bands of affection which it had late been his proudest ambition to form, until at length he had the cruel audacity, within a few months after her father's decease, to write to her, stating the insurmountable obstacles that now presented themselves to their union, which he expressed in the most cold and calculating language, regretting that prudence would no longer sanction their mutual regard. Marianne, however, exhibited less emotion at the reception of these tidings than the politic Werner had probably anticipated. A girl of her sense and spirit, possessed of so many and such varied accomplishments, thought it due to her insulted pride rather to congratulate herself on having detected the real character of *such* a lover than to regret his loss. His interested motives and his bad taste were conspicuously displayed shortly afterwards, in his marriage with the daughter of a wealthy but notorious usurer; a girl as opposite to Marianne as darkness to light, equally inferior to her in person as in the endowments of mind. The affairs of the late secretary had been placed in the hands of commissioners, appointed on his sudden demise, who shortly informed his orphan daughter that, after the discharge of his outstanding debts, a very small surplus was found remaining due to her. This wrought a complete change in poor Marianne's situation, both in society and in the world at large. At first she was caressed and consoled, then pitied, and by degrees she felt that she began to be forsaken and despised. This was too much. "Whither shall I turn? to what shall I betake myself?" cried the lovely but unhappy Marianne, as she became daily more sensible of the altered manners of her late friends and associates, the growing coolness of the ladies, and the familiarity of the courtiers; "for this I cannot and will not bear! Let me rather perform the most menial services, expose myself to all trials and to every risk, than longer endure these painful conflicts of heart and soul. Oh, my dear, dear father! could you see the cruel sufferings and temptations to which I have been exposed here in the very scene of your honourable toils and faithful services, from the very hearts which ought to have been so truly bounden by them, how much you would pity me! But I must fly from this hateful scene, though penury and privation pursue my steps, if I would not become a voluntary victim, most vile and hateful to myself. Henceforth I have only to rely upon my own principles and my own powers of exertion."

True to these resolutions, she instantly abandoned the courtly mansion where she was residing on sufferance, without even consulting its ungenerous owners, and took private lodgings, where she might reflect in safety upon some means of future support. She first sought refuge at the house of a wealthy tradesman, whose sole ambition centred in adding fresh sums, however small, to his growing capital. This man, judging of her fortune by her appearance, had the conscience, in the course of a few weeks, to present her with the most unjust charges for her residence, making out a variety of false items; at the same time giving her notice to leave the house if his bill was not settled within eight days. The wretched Marianne, almost reduced to extremities, found it expedient to decide upon new measures; and, in the hurry and

agony of her thoughts, the idea of the stage now, for the first time since the loss of her father, recurred to her mind.

Scarcely had she adopted the resolution of applying to some theatrical manager, when a respectable old man of the name of Oswald, who had been an actor from his fifteenth year, announced himself, and was gladly admitted. He had retired from the stage within the last five or six years, and taken up his residence near that of Marianne's father, with whom he had been on intimate terms, and had made repeated inquiries, since his death, respecting his unfortunate daughter. His appearance at this moment was hailed with lively pleasure, as it was her first wish to consult him upon her future prospects, and avail herself of his known good-nature and experience.

"Welcome, a thousand times welcome!" she cried; "how kind this is of you! You are among the few of my old friends—of my father's friends, I mean, who have been at the trouble of inquiring about me. But sit down, pray sit down quickly, for I have most important affairs on which to consult you, I do assure you."

"Ah, indeed?" replied the old dramatic veteran, as he seated himself, laughing; "most important affairs! So, so. I hope you don't want me to fight a duel; anything else in reason."

"No, no, you need not look so alarmed; but you know the whole history of my unhappy affairs. You think I have been sadly wronged in respect to my father's property, and that advantage has been taken of his dying so suddenly and intestate. But let it pass: Heaven pardon all my enemies, if I have any! It is enough that henceforward I must rely upon my own efforts; I feel that it is equally indispensable to my self-respect, to my comfort, and to my character, that I should no longer live dependent upon the bounty of others; and, finally, I have resolved to lose no time in applying to your friend the manager, though I am sorry to think it is directly against your last advice and injunctions."

"I should be sorry too, if I did not believe you were only in jest. Ye Powers, forbid that you should be serious!" replied her good old friend.

"Very serious, dear Oswald."

"To become an actress! You alarm me."

"Why should it? But perhaps I misunderstand you;—you doubt my talent—you think I shall not succeed."

"No, not that; but I almost wish it were so," said the old player, with one of his comic expressions of face; "if I thought so truly, I would rate you well. Unfortunately, you possess too many fine qualities, without any flattery, to give me hopes of that. I only fear you would assume too high a rank in the annals of our stage, excite too much admiration, love, hate, jealousy; foment divisions, plots, and all manner of conspiracies, until you had set the poor manager's house on fire. Would then, at this moment, Marianne, that thou wert rather so dull of wit and hearing as to render thee quite unfit to enact the least part of a poor page or pedlar, and had such a villanous stuttering, and such a halting in thy gait, as to mar the majesty of a dumb messenger, who has only to bear some royal despatches; would that thy memory would not lead thee three words running aright; and that, withal, thou wert darker than a gipsy, and plainer than those that envy thee most!"

"Extremely obliged, Mr. Oswald ; very friendly wishes."

"Yes, friendly, by heavens !" repeated Oswald, very earnestly: "better you had all these disadvantages, with indigence added to the number, than expose yourself to the dreadful risks you wot not of."

"But, good Mr. Oswald——"

"Oh, that cursed private theatre ! Oh, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Secretary ! —A thousand pardons, my dear girl," interrupted the old man, drawing his hands across his eyes ; "but you see this is the fruit of such tricks. I perceive that you have moulded your ideas upon that scale. There you had every advantage—whole weeks to study a character ; buoyed up with praise and pleasure, all grace and ease and confidence ; and applauded until your ears tingled with the sound. Peace, pleasure, and affluence were around you, and such a theatre gave a zest to all. It is thus a delightful pastime deceives the heart of youth ; it will always continue as enchanting as it now is ; we think the same scene and season will recur, and always please us as well. Such now appear to you the attractions of a public theatre, comparing it with that which you once enjoyed ; and you would encounter the cruel sport and violence of fortune, upon a scene exposed to all her most trying variations, while you imagined you were perhaps flying to a place of refuge. Too soon you are rudely awakened from a delightful dream ; the real truth bursts upon your startled vision ; the real evils of life rise in succession before you ; the storm grows louder and louder ; you tremble—you draw back ; you would fain wrap your cloak around you, and fly, when it is perhaps already too late. In vain you look round for the flowers you once plucked in other fields, when they blossomed round your home ; thorns, sharp thorns, are strewn along your path, which pierce you the more keenly, the more tender your feelings are."

"Surely your zeal for me misleads you," replied Marianne, "or I do not quite understand you. I do hope your portrait is too highly coloured and extravagant."

"I will draw no portrait, then," replied Oswald ; "I will give you the original itself ; and mark me well, while I honestly declare that an actor's life is one of the most pitiable and wretched, more especially for persons of good family and education, to whom it soon becomes wholly intolerable."

"But I think you ought at least to bring me some proofs of these harsh assertions. You too, after playing for half a century, you must be a very old sinner !"

"Oh, I will give abundant proofs, if you will only listen patiently," replied the humorous old actor, laughing. "My first evidence, short and conclusive enough, is in this single question—can you bear up against contempt?"

"As little as any one of honourable feelings."

"Therefore, my dear girl, recant, recant quickly these your villanous errors. For contempt, bitter, heavy contempt, falls to the lot of those who tread the magic scene."

"Who despises them?"

"Nearly all the world."

"Such a feeling, then, is excessively unjust, as I suppose the world's

opinions in general are. Still, every situation on earth is mingled with good and evil. The profession we speak of must embrace many worthy members—ornaments to any society, who in no way merit the world's censure or scorn."

"That is very true; but the innocent very frequently suffer along with those who are not so, you know."

"They must then assert their own self-respect, and prove by their actions that they belong to the better class, in defiance of the prejudices and scandal of the world."

"Why, you speak like a philosopher, like a man!" exclaimed Oswald, with evident surprise and pleasure. "But will this sage philosophy stand the test? Can it cope with all the difficulties which that thousand-headed despot, the public, has prepared for it? Can it repress your just indignation, when the highest triumph of your art—on which each little despot believes he sits in judgment after paying his entrance mite—shall either fail to make an impression, or be decried by the worst portion of an indiscriminate and tasteless audience? Suppose some absurd but high-born and influential leader of the *ton*, with a vast deal of conceit, and as little sense or feeling, should take upon himself the part of censor, and decide upon your best and most laboured efforts in the presence of the public, and in favour of a party who echo back his opinions,—pronounced, perhaps, too near, and loud enough to be heard by the unhappy actress on the stage."

"The value of the praise or blame of such men," replied Marianne, "must be pretty equal. The good opinion of a few disinterested and able judges ought to be the great object of every first-rate actor."

"So thought my much-valued friend, the celebrated Ekhof, whom I have often heard relate the following anecdote. One evening, when representing the part of an honest countryman, in which he studied to display strong and simple nature, there happened to be an original of the same class, as one of the spectators in the house, not far from him. He gazed upon his counterpart long and intently, with his mouth as wide open as his eyes, until at last he exclaimed aloud to his next neighbour, 'How in the world have they persuaded one of our chaps to come here?' 'This simple and hearty inquiry,' added my friend Ekhof, 'was more gratifying to my pride than any compliment of the best critic in the world.' Unluckily, however, there are not many spectators who feel so correctly, or explain themselves so clearly, as the honest rustic. In truth, a company of players is a singular kind of corporation, whose several members are generally at open warfare with each other, while at the same time they must take care to make up among them a most harmonious whole. Jealousy of favourite parts, and of public favour, creates perpetual broils, which so far injure the temper of the most mild and good humoured, as to display itself to the eye of an experienced spectator. Then the indispensable necessity of speaking and acting in opposition to your better feelings is a painful task to those who are not naturally hypocritical; for how is it possible to go nobly through with scenes of splendid action, of pathos, and of love, with actors whose whole lives and manners are perhaps in direct contradiction to the characters they sustain, and such as it must be your

object to avoid and to abhor? How is it possible to express with spirit, characters of vivacity and humour, while the heart is oppressed with its heavy burden of care and grief? To think of sporting amidst the abundance of fancied wealth and honours, while the contrast is so indelibly impressed upon the mind, without a sigh? For, alas! penury and privations do not only dog the footsteps of the grossly abandoned or imprudent; the most cautious and economical frequently fall victims to this dangerous profession, without a single fault. An unsettled and wandering life renders prudence, and domestic happiness almost unavailing; the changes of war, of fashion, and the humour of the great, are not unfrequently the cause of suddenly reducing the most respectable members to utter wretchedness and ruin. Should talent and spirit even triumph for a period, the evil day is sure to arrive, when, broken and dispirited, the aged actor, with feebleness and still feebleness, and with shattered nerves, looks round him for some supporting hand in vain; and sometimes faints, or actually dies, with intense exertions to maintain his former fame. Thousands, who gazed with pleasure upon the triumphs of his art, look coldly down upon his less vivid scenes—his declining fire and pathos; nor are there wanting pharasaical friends among them ready to condole with him, when at length he yields—‘Ah, why not aim at something beyond a comedian?’”

“My dear friend,” exclaimed Marianne, “you give a sad—a very sad account.”

“Nay, I have not completed it yet. I must now present you with the foreground of the picture,—all those disagreeable incidents and inconveniences attending on such a life, in particular to a young unmarried actress, exposed to a thousand perils and temptations when destitute of parental support; and these not only from her companions on the stage, but from the most insidious, violent, and dangerous men of the world. The corruption, too, of manners in all great cities, creates absolute disbelief in female virtue, and is treated as a matter of fashionable notoriety by young lords and gentlemen who lead the *ton*. This despicable feeling, arising out of sheer assurance and the most paltry vanity, leads these young fashionables to imagine themselves possessed of irresistible attractions, and that they have merely to make their appearance, like the Roman hero, ‘to come, to see, and to conquer,’ and their fame is achieved. Such worthies only laugh in their sleeve when a man of real merit expresses a nobler opinion of the sex, and in particular as respects the stage. They seek to confirm existing prejudices, and imagine that every pretty actress will be glad to listen to the best proposals she can meet withal. In this persuasion these little heroes arm themselves for conquest; with brazen front, bold eye, unblushing cheek, they have recourse to the most despicable manoeuvres; they lie in ambush, they advance, they retreat, but never once lose sight of their unfortunate prey. Should some being of superior character, of purer and loftier views than those by whom she is surrounded, present herself,—one whose soul were capable of abhorring the beauty of an Apollo when disguising the temptations of a demon,—what a fate is reserved for her! She may forfeit her reputation, though pure and spotless as the snow; she may be condemned to the humiliation of hearing a re-

petition of proposals which place her upon a level with the most abandoned and unfortunate of her sex. Yes, by heavens ! were there no other evil, no deeper reproach and bitterness attaching to such a life than this, were the stage a Paradise of delight for the display of female talents and accomplishments, yet this single source of shame and sorrow must render it, in the eyes of every noble and pure-minded woman, a life of incessant danger and anxiety—a perfect purgatory upon earth !”

He ceased, but Marianne was unable to reply. She was evidently struggling to repress her emotions ; and Oswald did not wish to check her feelings, in order that his arguments might have their full weight ; but the next moment she burst into a flood of tears.

“Wretch that I am !” she cried ; “on all sides I am surrounded by precipices yawning to receive me ; yet I must press forward. I must encounter all those difficulties, severe and alarming as you depict them. For tell me, dear Oswald, decide for me yourself—is it not more becoming, and nobler far, to contend with difficulties, however great and appalling, than to live dependent upon the bounty of others, or to sit down and weep, and die of despair ? If destruction must come, let us not yield without an effort ; let us have the price of it ; let us fall at least with one’s own applause, conscious of one’s own innocence ; with honour and integrity to embalm our names.”

“Very good, very noble, my poor Marianne,” replied Oswald, much affected ; and he pressed the subject no further.

“Yes, my decision is made, irrevocably made,” pursued Marianne ; “seek to oppose me no longer. Yet, believe me, your kind motives are deeply, very deeply felt and appreciated, nor shall they be lost upon me. And now I have to solicit your friendly aid and intercession in obtaining for me such a situation in some respectable company as you may judge best adapted for me.”

“Then be it so,” replied Oswald ; “I have discharged my duty as an old friend ; and should you live to regret your present decision, either sooner or later, I hope I shall not need to upbraid myself. For, I confess, I cannot augur good ; the words of Hamlet to Ophelia occur to my mind too forcibly upon this occasion :

“‘Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.’”

“Perceiving, however, that you are fixed in your determination, I am happy to think that I can be of some advantage to you in facilitating the object you have in view. I am well acquainted with Wolfram, one of our managers, who is most distinguished for the maintenance of strict order and propriety, and who, I know, is just now desirous of engaging some lady of ability to take the leading parts as the heroine of the piece. I received a letter from him this very day, stating that he had discharged the person who had hitherto conducted them, on account of her presumption and the levity of her manners, and entreating that I would be on the look-out to find him the best substitute in my power.”

“Oh, how extremely fortunate !” exclaimed Marianne, brightly smiling through her tears. “It really seems as if Heaven meant to favour my attempt. Yet, perhaps, I am only deceiving myself ; your friend Wolfram may not like to engage with a mere novice.”

"Indulge no anxiety on that head. I have not the least hesitation in recommending you; and I can vouch for your reception, should not the vacancy happen to have been already filled up."

"Ah, pray then write, write quickly. I will not delay you a moment," cried Marianne, as she reached her old friend his hat and stick, and almost hurried him away.

CHAPTER II.

IN a very few days Oswald again made his appearance, with a letter in his hand. "Here! I have brought you friend Wolfram's answer, my dear, for henceforward I must talk to you like a father. Your wishes are complied with; he longs to see you, and the sooner the better." The next day was, therefore, appointed. Marianne spent the interval in trying to compose the hurry of her spirits, and recalling to mind her most favourite and successful efforts in other times. Half smiles, half tears, she received the kind old man, accompanied by his friend the manager, and expressed her gratitude in the most lively terms.

Wolfram appeared delighted with her manners and conversation, and felt no hesitation in offering her the part of Emilia Galotti.* She accepted it; and on the important night, exhibited it with a degree of brilliant power which gained her undivided applause. She was equally happy in Minna of Barnhelm, and the public seemed to appreciate her rare talent and unequalled assiduity. She seemed to penetrate into the inmost foldings of the passions, in developing the meaning of her characters; she threw fervent heart and spirit into their thoughts; and soared above all that conventional tone and mechanical play of the art, which rests satisfied with following the language without the spirit of the author; much as a young tyro repeats the Psalms in verse. At the same time, such was her correctness that she was never observed to be at a loss for a syllable, so as to be able wholly to dispense with the presence of a prompter,—often such an indispensable requisite, even to good actors. She was no less correct and tasteful in her selection of dramatic costume. That vanity and coquetry which would have induced others, in playing the character of village maidens, to array themselves in the dress of a countess, never occupied her thoughts, and she studied only to adapt her dress and whole appearance to the nature of the character she had to sustain. During the performance she was wholly absorbed in the scene before her; nothing seemed capable of distracting her attention for a moment. Apparently she regarded the audience as little as if there had been a wall of separation between them and her. Even in the intervals she was still busied with her part, and preserved the same harmonious spirit until the close, while many of her companions were jesting in the green-room, and sometimes missing, when they ought to be ready to appear.

The manager was a very different character to the usual run of the profession, whose ideas are wholly confined to the mechanical process of the scenes. He had taste to appreciate the full meaning of the spec-

* One of the most favourite pieces of Lessing.

tacle, and understood the laws by which its most complete representation was to be attained, insomuch that the most experienced members of his company were glad to avail themselves of his suggestions. This they did the more freely because they were discreetly and delicately delivered ; even their most glaring errors were pointed out in a kind and friendly spirit ; though he could be extremely earnest and severe if occasion required. This was particularly experienced by such members of the company as were less assiduous and less attentive in rehearsal than the rest, thus requiring frequent repetitions, which exhausted the time and patience of the leading characters.

The society, moreover, consisted for the chief part of respectable names,—of persons who had acquired general approbation and esteem by the propriety of their manners and conduct. At the head of the female class was a widow lady of the name of Berger, whose virtues were justly appreciated by the manager. To her he entrusted the charge of Marianne, who took up her residence at her house, and received the kindest proofs of her affection and regard.

Several months elapsed, and Marianne continued to please and to be pleased. Not the slightest unpleasant incident had occurred ; and she frequently wrote to her old friend Oswald, representing the advantages which she enjoyed, and rallying him, in the most amusing terms, upon his unjust representations of the perils of a player's life, which did not at all deserve to be depicted in such dismal colours. The old actor's answers uniformly began, "I am rejoiced to hear that all is yet going well. Still you are only at the foot of the mountain, and you have a long journey before you. Look well to yourself."

And in a short time Oswald's histrionic prophecies began to be fulfilled. Notwithstanding the manager's utmost caution and reserve, there were certain young lords who found their way into the green-room, and vied with each other in lavishing applauses upon Marianne's theatrical genius and skill. These, however, she politely repelled or refused to hear ; but her artful flatterers were not easily repulsed, and their commendations were shortly directed to the charms of her manners and her person. Marianne, blushing, shrank back, and made no reply. Such discreet conduct, however, did not deter them from again making their appearance behind the scenes, and sometimes they even followed her into the green-room, when they were preparing to dress.

At the head of this uncivil company there figured a smart young lord of the prince's chamber, named Windhorst, one of the most dissolute but successful intriguers of the court. He possessed fortune, a good person, and infinite assurance, qualities which he believed would invariably entitle him to the admiration of the women, whether in single or married life. At the same time his determind perseverance, united to his utter want of feeling, his audacity, and his wily experience, rendered him one of the most dangerous characters, dreaded by every woman of real virtue who was so unfortunate as to attract his attentions. The city annals of scandal were filled with his evil exploits, containing the number of wives whom he had embroiled with their husbands—the daughters whom he had decoyed from their parents' roof. Moreover, he had frequently betrayed the tender confidence reposed in him ; and in

several instances, where he had been repulsed and foiled, had boasted of favours which he never enjoyed.

Such was the young lord's character, who now daily began to lay siege to Marianne's affections, sometimes attended by companions of the same stamp, sometimes alone ; but always incessant in his visits to the theatre, behind the scenes, and in the green-room. Marianne, however, as invariably shunned his approach, and even showed greater reluctance to listen to him than to any others who accompanied him. But in vain she avoided him : he followed ; " he insisted on being heard ; let her only admit him in the rank of her friends, and he would require no more." She still sought to avoid him, and at length complained of his incessant persecutions to the manager. He instantly took the matter up, called upon the young courtier, and after expressing his feelings warmly on the subject, concluded with repeating his prohibition of his appearing behind the scenes. The artful young courtier received his reproaches with a good-natured laugh, treated the whole matter as mere jest, and clapping the manager upon the shoulder, hoped that he would not insist upon banishing him and all his friends from the theatre.

The next day he presented himself, as usual, at the side entrance of the theatre leading to the green-room, as if nothing had occurred. This time, however, the manager had been as good as his word, and the young lord beheld it guarded by two fierce-whiskered cherubims, with brandished swords, which he imagined blazed like those forbidding a return to Paradise ; and somewhat with the feelings of a foiled demon, he retraced his steps without venturing an attack.

Marianne's persecutions appeared now to have ceased ; but in a short while she remarked with pain that the manager's manners towards her began to grow more cold and distant. This she could not support ; and, with tears in her eyes, she one day pressed him to give her an explanation. He frankly confessed that the recent affair on which she had consulted him had somewhat disconcerted him. True it was that she was quite the innocent occasion of what had occurred ; yet, that he had suffered so much from similar disagreeable occurrences, that he was not always master of his temper, and that, indeed, it was nearly impossible for him to do strict justice in these matters, and even to escape the charge of confounding the innocent with the guilty ; that she must not imagine that she had in the least forfeited his esteem ; and that she must judge nothing from any apparent change in his deportment ; for most assuredly, as long as she continued to conduct herself with so much discretion and propriety, she might rely upon his friendship and protection.

After this conversation, the kind-hearted manager sought to repair his unintentional injustice and coolness by lavishing more than usual attention and commendations upon her. But this did not produce on Marianne its intended effect ; she thought she perceived a degree of restraint and ceremony in his whole tone and manner ; there was more politeness, and less openness and freedom.

She felt anxious and distressed ; she was more and more convinced there was some secret cause of offence, and this feeling dwelt upon her imagination. She could scarcely conceal her feelings ; her sadness

and uncasiness appeared in her looks ; it was in vain that her kind friend and hostess, Madame Berger, sought to cheer and console her. Henceforward her manner towards the manager became more timid and irresolute, and the change did not escape Wolfram's observation. It hurt and displeased him ; and the former good understanding and mutual kind feelings which subsisted between them were thus disturbed by the machinations of one whose evil passions were still at work to effect more extensive mischief than he had already done.

CHAPTER III.

AS Marianne was one day sitting in her own room adjoining that of Madame Berger's, a messenger was announced, who delivered a letter, and hastily withdrew. She saw that it was directed to her ; but neither the hand nor the seal were known to her. What still further surprised her was, that she felt it contained money, and she stood hesitating whether she should open it. On hearing Madame Berger in the passage, she ran towards her, and opened it in her presence, when she found it contained a large sum of money, together with an epistle from the young Lord Windhorst. Its tenour was as follows :

"My life is becoming a most intolerable burden to me, charming Marianne, if I am longer to be debarr'd from your society. How long will you refuse to hear—to understand me? I fear I have been calumniated, vilely calumniated, as a wretch unworthy of your notice; yet Heaven be my witness, how much I honour virtue, and doubly so in one situated as you are. Believe me, all excellent and angel-minded as I now am convinced you are, that my late apparent faults were merely meant as trials of your exalted nature, affording proofs of your perfect and invulnerable excellence, — a triumph due to honour and to virtue. Oh, no, I am no longer a tempter—I can no longer doubt or disbelieve in the perfection of female character, were I even capable of it. I would still entreat, conjure you, to persevere in your exalted and virtuous path, inspiring me as it does with feelings of such pure pleasure, admiration, and esteem for your character. I know what delight you take in dispensing happiness around you; blessings ought everywhere to follow you. Consent for once, then, to become my almoner; do not refuse the enclosed trifle, and give me no thanks. Apply it in whatever manner you judge best; and once more let me beseech you ever to persevere in your virtuous career. I know you will; yet, ah! if you should ever by any chance be led to swerve from it, then remember me, most charming Marianne; remember there is no one on earth who is half so devotedly, so distractedly attached to you, as your unfortunate
"WINDHORST."

"P.S.—Permit me to supply you with the same monthly donation for the indulgence of your benevolent feelings."

Marianne could not peruse this appeal to her feelings without momentary emotion ; but her judgment remained true and unperverted. She threw the letter from her with an expression of contempt and abhorrence, and instantly wrote the following answer :

"SIR,—I stand in need of no encouragement to be virtuous ; I have therefore returned to you the money which you enclosed me. I should esteem the treasures of all the world utterly worthless from the hand of a man who is known to reward vice rather than virtue."

She lost not a moment in returning the young lord his insidious bribe, dispatching it by the hand of her own maid Lisette, in order to be informed of its safe delivery. Hitherto the girl had been in the habit of decrying the character of the wicked young nobleman in the most indignant terms, exceeding even those of her mistress ; but from

that day forth she began to venture a few words in his defence, and at length related instances of his charity, generosity, and great disinterestedness. She heard, too, that he continued to bewail Marianne's cruelty,—that he was very unhappy, and could never refrain from tears when her name was mentioned. Her eloquence upon this theme continued so perfectly inexhaustible as to rouse Marianne's suspicions; while Madame Berger remarked that she must have received a portion of the bribe which she had carried back,—suspicions which were further confirmed by her hinting that it would only be an act of common justice to hear the poor young gentleman in his own defence. Marianne enjoined silence, adding that should he again venture to make his appearance, he must instantly, she insisted upon it, be shown from the door.

One evening a gentle tap was heard at the room door; Lisette sprang up, and hastened out, closing it after her, while the young lord threw himself at the feet of the terrified Marianne.

"Here, even here," cried the wretched girl, her face glowing with shame and anger, "do you dare to intrude!" at the same time flying to an inner room, which she locked before he had time to prevent it. He long entreated to be heard and admitted. Marianne replied that she would rather prefer dying of hunger, any death the most appalling, than think of listening to him for a moment. Still he persisted, and on her replying to his prayers and threats with scorn, he attempted to force open the door. At this moment Madame Berger walked into the room, and after starting back in surprise, she vented such a volley of hard epithets and reproaches upon the disappointed lordling as completely astounded and disconcerted him. He attempted to stammer out some excuses, praised her kindness of heart and her attachment to Marianne, and finally entreated that she would use her best persuasions to reconcile them.

"Never!" cried Madame Berger: "on the contrary, I will never cease my endeavours to excite Marianne's hatred—deep and lasting hatred—against you." Should she think—should she dare, which is surely impossible, to bestow a single friendly word, a single smile upon you, it must be the signal of a final quarrel and separation between her and me."

"A great misfortune for Marianne, truly," observed the young courtier in an ironical tone; "a dreadful misfortune to be deserted by so doughty an Amazon, armed proof against all male champions, with sword in tongue, and invincible ill-breeding to boot. Alas! great heroine of the boards, I fear I am not sufficiently tongue-valiant to accept your bold challenge, and that I might earn too little honour in the lists. I yield the field, therefore, most bright and venerable champion of the stage; though, trust me, you shall hear from me again." Then, taking up his hat without waiting a reply, he rushed out of the place, exclaiming, "Fire and fury! what a spirit these players have!"

His loud tone, and the noise of his departure, brought together the rest of the inhabitants of the house, each of whom formed their own opinion on the subject—some to the disadvantage of the young lord, and some to that of the lady. It happened that the floor under Mari-

anne's chambers belonged to a sober, fair-dealing, elderly man—a captain in the Prince's Guards, who had a particular aversion to the race of high-born gamblers, spendthrifts, idlers, *et hoc genus omne*. Hearing such a horrible tumult overhead, growing louder every moment—a fiercer encounter of tongues than had ever before dinned his ears—he felt a great inclination to ascertain the cause, more particularly as he thought he recognized the voice of Lord Windhorst, and suspected him to be engaged in one of his usual adventures. Marianne was quite a stranger to him, for he seldom attended the theatre, and had only occasionally passed her, though he was not ignorant of the reputation she had acquired, and the propriety with which she was said to have conducted herself. He felt greatly hurt to perceive that so noble a creature had not been fortunate enough to escape the fangs of a man whose evil conduct and success had rendered him so notorious. Such was the anxiety he felt for her fate, that, unable, after all he had just heard and seen, to unravel the mystery, he at length determined to apply to the lady herself for an explanation, and to offer his best advice and services, if conceived requisite. When the uproar, therefore, had a little subsided, he sent in his name, and, owing to his general good character, he was instantly admitted. Marianne was still in tears as she rose to receive him, and, appealing to him for his good opinion, began to detail the history of her sufferings and the scandalous proceeding that had just occurred. Her friend confirmed the truth of these statements, and at the same time besought his protection.

"That you shall have," he exclaimed with fervour, "by heavens you shall, though it is the first time that I ever meddled in other people's affairs, which I always avoided. But indeed, it thundered so loud over my head, there was such an unmerciful uproar, that I could not refrain from looking up, particularly when I heard the voice of Lord Windhorst. Besides, it is the bounden duty of every honourable mind to defend innocence against the rapacious attacks of the destroyer. In future you need only give me a hint; say a few taps overhead, not quite so loud, though, as those this afternoon, and should I be at home, you may depend upon seeing me. I expect my appearance alone will be sufficient to put him to flight, without any hazard of lives in your presence, as rogues of his stamp are not overburdened with true courage."

With these words the old captain descended into his own rooms, much easier in his mind than before, and glad to find everything once more quiet; for he was a declared enemy to all turbulence and noise, except in a regular battle.

The ladies now rang for Lisette, in order to take her to task, should it appear that she was an accessory in the late proceedings. She certainly cast down her eyes and looked a little flurried upon being summoned; but she stoutly maintained that the young lord had never tampered with *her* fidelity. Neither entreaties nor threats could prevail upon her to confess the real truth, and such was the vehemence with which she protested her innocence, that they were obliged to confess themselves satisfied.

Madame Berger, however, advised Marianne very seriously to think of dismissing her as soon as possible, a step which the latter felt rather

unwilling to adopt without some further reasons, as she had uniformly conducted herself in a faithful and exemplary manner. "Don't you think," observed Marianne mildly, "it would appear too harsh to give her notice to leave me, without affording her any explanation, beyond entertaining mere suspicions?"

Her more prudent companion only shook her head in reply, but sought no further to prevail upon her to take her advice. Lisette, after receiving a slight lecture, was again restored to favour, and the whole transaction seemed to have been soon forgotten.

It was not very long, however, before Madame Berger found occasion to repeat her warnings. She kept her eye upon Lisette, and remarked that she was frequently sporting new fashions, of a style and quality that must have exceeded the reach of her little income. This the girl, nevertheless, asserted not to be the case, confidently appealing to her relatives and acquaintance, whom she was continually in the habit of stealing out of the house to see; while her unsettled looks and her forgetfulness seemed to betray a mind ill at ease. Still Marianne could not persuade herself that the girl was engaged in plotting and intriguing with other persons against her peace, after the many benefits and favours which she had conferred upon her. On this account, she paid so little attention to the suspicious proceedings of Lisette, that the more wary old lady began to feel not a little chagrined that she did not show a greater degree of respect for her opinions. Her ill humour appeared to be as well founded as her former suspicions; for, on the very same day that poor Marianne received a fresh lecture and more warnings, she experienced the unfortunate consequences of her too great confidence and indulgence.

She spent the evening of that day in company with her kind and considerate hostess, during which they had time to get reconciled, after the hasty and unpleasant words which had passed between them in the morning. Marianne, too, promised to watch the motions of her very *dangerous* and *mysterious* waiting-maid, as her old friend generally characterized her, more attentively than she had hitherto done. With this concession, so flattering to the superior judgment of her kind hostess, after kissing Marianne as a proof of her satisfaction, the two friends parted for the night. Madame Berger's chamber lay at a considerable distance from that of Marianne, which adjoined that of her maid Lisette; both had retired early, and before midnight the house was buried in perfect repose.

About that hour, however, Marianne, who had been in a sweet slumber, suddenly awoke, at the same moment that she felt a slight pressure of her lips. Upon looking up, she beheld a figure at her bedside, in the act of stretching out its arms to embrace her. It was Lord Windhorst, and the next moment she felt herself within his grasp. "O God!" she exclaimed, in an agony of fear, "help, help! I am betrayed, vilely betrayed!" at the same time bursting, with almost supernatural energy, from her betrayer's arms, to reach the opposite side of the couch.

"Be still, be still, my angel!" whispered the young lord. "What would it avail you to alarm the whole house to come and witness such a scene? It is all owing to that invisible little deity called Love, who has found his way, you see, through three fast-folded doors, into the

very sanctuary of beauty's repose. Your champion, that good old lady, is sound asleep; your faithful Lisette I have sent away; we two are only conscious that we are together, and we may remain so during many hours without the slightest risk to your reputation."

Saying these words, he again sought to embrace her, when, gathering all her strength into one single effort, as it were, of despair and shame, she actually hurled him from her with such indignant passion, as to bring his head in contact with a chest of drawers, and he fell with a loud crash and fearful uproar to the ground.

At the same moment Marianne began to shriek for assistance; and the incensed wretch again rose, grinding his teeth with pain and passion. Again he caught her in his arms, and again she struggled and cried for aid, no longer in vain; for though he had now half stifled her cries, the sound of his fall had reached the ears of the old captain, who leaped up in a fit of irritation on hearing "*such an infernal noise.*" His long heavy steps already resounded on the staircase, nearer and more near. With the same measured step he marched into the room, his sword in one hand, and his candle in the other. "Be quiet here," he cried; "what is the meaning of all this noise?" at the same time advancing fiercely towards the young courtier, who retreated into the corner. The old captain held up the light to gain a full view of his figure, and then brandishing his sword, inquired into the nature of the business which had brought him there.

The wily young lord shrugged up his shoulders, giving the old gentleman to understand, both by looks and signs, that he was not at liberty to state the occasion of his presence, though he might judge that it was by mutual appointment. But the veteran refused to give any credit to such an answer. "Pshaw!" he cried, "none of these monkey tricks will satisfy me. Speak out, sir; speak out, I say, once for all. What do you here?"

Lord Windhorst attempted to retreat farther back, as he stammered out, "Would you betray our secret? my good captain, consider. We appeal to your honour."

"Honour, faith!" replied the captain; "the honour of a thief who steals into strange houses, and affrights poor maidens out of their sleep! But no more delay—march, quick—double quick time—out of my sight—away! And never venture to cross this threshold again; or by the soul of my forefathers——"

The young courtier did not give him time to proceed, but, glad to escape on such easy terms, he gained the door, and making his obeisance to the old captain, he rejoined, in an ironical tone, "I hope you will pardon me, for had I known that you were engaged to keep an appointment with the lady, I should certainly have postponed my own."

"Ah, villain!" cried the old officer, suddenly catching him a blow with the flat side of his sword, "every word out of thy mouth stings like poison." Without awaiting a repetition of it, the disappointed lord disappeared, muttering curses as he went, nor did he venture to relax his speed until he found himself safe in his own mansion.

The old officer felt so incensed at his last observation, that he pursued him very close, regretting that he had shown so great a degree of

forbearance to so hardened a wretch. Meanwhile Marianne's friend Madame Berger hastened to her assistance, when, bursting into an agony of grief, the poor girl threw herself into her arms, sobbing as if her heart would break. In vain she attempted to express her gratitude for the protection so quickly afforded her by the kind old officer, whom at that moment they heard returning with his usual measured step, a slow march, from his pursuit of the routed enemy. Marianne, attired in an elegant *deshabille*, received him at the request of her friend, in the adjoining parlour, though ill recovered from the excessive alarm, in order to express her thanks with her own lips.

"Only make yourself easy, dear girl," replied the old veteran, panting a little to get his breath; "he is far enough, I assure you. What have you to fear? it is all nothing, except a contusion or two on the young man's shoulders, for at first I pressed him a little hard. Moreover, from the sound it made, I imagine you must have given him a heavy fall; so that, between us both, I suspect it is he that has the greatest reason to complain. Then pray do not distress yourself at this foolish affair; let it pass like an unpleasant dream: take heart again, my good girl, and go and take a fine refreshing sleep. Believe me, you shall always find me ready to serve you on similar occurrences; only I feel quite convinced that such will never more happen."

When the good veteran had retired, Madame Berger could no longer refrain from indulging her self-complacency at Marianne's expense, gently reproaching her for not having placed firmer reliance on her judgment. Had she duly appreciated the advantages of mature counsels, in preference to indulging her own childish and inexperienced fancy for an artful girl, so painful, so trying a scene could not possibly have taken place.

There could now no longer be any doubt of the criminal conduct, the base treachery of Lisette, and of her having been accessory to the whole of the vile plot throughout. That evening she had feigned herself unwell, and requested permission from her indulgent mistress to retire earlier than usual to rest. They now summoned her in vain; she had disappeared, and returned no more.

Stung with rage and disappointment, Lord Windhorst paced the floor of his spacious chamber, burning for revenge. He roused his confidential servant, and dispatched him, during the night, to summon one of his most villanous emissaries—the abettor of his secret schemes. This wretch, whose name was Luchs, was a disreputable and broken tradesman, whose sole ostensible business was to hawk about the remnants of his wares from house to house, but whose real object it was to promote intrigues, and to betray the folly and credulity of those who confided in him. He was the same person who conveyed the letter to Marianne, and was calculated to carry on and accomplish almost any kind of villany or deceit, by successfully counterfeiting the most opposite characters. Thus his villany was so perfectly unexampled, that he was looked upon by his acquaintance as a mere boon companion,—one of those unlucky wights who have so often failed in their vocations, that they get disgusted, and refuse all serious employment—either to labour or to speculate any more. In Italy this smooth villain became a fierce

and revolting leader of banditti; but in Germany he confined his triumphs to the assassination of character and reputation, employing his tongue instead of his dagger, and inflicting tortures and calamities worse than death.

With the wings of Mercury this prince of thieves appeared before his lordly patron, who replied to his low and servile obeisance by a severe slap on the cheek, on which Luchs turned to him the other also, and then held out his hand to receive the usual price for them. But this time Windhorst repulsed him. "Villain! dog! art thou come for wages before work? It was only to rouse thee from thy heavy drunken slumber that clouds thy brains."

Luchs clapped his hand upon his dagger, and his lordship proceeded, in a somewhat milder tone: "Nay, thou knowest, Luchs, how madly impassioned I have been for that haughty beauty to whom thou hast carried love-letters and gold so long in vain. This heroine of the stage still aims at the ludicrous renown of setting herself up as the model of theatrical virtue, and treats me with sovereign contempt. Fool! madman that I am! I have failed, egregiously failed; though admitted into her house, her chamber, I beheld her more fair and lovely than an angel, as she lay buried in profound repose. Yet I bartered all my happiness for one fatal pressure of those lips; and as I stood upon the verge of Paradise, then, even then, a fiend, in the shape of an old half-pay officer, came rumbling with his drawn broadsword into the room. It was that hoary-headed villain Nordheim; and he presented the naked blade to my breast, unarmed as I was, and compelled me to quit the field. Now the furies of love and vengeance are gnawing at my heart; I cannot rest; I shall sleep no more until I have chastised the old captain, and she is mine. Her reputation, at least, is now in my power; and when once that is gone, the public idolatry, upon which she has hitherto so much prided herself, shall likewise cease. This it must be our object to achieve; and strange indeed if we cannot contrive to catch her, as she falls from the pinnacle of public favour and esteem. When, on all sides, she sees and hears herself proclaimed as the unfortunate object of my successful addresses,—when her name is mentioned only with that of frailty, from the lips of all parties,—when every possible means of escape is cut off, and the airy castles of fame and honour fade from view, then comes my hour of triumph. Perceiving that she has nothing more to lose, she will no longer maintain the struggle; no longer opposing herself to my wishes, the repentant charmer shall come, and throwing herself into my arms, still open to receive her, shall solicit my forgiveness, and confess herself still happy amidst all her persecutions and difficulties."

"A noble plan, indeed," muttered Luchs; "more complete and skillful than I should have given you credit for."

"Art thou in earnest, rogue? thinkest thou it will succeed?"

"It cannot fail: I would stake my life on it."

"That thou shalt do, if need be; for it is thou must proceed to carry the matter into execution. Apply thy villanous wit to the task; let thy winks and nods cut sharper than thy dagger; evoke all the demons of mischief to thy aid; make secret oath that Marianne has long loved—

loved me to distraction; and that all this grand theatrical uproar and opposition is merely to save appearances to the public. At the same time bind over your audience to strict secrecy, which cannot fail to give the fiction wings more effectually than our utmost efforts to bruit it abroad. Take care to forge proper love-letters from Marianne to me. Drop one or two by accident in the street, or in houses when occasion offers; and when questioned on the subject, give out that the fierce old captain is also one of her favoured lovers. In short, mystify the truth in such a manner with thy inextricable web of lies as to defy all attempts at discovery; while, on my side, I will not be idle. We will play into each other's hands; and bribe as high as thou wilt, the gold shall never be wanting. So, now, Satan, to thy work; and see, if possible, that thou excel thy former exploits—for once surpass thyself."

With these words Lord Windhorst dismissed the infamous and abandoned minister of his more fatal and destructive pleasures,—pleasures, whose cruel and cowardly indulgence, while they evaded or defied the laws by the cool villany, the art, and secrecy with which they were accomplished, inflicted greater suffering and calamity upon society than numbers of more open but less atrocious offences against those laws.

CHAPTER IV.

NO sooner had morning dawned than the base agent of his lordship's projects began to prepare for carrying them into effect. He resumed his character of wandering dealer and chapman in a variety of cheap articles best calculated to attract the eye. Foreign silks and dresses of every description obtained him access to a number of houses, where he contrived to ingratiate himself by his accounts of the last fashions, scandal, and any kind of news. He was often even welcomed by the more-opulent and fashionable class of citizens; in particular by the females, whose waiting-maids had almost as much occasion to amuse their hours of idleness with the affairs of their neighbours as their ladies themselves.

It was in these, his casual visits, that he made the first attack, by mingling anecdotes with insinuations upon the reputation of the noble-hearted Marianne. But it would be too weary and disgusting a task to follow him through his tissues of villany and defamatory falsehoods; it is enough to be informed that he executed the project of his employer with unexampled effrontery and treachery. Within a few days Marianne became the general topic no less of private parties than of the whole city. At the same time Windhorst himself exhibited the utmost pleasure and vivacity in his features, as if he had met with some sudden piece of good fortune. He was equally happy and joyous in his conversation, which, he displayed in the most pointed manner, and the change was not allowed to pass unobserved. His uncommon good-humour was ascribed to the success of his addresses, and he was frequently rallied upon the subject, with allusions to Marianne. In companies where he did not like to give it an air of sanction, he assumed a reserved and grave look, which had only the effect of confirming people's suspicions.

But such inquiries in other parties more particularly connected with him, excited merely expressions of mirth; while the young lord, in his more elevated moments, would bring his own adventures upon the *tapis*,—boasted of his successes, and sought to confirm his statements by adducing letters from the ladies themselves, among which were the fictitious ones of Marianne.

But, as if it were not enough thus gradually to undermine her reputation, he proceeded to mature his diabolical project by acquainting his devoted victim with the loss of her reputation; thus rudely tearing her from her last and sweetest solace—her dreams of innocence and peace. But who would be guilty of the heartless cruelty of inflicting such a wound? to whom confide so hateful a commission? The deep insatiable malignity of his nature, in the dread of implicating himself personally in the transaction, determined that the avowal should come from a public audience, and manifest itself on the very scene of her intellectual excellence and her triumphs. Here he vowed to humble her pride of innocence and honour; here she must submit to her fate, and hear herself censured and condemned by the public voice.

With this view he brought the whole strength of his party into action: cabals were formed in the pit; other parts of the house were divided, but all seemed to favour his object, by fomenting the spirit of discord and desolation, in which he was to look for the triumph of his schemes. The chief leaders of these self-elected critics were in the class of his lordship's own friends, and, like puppets, obeyed the motion of the wires drawn by the invisible master spirit's hand.

Those among the young courtiers who had been most forward to patronize and pay their court to the object of their idolatry, as if actuated by jealousy and revenge at the supposed success of a more favoured lover, became Marianne's bitterest enemies, and omitted no occasion of testifying their feelings by hooting and knocking, and even hissing her off the stage. There was a party, indeed, that wavered and sought to support her; but their efforts were in vain, and only added to the tumult of the scene. Many of her real friends, however, and all who acted under the influence of the manager, and were best known to her, continued to oppose the flood of popular clamour and injustice, until, no longer able to witness the unhappy girl's agony and alarm, they retired from the house.

Such, indeed, was the pitch of treachery and hypocrisy to which the artful villain carried his designs, that he was almost the only one who seemed her friend, and continued his plaudits to the last; a proceeding which led the audience to presume that he was her avowed protector, and secretly upon the best terms with her in the world. This appeared to combine all parties against her more strongly than before. There were no longer bounds to their opposition; pale and trembling, their wretched victim appealed in vain to their mercy and justice, in vain attempted to walk through her part. She was driven weeping and almost heart-broken from the stage, and no longer able to control her emotions, she fainted, just as she was going to accost him, in the manager's arms.

With indignant feelings, but with mild and courteous demeanour,

Wolfram himself came forward, entreating to be heard a few moments, and with much difficulty he was heard. He respectfully informed the audience of what had just occurred, and inquired how the unhappy young lady could have displeased the public so as to incur such severity of treatment? He waited a reply, but no one spoke; and, for the next three minutes a pin might have been heard to drop; the whole house was silent as the grave. He again looked round for an answer, and then, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, he retired, and the curtain fell.

This seemed to be the signal for fresh disturbance, and some of the most riotous spirits repeated their clamour, both against the actress and the manager, more loudly than before; but the manager permitted them to hoot and storm as much as they pleased: the curtain was no longer raised, in spite of all their calls and murmurs; the boxes were already empty; the lights were extinguished; and the disappointed parties, with the malignant and abandoned author of the plot and his myrmidons, were at length compelled to resign their stations and the ill-earned triumph of that night.

Poor Marianne lay half unconscious in a stupor of astonishment and grief. She was unable to divine the fatal cause of her persecution; her heart had led her to pronounce mankind better than they really are, and she indulged not the least suspicion of so foul a plot. On reverting to the whole of her theatrical career, she in vain sought to ascertain in what manner she could have forfeited public patronage and regard. She had ever studied correctness and propriety both in her language and costume; her efforts had been most earnest and incessant to merit public approbation and good-will. Such a reception, then, as she had recently met with, was to her a fearful mystery, and her surprise was only equalled by her heartrending grief.

Soon, too she perceived a change in the deportment of the players themselves, in particular the females, who had an expression of saucy pleasure and triumph in their eyes. The younger members likewise, who had never ventured to address her except when receiving her instructions in rehearsing their parts, now indulged themselves in taunting epithets and replies.

Even Wolfram could ill disguise his vexation, and often cast glances which pierced her to the heart and brought tears into her eyes. It is true he then appeared to pity her, and would accost her in a gentle tone: "I am quite concerned for you, Miss Richards, and I am fully convinced that the enmity exhibited towards you by the tasteless public is highly absurd and unjust. On what it can be founded I am at a loss to judge, for I confess I am not one of those who concern themselves with the idle gossip of the day. The best plan would appear, after all, that of humouring the madness of the multitude, and during the whole of the ensuing week they shall not be honoured at all with your appearance. Pass the time as quietly as you well can, recruit your strength and spirits for a fresh attempt, and endeavour to appear as pleasant and as confident as if nothing serious had occurred. Evil-minded men will continue to delight in mischief, but, believe me, they are not deserving of our notice, much less that we should make ourselves miserable on their account."

On rejoining her friend Madame Berger, Marianne gave full vent to her feelings, and deplored the unhappy circumstance which had compelled her thus to surrender her rights, to be suspended from her former employments and privileges, and to suffer this humiliation without knowing the cause. Upon detailing the trying persecution and ignominious treatment of the last evening, her friend interrupted her with indignant exclamations, and at length observed, "That is like him! Oh, the monster! This is his work!"

"Whose work? what can you mean?" inquired Marianne.

"Poor innocent," replied Madame Berger, "how can you be so blind! You had better know it. Who should be the author of such sufferings—who should be capable of achieving such consummate villany but Lord Windhorst? Yes, it is he,—I dare venture my life upon it. Events will in time show that I have not done injustice to the character of that arch-fiend—capable of any enormity—insatiable in his thirst for revenge."

During this conversation the subject of it was in truth seated in his own chamber, engaged in writing a letter to his destined victim. In this masterpiece of deceit he affected to lament the unhappy occurrence of the other evening; its unaccountable but manifest injustice, an injustice which he had exerted his uttermost efforts to avert. He felt apprehensive, from the violent opposition which she had encountered, that her next appearance would be attended with a similar or even more disagreeable result; but that he trusted there might be some method devised that would finally restore her to public favour and admiration. For her own sake, therefore, if she wished once more to appear with her accustomed triumph and *clat*, he hoped that she would not refuse to grant him an interview, which would clear up all difficulties, explain all errors and misunderstanding, and convince her that she did not possess a more attached friend in the world.

Conceiving that her pride and virtue would now be alike humbled, he entrusted this epistle to his confidential emissary, with a commission to deliver it, if possible, in the absence of her friend Madame Berger; and he would hold himself in readiness, near at hand, to avail himself, either by guile or force, of the proposed interview, when he should have the less difficulty in carrying her off. Luchs again assumed his character of the wandering merchant, and announced his arrival at Madame Berger's door, exhibiting to the maiden's astonished eyes an assortment of the prettiest fashions in the world. In an ecstasy of delight the girl ran to acquaint the ladies, who were just then sitting down to their tea. Madame Berger's curiosity was too powerful to be resisted, and she persuaded Marianne also to accompany her. Neither of them, however, at all recognized the villain in his new disguise. The contents of his pack, however, did not at all answer to the samples; and after a critical examination, Madame Berger shook her head and turned away, affording an opportunity which did not escape the false merchant's eye. He slyly thrust the young lord's letter into Marianne's hand, giving her at the same time a wink, as if to keep her own counsel.

Marianne, however, exclaimed aloud, "What is that? or from whom? My dear Madame Berger, come here." The old lady looking back, and

catching the glimpse of a letter, snatched it out of Marianne's hand, flung it at the rogue's head, and cried out in a great passion, "Away with thee, villain! out of my sight! I know the devil and his works; back to your master, slave! his words and gifts are poison; we shall not contaminate ourselves with touching them."

Luchs affected the utmost surprise at this reception, entreated the angry lady to be pacified, and promised that in case they accepted the letter, and returned such an answer as was expected, he would not reveal certain secrets, which would wholly ruin the reputation of both the ladies and utterly destroy all their prospects; but that they must accompany him quietly back, without murmuring, to his master, and they would then hear what plans he had to propose in order to restore the young lady to public favour.

At these words Madame B.'s rage knew no bounds, and with a face flushed with passion, and a scornful laugh, she exclaimed, "Oh, thou wretch! thinkest thou I tremble before thy lordly patron? I know him too well. I insist on your repeating to him every word of scornful abhorrence, of defiance, of ridicule, and contempt. Say from me, that he is as mad as he is wicked; and that I will proclaim his folly and wickedness to the world. He shall no longer continue to infest society—he shall no longer betray and destroy; and know that he must assassinate me before his vile and unhallowed grasp can reach my dear young friend. Say, too, that if from this time forth he should not cease to persecute us, I will go and solicit the interference and protection of our gracious prince."

At the same time she indignantly dashed the door in the face of his lordship's ambassador, and led the terrified Marianne away in triumph. They had scarcely reached their own apartments before the old officer, Nordheim, made his appearance, with his left arm in a sling, and halting a little in his march. "Pray don't be alarmed, ladies, at my heroic appearance; only a little love affair; and nobody killed. Now I dare say you imagine I have been fighting a duel, but you are quite mistaken, for there were three of us. A brace of bullies set upon me as I was turning the corner of the street in the dark; rather an unfair distance, I confess; and one began to cut at my arm, and the other at my leg, so that I thought they were actually going to hamstring me. But I contrived to return the compliment as well as I could, and I believe I have sent both these uncivil gentlemen to the surgeon's. I am sorry I have not the pleasure of knowing the parties, though I strongly suspect that I am acquainted with the gentleman who sent to introduce them to me. For to-day I was upon parade, and I observed a group of young officers, who seemed greatly amused at some observation or other, and it struck me that I overheard the name of Miss Richards frequently repeated; but on joining their circle, they appeared to me to change the subject. It looked suspicious, and I determined on returning home this evening to mention the matter to you, and inquire whether anything at all unpleasant had occurred since I saw you?"

Madame Berger then repeated what we already know. "Is it possible," exclaimed the good veteran,—"is it possible that a man boasting a good education, fortune, title, a high descent, and his prince's favour,

can descend to such mean and treacherous practices? The audacity of the author of such plots can be equalled only by his artful perseverance; but in this instance his own overweening confidence, I trust, has betrayed him. How strange that the spectators of so respectable a theatre as Wolfram's should lend themselves, like puppets, to the direction of an abandoned villain, who avails himself of their folly and credulity to execute his base designs! And it is quite as unaccountable why my young messmates should avoid conversing with me on the subject, when they must be aware that it forms a topic of general conversation."

"Oh, my dear sir," exclaimed Madame Berger, "it is no longer a mystery; I have long had my eye upon him; I have traced the course of his defamatory plots and projects. There is no degree of art, and no baseness, of which he is not capable; and it is he who has excited all the public prejudice and opposition, which has caused my angelic young friend such extreme suffering."

"Then how fortunate," observed Noidheim, "that we are aware of the sort of animal with which we have to deal! I should really be much amused, were I not too anxious respecting the feelings of your excellent young friend, at the idea of exposing this intriguing villain to the world in all his consummate meanness, impudence, and baseness. Shall I do it? shall I drive my sword deeper into the hornet's nest that has thus stung you to the heart? shall I wholly destroy it?"

"The attempt would be too dangerous—he is too powerful," replied Madame Berger, "and you would only incur your own ruin. My advice is, on more mature consideration, to foil his inveterate malice and hostility by quitting the field; a measure which doubtless he does not contemplate. Yes, Marianne, let us leave a place where such irreconcilable hatred, injustice, and prejudices of the worst kind, such as thy gentle spirit could ill brook, are all arrayed against us. I am sensible of the full extent of the evil, and it will be vain to contend against the tide of general opinion, so foully tainted and perverted as it has been by the arts of this unexampled villain. Even the most humane and reasonable portion of the community has been imposed upon, and I fear no explanation could be of any avail."

"Oh, how willingly," replied Marianne, "how very willingly could I fly for refuge to the poorest hut, could I only retire with credit, or at least with the feeling of public approbation! No, I cannot steal like a guilty thing away; it would look like self accusation; it would afford a triumph to my worst enemies; and it would be nobler to perish than to yield in such a cause; it would look like betraying the cause of truth and virtue. I would scorn to leave the place before I have succeeded in recovering the public opinion, and completely established my innocence."

"Very just, very noble!" exclaimed the old officer.

"Yes, indeed," interrupted Madame Berger, "and I have only to wish it were as prudent. But you are too good and too young, my dear, to know what the world and what mankind really are. Believe me, the most respectable, the most distinguished families in all great cities are not free from curiosity to hear and entertain reports of an injurious and

scandalous character, which passion or interest may be led to disseminate at the expense of others. These tales of tatlers, most generally published by anonymous authors, are received with uncommon relish and avidity; they are looked upon as a kind of general present made to the public, which it is never known to refuse and is very loath to part with. How easily, by such means, may an innocent person be deprived of an excellent reputation! and when once attacked, how difficult a task to recover it! The former may be achieved with the ease of childish sport; but the latter is one of those Herculean labours which calls for the efforts of a giant and the eloquence of Apollo himself. How then can you hope, my poor dear girl, to maintain such a struggle with the least chance of success? you who are all gentleness, and soul, and heart. You would only provoke still more inveterate hostility, and perhaps perish in the attempt."

"Then be it so," replied Marianne, in a tone of sorrow that went to the heart. "That death, which to the happy and fortunate may boast so many terrors, can have none for me. I am resigned; but I must still persevere."

In this determination she continued to persist, notwithstanding the persuasions of Nordheim and the tears and prayers of Madame Berger. She could not even be prevailed upon by the letters of her old friend Oswald, who had regularly corresponded with her and afforded her every assistance in his power. At this juncture, though aged and infirm, perceiving that his letters had not made the impression which he had hoped, he instantly set out on a journey of many miles, in order to use his personal influence. But this interview, though truly distressing to the feelings of Marianne, could not alter her determination, while she refused with equal spirit and firmness every proposal of providing for her in some different career or for accepting a secure asylum.

CHAPTER V.



A MONTH had now elapsed since Marianne's last appearance upon the stage. The manager, Wolfram, still delayed to select any drama in which she was to take the leading character, though he had been frequently entreated by her not to keep her longer in suspense. Reasons, however, were advanced, though urged with great feeling and delicacy, to show the advantage of postponing the night yet a little longer.

Meanwhile Marianne lived in perfect seclusion, seeing few persons except her two kind friends, Nordheim and Madame Berger. It was the object of both to support her spirits for the approaching trial at the bar of the public, and to prevent, as far as possible, any of those cruel and scandalous reports, current at the theatre and other places, from reaching her ears. She had recently experienced no fresh alarm on the part of her persecutor, though it was known that his emissary had been lurking about the place, as if desirous of obtaining another interview with Marianne. One day, likewise, in Madame Berger's absence, a man in genteel livery knocked at the door and handed a letter, which he

requested might be immediately delivered to Marianne. On perusing it, she was shocked to find that it was from the lady at whose house Madame Berger had intended to call when she left home, and stated that she had suddenly been taken extremely ill, and had entreated to see her without a moment's delay. Such was poor Marianne's anxiety that she instantly hurried on her shawl and bonnet, and, without hesitating a single instant, she bade the footman walk first, and direct her the very nearest path to the lady's dwelling.

Within a short distance they approached a gentleman's carriage, which her conductor informed her had been sent for the sake of greater expedition to convey her to her friend. She was just on the point of stepping into it, when she observed Madame Berger herself, within a very few yards of her, walking very leisurely along the other side of the way. Uttering a sudden exclamation of joy, she flew into her arms, inquiring most tenderly how she had ventured to think of walking home alone.

At this discovery the footman mounted behind the carriage, and it drove rapidly away, leaving the two ladies to put what construction upon its sudden disappearance they pleased.

"Oh, what joy! what triumph!" exclaimed Madame B., when an explanation had taken place, "could I only witness the villain's disappointment and despair; and I, too, to be the happy cause of this blessed result! How very, very providential, my sweet love! another minute, and you would have been utterly and irretrievably lost—lost beyond hope—fallen—undone!"

Marianne shuddered, and pressing closer to Madame B., gave way to her feelings in expressions of the most lively gratitude. On their return home they found a letter from the manager, containing an invitation to resume one of her favourite characters as soon as she pleased. Wolfram himself appeared shortly afterwards, declaring, with an air of good-natured satisfaction, that the offended gods of the pit seemed at length to be propitiated, and that he had moreover received several anonymous communications, all testifying an anxiety to behold her once more upon the boards: "Yet it remains with yourself—I would not be supposed to influence your decision; but if it be still your wish to appear, you have only to mention your own day and the character you most approve."

Marianne's eyes sparkled with pleasure: "Emilia," she said, "Emilia Galotti was my first appearance here, and it was played with general approbation. I will again introduce myself, under her auspices, to the public; I will strive to forget the trials I have gone through, as much as if I were a perfect stranger; and I may succeed, perhaps, in impressing the spectators with some portion of the same delusion. Heaven grant that I be so happy as to recover half that heartfelt approbation and esteem which I enjoyed on the fortunate night of my first appearance. This would be a double triumph, a thousand times more delightful than my former one; it would restore me to new life. And with such hopes I shall be cheerfully prepared to encounter my destiny without shrinking, on as early a night as you can mention."

The manager was pleased to observe she possessed so much spirit,

and appointed the following day for the rehearsal of the play, certainly Lessing's masterpiece, though now, alas! almost consigned to oblivion. Though a man of singular penetration and knowledge of the world, Wolfram, in the present instance, had been made the dupe of Windhorst's artifice. Disappointed in his late attempts, he now vowed more bitter hostility than before; and with the view of accomplishing his final designs by destroying the last hopes of Marianne, and proving to her that there was not a chance of her recovering her lost honour and celebrity, he contrived to have her invited, through the medium of anonymous letters, to make her reappearance on the stage.

The unfortunate girl entertained not the most distant suspicion of the scene preparing for her; she fondly believed, on the other hand, that the public would seek to recompense her for her late injuries by renewed acclamations. She repeated over her part with equal spirit and assiduity, devoting herself to the task both night and day, in order wholly to disarm prejudice or criticism of their sting, and carry away public feeling by an union of vivid strength, vivacity, and correctness of representation.

About two hours before the curtain drew up the house was crowded to excess. Boxes were taken at nearly double the usual price, nearly a third part returned from the doors, and every corner of the pit was filled. So great was the throng and the curiosity that inspired all parties, that every moment was numbered until the heroine of the night should herself appear.

The wished-for moment at length arrived, the curtain was drawn, but still Emilia does not make her appearance during the first scene. This, then, produced not the slightest impression; every eye and ear seemed intent alone upon hailing the voice and features of Marianne. And what a picture of truth and passion did her first appearance exhibit!

Rushing from the Prince's presence, who had surprised and avowed his passion for her in the church, she entered trembling and breathless upon the stage. The resemblance was too striking not to be perceived, and it was played in the most natural and affecting manner. Emilia then throws herself into Claudia's arms,—a matronly character filled that night by Madame Berger; and this was done with such a masterly and touching expression of alarm, that most of the spectators, impressed with its exquisite power and reality, loudly applauded her both with their hands and voice.

Alas! this appeared only to act as a signal for a burst of violence and clamour from the opposite party, more virulent and incessant than it had before been. The friends of the old officer Nordheim and of madame, however, were not easily intimidated; they had been equally active in appealing to public opinion, during Marianne's retirement, by their persuasions and explanations. When the storm, then, had a little subsided, it was followed by fresh, louder, and more continued plaudits; and on a second attempt to renew the clamour, it was speedily drowned in reiterated bursts of approbation both of voice and hands.

Thus silence was obtained; but Marianne was cruelly agitated, and her confidence seemed to be gone. The first violence of the clamour which had assailed her ears had nearly overpowered her; and when this

was repeated, along with the struggle that ensued, the applause proved nearly as trying to her feelings, and she felt herself sinking to the ground. Yet her efforts were great. She again rallied her enfeebled powers; her soul was again absorbed in the scene before her; and such was the sudden transition of character as not only restored her courage but seemed to electrify the whole house.

She had already begun to proceed with her usual tone and spirit, and perfect silence appeared to have been restored, when once more summoning their strength, her enemies raised so violent and unexpected an attack as wholly disconcerted her, and she was borne fainting from the stage.

This occurred during the scene in which Emilia relates to the Countess Appiani that she had dreamed she beheld the set of diamonds, with which she presented her, changed into so many pearls. Just as Marianne, filled with sorrowful forebodings, with tears in her eyes and trembling voice utters the words, "Pearls, dear mother; pearls betoken tears;"—at that moment there burst, both from pit and gallery, so loud a clamour, preceded by a loud harsh voice, as if spoken through a speaking-trumpet, "Crocodile's tears!" as to bid defiance to all further attempts at preserving order.

This savage remark was accompanied by peals of laughter, succeeded by showers of oranges and apples, one of which unfortunately struck the victim of their inhuman persecution upon her forehead, and she fell without a struggle into the arms of Madame Berger.

Every spectator of any feeling and honour broke out into expressions of the most lively indignation on witnessing the success of this detestable project. It was only the particular partizans of Lord Windhorst who still ventured from the side boxes, seconded by the most despicable portion of the pit and gallery, to continue their discordant hootings and shoutings, as if in triumph at their base success. This brought down upon them the indignant displeasure of the more numerous and enlightened class, and a scene of turbulence and violence ensued which beggars all description, and which terminated in a contest which called for the interference of the civil power.

Meanwhile the unhappy Marianne was conveyed home in a state bordering upon distraction: she was seized with repeated faintings, and it was long before she was restored to consciousness, in the arms of Madame Berger.

The manager instantly came forward after the blow had been struck, and, with scorn and indignation in his countenance, called loudly for justice on the offender, on the author of the atrocious plot, as destitute of honour as of humanity, be he who he might. He then withdrew, and commanded the curtain to be dropped for that evening.

Marianne's situation was now truly pitiable:—the light of her last hopes, the fire of her soul was quenched. Her features, which late were lightened up with the finest expression of intellectual vivacity and joy, were now pale and sad, and motionless as death. She gazed with dull and vacant eye on all around. Her least accents were mingled with her tears; and once, when she casually caught sight of the theatre, when accompanied by her friend Madame Berger, she burst into an uncon-

trollable flood of grief. About a week after this occurrence she was seized with a violent fever, which long baffled the skill of the physician. She refused almost all sustenance, could with difficulty be prevailed upon to listen to any kind of consolation, and frequently rambled during her sleep. The desire of death seemed to be the prevailing tone of her imagination; and it was only towards morning that her excited feelings began to grow calm, when she would fall into a stupor, rather than sleep; about the same hour and resembling that which occurred on the fatal night of her disappointment.

A letter, too, which she had received from the manager on the ensuing day, was calculated to aggravate her sufferings,—sufferings already rendered more keen and terrible by their influence over the imagination and the heart. This letter, written with a view to dissuade her from again attempting to appear on the boards, ran as follows:

"I am truly concerned on your account, Miss Richards; but I may also solicit your compassion for myself. The past night has gone far to destroy the reputation of my theatre. You may be innocent and deeply wronged, but that does not relieve me from the weight of odium I have incurred.

"It is quite incumbent upon me to declare that henceforth your connection with my theatre must cease. At the same time, I am prepared to advance you six months' salary, in consideration of this sudden termination of our agreement. "WOLFRAM."

Short as it was, Marianne was unable to read this letter to the close. She clasped her hands; she writhed in the agony of her emotion and her despair. "No, no," she cried, "this I cannot survive! If Wolfram can write thus—if he can question . . . Oh! what must the world believe? Then my persecutor has indeed triumphed. Yes, Windhorst, thou hast triumphed—thou hast trampled my soul in the dust—thou hast made me doubt the worth of virtue and of truth! Come, behold thy victim—come, claim the vile, despicable creature which thou hast made me appear to the whole world. Of what account are all my long assiduous hours—my days, my nights of toil—the pure and honest hopes that once inspired me of delighting and informing my own and others' hearts—the human heart, and faculties almost divine? Alas for honour, virtue, truth! is this the reward I am'to reap? are these the fruits of all my studied efforts, my self-denial, my shrinking caution, and fear of giving the least offence to any living soul? Away, then, with these airy phantoms of honest virtue and renown! away with these self-denying ordinances, which cannot, after all, exempt their votary from the heartrending punishment, the scorn and wretchedness, due only to crime. The world has already pronounced me guilty; why should I longer contend? Why should I continue to *be* better, with lost hopes and reputation, than those who I am told are much worse, and are still caressed and honoured by the world? I feel I cannot long breathe in this atmosphere of reputed vice, while I coldly sit a sullen sacrifice, like the vestal watching her solitary fire. To me this half and nameless state is torture: I must decide it—and they say that I am virtuous no more. They have pronounced me a meet companion for the author of my woes, for him whom I scorned and detested beyond all other men. But now I am no longer what I was. I need no longer care for honour or for virtue, for he has ruined all my dearest hopes. I am cast like a helpless victim at his feet: he has broken my pride,

humbled my very heart with the fierceness of his persecutions ; he has taught me to fear, to submit to his wrongs, and to obey him. Yes, he has become the master of my destiny ; and let it be fulfilled : welcome dishonour, distraction, and despair !

" Oh, my God, my God ! " then exclaimed the half wild, unhappy girl, " what have I said—what have I thought ? Save me, save me ! " she continued, sinking upon her knees, " from my own madness and evil despair ; grant me, oh, grant me patience, or relieve me from my doom."

It was in this state of mind that Madame Berger found her weeping by her bed-side, and conjured her, as she knelt down by her, to become more patient and resigned. " Rest, my dearest, rest your hopes on higher objects than any earthly powers can give or take away, than any frail and evil mortals can disturb ; fix them beyond the confines of this imperfect, perishable world. There is one in which you will enjoy true peace, a reward for all your sorrows."

" Shall I ? " said Marianne, in a sad and almost inarticulate tone of voice.

" My poor Marianne ! oh, my God, your voice, your look, pierce me to the soul. Nay, do not, I beseech you, continue to brood thus darkly over your griefs. All may yet be well. Only speak the word. I will go to the manager ; he shall explain that it was you who insisted on retiring from the stage."

Marianne shook her head, but said nothing. Her friend insisted upon going ; when the poor girl, pressing her hand upon her bosom, fell weeping upon her neck. She held her fast and faster during some moments ; but neither could utter a word.

It was their last embrace ; they parted to meet no more. Scarcely had Madame B. left the room, before Marianne, springing from her couch, hurried on her garments. She was fixed in her resolution to die.

She took down a poem of Bürger's, and reading the following lines, she transcribed them hastily, and leaving them on her toilet, quitted the room :

" On every side by treachery compassed round,
Pursued, ensnared by ruthless demon-arts ;
Pierced e'en to death I stood in cruel strife.
There was no place of refuge—none—
Save under me the grave.
The laurel-branch for which I smiling bled,
Turned to the cypress dark, that decked my grave."

There happened to be a pleasure party, consisting of Windhorst and other young lords, sailing on the river which lies at no great distance from the city. When near shore, one of them remarked, as they were returning, something white fluttering upon the cliffs above. The next moment it seemed to descend with the rapidity of a bird diving into the waves below. " What was that ? did you hear it dash into the water ? can it be a sea-bird ? See, it has come to the surface—it floats on the tide—and now it dives again ! " Again it appeared and sank ; but before they reached the spot it had wholly vanished.

On the same evening, at the fall of the tide, two fishermen discovered the body of the hapless Marianne, and conveyed it back into the town. Full of anxiety for the sufferings of her friend, Madame Berger had

hastened to the manager's house, in order to prevail upon him to recall the purport of his hasty letter, and she was just returning home with tidings of her success. She observed a crowd of persons engaged in earnest discourse as she passed, and heard some one mention aloud that a very beautiful well-dressed young woman had been found drowned. These words startled her, and she quickened her steps without making any further inquiry, until with beating heart she knocked at her own door. She spoke not a word, but ran almost breathless into Marianne's room. The first object that met her eye was the paper containing the above lines; she seized it, and in her terror ran back to Wolfram's house, without venturing even to look at it. It was enough that Marianne was no more: she handed the fatal paper to the manager and burst into a flood of tears. His sorrow was little less than her own, while his feelings of indignation knew no bounds. He vowed bitterly to leave no means untried to bring the base delinquent to justice, and to spare no pains in procuring evidence of his guilt.

In this laudable attempt he succeeded. Three very respectable persons came forward to declare that they had seen a man with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, on the night of the riot, extremely active in assailing the heroine both with his voice and missiles, one of which last had struck the lady on the head. That instantly afterwards he had made his escape, but that they should easily recognize him again. Here Wolfram ordered a man whom he had in custody to be brought forward—it was his lordship's emissary, Luchs, who had been arrested on the charge of attempting Marianne's abduction; and the gentlemen instantly verified him as the same man. They then went before a magistrate and deposed to that effect; and when the villain perceived that all his further subterfuges were in vain, he confessed in his examination that he had been instigated by Lord Windhorst, and, on promise of pardon by making more full confession, he detailed the whole history of his master's nefarious plots.

The friends of Marianne having taken a copy of these depositions, forwarded them, drawn up in a simple but heartrending narrative, to the prince's secretary. His highness perused it with expressions of surprise and displeasure; he then sent for the manager and for Madame B., and after establishing the accuracy of the facts stated from their lips, he dismissed them without making any comment on the report.

Meanwhile Lord Windhorst, boldly relying upon his rank and influence, and quite unconscious that the affair had reached the prince's ear, had arrived in the royal anteroom, and stood jesting with other courtiers who were waiting for admission.

But suddenly the state doors opened, and the prince himself made his appearance. With a quick step he walked directly up to the spot where his lordship was engaged in conversation. "Am I to believe, sir," he exclaimed in a stern and threatening voice, "that your present good humour proceeds from the accomplishment of your late atrocious villainy? Yes, sir, I am acquainted with all you have done; I will become the avenger of that lady's injured innocence. You are a prisoner; your guards are in attendance at the door. Go, prepare for your trial;

you shall not have to assert that you were condemned unheard. Should you be unable, however, to clear your character from the foul charges advanced, prepare likewise for a visit to a distant fortress : you are no longer a favourite of ours. I can yet scarcely credit such accusations, and against you, too, Windhorst . . . I am deeply concerned and shocked. But away," added the prince, checking the milder tone he had begun to assume ; "away, sir, my utter contempt accompanies you."

Mute and deadly pale, Lord Windhorst slunk from the prince's presence, who then turned to his other courtiers with a frown that struck terror to their hearts. He fixed his eyes upon some of Windhorst's nearest friends. "Let that serve as a mirror for you, gentlemen, to view yourselves. Take example from his destiny, and try to become a little wiser and better, while it is yet time. I am well aware that many of you were accessaries to his crimes, and feasted at the cowardly assassin's board. I will have you instructed in the history of more chivalric times ;—go, read the lives of your truly brave and gallant forefathers, whose sword was ever ready in the cause of injured innocence and beauty, but who would have scorned to destroy and assassinate injured women with their tongues. Let me ever hear of a similar piece of treachery on the part of any officer in my service, and he shall share the same disgrace and punishment as must fall to the lot of the heartless Windhorst."

The prince then left them to their own cogitations. Windhorst and his emissary expiated some portion of their offences by a long and severe imprisonment, and perpetual banishment from the city and the court. The sole distinction between the punishment of the emissary and his master consisted in the former being condemned to the house of correction, and the latter to a fortress.

SEVEN MARRIAGES AND NEVER A HUSBAND.



DELINÉ was the daughter of a rich French merchant ; a young lady who, if not quite as prudent, was perhaps as beautiful as Penelope, and could number almost as many admirers soon after she had entered into her teens. In truth, she was a great favourite ; and advocates, court retainers, members of parliament, officers, and general officers seemed to vie with each other for her good opinion ; but they had hitherto all met with the same reception, namely, that flat little monosyllable, no ! At length a handsome young officer of the name of Alson had the happy fortune to obtain her good graces, but her father still shook his head. He was of a good old family, he admitted, only he had hardly a stiver to bless himself withal, except what came out of the military chest ; and why this should entitle him to a preference over so many wealthy and noble offers he was at a loss to account. M. Molinet, however, did not belong to that class of cruel fathers who boast of the right divine of tyrannizing over their children, and by the combined effect of frowning and fuming, and fretting and petting, mixed with a little solitary confinement and low diet, bring their girls into a fit

rame of mind to bear the matrimonial yoke along with some ugly, hateful-looking wretch, whom they would otherwise, perhaps, have by no means admired. So, without making much ado about nothing, this sensible French father, after a few imprecations which helped him to recover his gaiety, no longer withheld his consent. "The young fools like one another," he said; "and the boy wants nothing but money, which, I dare say, he will allow me the honour to supply. By such means his valour will entitle him to a captain's commission at a jump; another and another, till he reaches a colonel's; and it will not sound amiss, when the world, in my hearing, shall designate the commander of a whole heroic regiment with the dear name of son—the wealthy old merchant's son."

In a short while Lieutenant Alson's promotion began, and kept pace with his father-in-law's prophecies of his valour. When he had risen a few degrees, Molinet agreed to celebrate his marriage with his daughter in a magnificent manner. As the young lady, however, was only yet in her fifteenth year, and her father quite doated upon her, he had so contrived it, in consideration of her youth and his own old age, to have her company a year or two longer; and on the same morning that the ceremony was solemnized his son's regiment received orders to march, and he peremptorily insisted upon its commander marching along with it upon a foreign destination.

The parting scene was truly tender and romantic, but the old merchant conceived that he was doing his duty (for he believed she was too young to encounter the trials of the married state), and it did not move him a whit. Alson's sole consolation was in the hoped-for termination of the American War, which would enable him to return speedily to his own country; while he had, at all events, secured his prize,—barring the usual chances of being drowned, shot, captured, or knocked upon the head.

And truly his name seemed to have been entered upon the debit side of the day book of destiny; for though his regiment joined the party of the English colonists in their contest against the mother country, it so happened that our hero was wounded and taken prisoner by a troop of Indians, allies of the British forces, in the first engagement. Fortunately, they neither sacrificed nor ate him, contenting themselves with the torture of curing him of his wounds, which, with their assistance, left him a cripple for life. This he found to be a serious impediment in the way of making his escape from the swift-footed sable chiefs, though he was over-persuaded to make the attempt by one of his fellow-prisoners. The latter was quick enough to secure his retreat, but the unlucky Alson was overtaken while limping at an extraordinary pace, in the hope of rejoining his young bride and his wealthy father-in-law, with the addition of enjoying a quiet pension for life. Poor fellow! he was caught when within a stone's throw or two of the American lines, and immediately compelled to limp his way back again, with an Indian spear by way of goad pricking him in the rear. On his arrival he was thrown into a large wooden cage, with orders to be fattened, as soon as possible, for one of the chiefs' table, whose stomach refused almost every other kind of food.

Meanwhile Victor, the young officer who accompanied him in his flight, under plea of extreme sickness and his late sufferings obtained leave of absence, and proceeded back to his own country. During his captivity he had heard a great deal in praise of the beauty and accomplishments of Adeline, while conversing with the unfortunate Alson. Aware, at the same time, of her vast fortune, a thought now struck him, on which he continued to ponder during his whole voyage home. He conceived that he might possibly be fortunate enough to supply Alson's loss; for he had little doubt but that the sable heroes would very quickly dispose of their prisoner in such a way as to leave him no source of uneasiness on that head.

Taking this, at all events, for granted, and flattered with the idea of his future prospects, he hastened with the rueful looks of an undertaker to the house of M. Molinet, and without much ceremony regretted that he was the bearer of ill tidings. A little shocked, the good merchant began to pull almost as long a face as his own. The wily Victor, wishing to make a still deeper impression, so as to introduce himself in the character of a comforter, entreated that he would not alarm himself; and drawing his hand across his eyes, at the same time heaving a few sighs, he observed that his poor friend Alson had unfortunately been scalped and murdered before his eyes by a party of wild Indians.

M. Molinet uttered an exclamation of horror, that brought his whole household together, old and young. Victor was still singing his doleful dirge as they gathered round; and he next drew forth a packet of forged letters, in order to give a greater air of veracity to his story. This, however, was superfluous: no one offered to question the truth of his statements, while his well-feigned sorrow recommended him strongly to his new friends, as Alson's companion and fellow-soldier. Here he flattered himself that he had laid a good foundation for his future plans; and in a few days he repeated his visit, when he had the pleasure of being introduced to the lovely Adeline.

Mutual sorrow and sympathy in regard to the young soldier's fate drew them into conversation, and Victor was quite charmed with her manners, while her beauty surpassed his expectations. By degrees his person and language appeared equally interesting to Adeline, and not many months had elapsed before their acquaintance began to ripen into a more tender regard. M. Molinet, being satisfied that his connexions were respectable, and not in the least aware of the stratagem which he had adopted in order more effectually to succeed in his views, was shortly afterwards prevailed upon to give his consent.

The mourning having at length ceased, Adeline cast aside her widow's weeds, and gave her hand to the happy Victor, who now fancied he had secured the fair prize for life. But Fortune, that had hitherto shown herself so remarkably favourable, now, when he stood on the very brink of Paradise, began, like a vile jilt as she is, to change her tone. He was much in the situation of a spoiled child when the careless nurse slips its leading-strings: he fell, not figuratively, but actually and heavily, as he was cutting too high a curvet in the plenitude of his satisfaction in the bridal dance. He fell on the smooth chalked floor, and disjointed one of his thighs: a compound fracture, which would require him to lie in

one position for the period of one or two months. What a horrible contrast! the bridal chamber was turned into a sick-room, his bride became head nurse, and all his fondest hopes disappeared in surgical operations.

His recovery was equally tedious and vexatious, and before he grew at all convalescent another character appeared upon the scene. Victor felt not a little alarmed on learning that Clermont, another young officer who had been captured by the Indians, had just arrived in Paris. His first question on arriving at the hotel was respecting the residence of M. Molinet, and he did not long leave Victor in suspense as to the particulars of his escape and the fate of Alson. In fact, he was the bearer of letters from the latter to his wife, and he was naturally somewhat surprised on hearing from his host that the lady had contracted a second marriage; he was still more astonished to find that Victor was the second husband; but he revealed nothing of what he knew to his host, being first determined to have an interview with the wily usurper of Alson's rights, of whom he knew enough, before delivering his letters. Victor lost all courage, and looked quite crestfallen as Clermont was announced, and briskly followed up his name with the familiarity of a former comrade, into the sick man's chamber. "Oh, Victor!" he cried, "what a wretch you are! what a piece of villany you have committed against Alson! He is alive, poor fellow; and I have brought letters from him for his wife—I must go and deliver them."

"Alive?" exclaimed Victor, "Alson alive? impossible! why, he was overtaken and put to death by the Indians in my company, while we were trying to make our escape."

"Stop there, Victor: he was overtaken, but not killed; though he would have been, and eaten too, had it not been for a party of the colonists, who fell on the Indians during the night, and rescued our friend from his perilous situation. But come, I must deliver my letters."

"For God's sake! my good Clermont," cried the wretched Victor, at the same time tumbling head foremost in his hurry to prevent him, "for God's sake, help me up—I fear I have broken my leg again; I beseech you not to put the climax to my misery. Truly, take half of all I am worth, and do not betray me. Command me in everything for ever after; but do spare me; and try to raise me upon the sofa before Adeline comes in."

Touched with pity at his helpless situation, Clermont assisted the unlucky patient from the ground, who feigned a vast deal more than he really felt.

Meanwhile Adeline, who had heard from one of the maidens that a stranger had arrived and was then in her husband's room, and likewise hearing high words, ran full of anxiety to inquire.

Victor was now in momentary dread of beholding the fatal letter drawn from Clermont's pocket; but the latter was too magnanimous, and too much delighted at the sight of Adeline's surpassing charms and loveliness, to think of causing her any such alarm and unhappiness. It is true that he enjoyed the unhappy man's suspense and tortures, and would then burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter to see the rueful faces which he made, and which his lovely bride put to the account of his lame leg, no better for his fall. Clermont lingered long enough

to catch the fascinating poison that lurked in Adeline's bright eyes; his soul was fired at the first interview; and it was clear that Victor's last sands of promised happiness and good fortune—most tantalizing good fortune—were nearly run. He no longer felt so indignant as he ought at Victor's base conduct; he rather sighed more effectually to imitate it; and having, like him, been in the habit of pleasing himself whenever he well could, a thought suddenly struck him to avail himself, as far as possible, of the information and influence which he possessed.

Adeline, pleased to observe that there seemed nothing unpleasant between the two gentlemen, as she had feared, soon after left the room. Clermont again turned to his companion with a portentous frown upon his brow. "I am thinking, my good sir, that you have brought yourself into a very pretty dilemma indeed. Your situation is desperate; and besides, I never could reconcile it to my conscience to become the means of concealing your treacherous conduct from the parties concerned. I say, sir, too, that it would be ill discharging the trust reposed in me by our unhappy friend Alson, in any degree to countenance so base a conspiracy against his peace. * No, I am decided in the course I shall take; to deliver his letters, along with other proofs, showing that, though infirm, he is still in existence. The sole lenity which in such an affair I can be induced to grant would be to postpone the communication until you were sufficiently recovered to be removed; and the sooner you can save yourself by flight, the better it will be. I can afford you no greater proof of my regard; for if you continue here much longer, I shall, however reluctantly, be compelled to expose you to the world. Spare yourself the trouble of any further entreaties,—I cannot listen to them; I cannot consent to become an accessory to so cruel an imposition."

Having come to this explanation, Clermont took his leave, leaving the unlucky patient in no very enviable state of mind. He was unable even to make his escape; and he lay ruminating all possible plans, either for counteracting Clermont's influence or for effecting an able retreat. It was in vain, however, that he beat his brains for a satisfactory solution of his difficulties. The only resource that offered itself to his choice seemed to be that of throwing himself voluntarily upon Adeline's mercy, and relying upon the strength of her attachment, for a happy termination of the business. Should he, however, be successful in his appeals to her tenderness and compassion, still he would have to encounter the storm raised by her incensed friends and her father, which in his present helpless situation would be doubly trying. At length, finding nothing that was likely to relieve him from his awkward dilemma, he resigned himself quietly to his destiny, desirous only of getting his head out of the scrape with as little damage as possible; and, wearied with conjectures, he fell asleep.

Adeline remarked that there was something or other pressing upon his spirits, and with a thousand endearing words she sought to discover the cause. But he only affected greater cheerfulness, and lavished fresh thanks and caresses for all the affection and devotedness which, he said, she had so generously shown him. By such means he removed her suspicions, and she regarded the assiduous visits on the part of

Clermont only in the light of friendly inquiries after his friend's health. Entertaining, however, the designs before mentioned, it was his object not to permit Victor's health to get so fully established as to take a final and affectionate leave of his young bride; he must be removed suddenly and secretly. For this purpose Clermont now daily made his appearance with Alson's letters in his hand, which he held before Victor's eyes, while he threatened the unfortunate wight with instant exposure if he longer refused to quit the field.

This, after many vain appeals for pity, he was compelled to do. Under pretence of taking a first airing, Clermont provided him with a conveyance, and then destroyed those important documents which he had held up, like the angel's flaming sword behind our first parents, to drive the unluckly Victor out of Paradise. Having accompanied him some distance, Clermont received his parting letter for Adeline, and returned in the same carriage to M. Molinet's house.

"Where is Victor? what has happened?" was the first inquiry.

"He bids you an eternal farewell!" replied Clermont, "and you may rejoice that you will never behold his face again. His own letter will inform you that he basely deceived you, that he forged the account of Captain Alson's death, and married Adeline during his lifetime. I threatened to reveal his treachery, and he quickly decamped, well knowing that he was not legally united to your daughter, nor entitled to her person any more than to her fortune. Poor Alson is, indeed, since dead; but this does not in any degree diminish his guilt or ratify his marriage. It is now just three months since my friend died in prison, where we were both confined for above a year. 'Should you ever,' said he, 'be fortunate enough to reach our dear country, salute my excellent Adeline, my dearly beloved wife!' Shortly afterwards he breathed his last, and peace be to the ashes of my respected friend! He beguiled the hours of our imprisonment with his sweet and noble discourse, and he even watched over me, I may say, after his decease; for as they were carrying his remains out of the prison, I contrived to make my escape."

At this account both father and daughter stood wrapt in astonishment, and in particular Adeline fixed her eyes in breathless wonder upon the ingenious inventor of so many fictions. He retailed them with so much ease and confidence, answered every question, and gave the whole fable so natural an air as to carry conviction to their hearts, equal to anything that was ever felt for the truth of the Gospel.

The lovely bride of two absent husbands then expressed her lively gratitude to the intended third, for his timely interference in rescuing her out of the hands of so base a character, while the good old merchant begged for the favour of his friendship and more frequent visits.

But the artful Clermont checked his wishes for a short period, in order not to betray his own project. He called so very seldom, that, being bent upon evincing their gratitude, they were obliged to send him formal invitations. In fact, so deeply smitten was he with the charms of Adeline, that he was almost afraid of anticipating his views upon her, and tried to accost her with all the starched politeness of some grey-haired matron during his first visits. Yet he was handsome and enter-

taining ; and Adeline, a little piqued at his excessive indifference, sought to thaw the icy region about his heart by her sunny smiles and glances, and a thousand delicate little attentions. He replied, however, very cautiously, though in such a way as showed he was quite sensible of her power, and feared to trust himself within the enchanted circle of her charms.

To smooth the way more effectually to his wishes, he next brought forward the agreeable intelligence of the rogne Victor's death. It was apparently under the sign manual and seal of the curate who had confessed him during his last moments, stating how he had fallen sick at a little village, as the curate was passing through, how he had received the sacrament, and how he had died in peace and blessedness shortly afterwards. This account of his decease he, the curate, had been induced to furnish at poor Victor's request, which duty he had discharged after giving him decent interment.

Adeline was again free ; and how happy that she was released from so awkward a kind of engagement ! Of this the arch-traitor Clermont was soon assured by the manner of his reception : it was no longer difficult to perceive that his artful diffidence and constrained demeanour had pleaded his cause more effectually than, in such circumstances, his utmost assiduities could have done. The coldness of his manner gradually died away ; he began to assume his real character ; every day they grew more and more passionately attached to each other ; and Adeline gave him her hand with greater pleasure than she did to either of her other husbands.

A splendid banquet welcomed the happy pair from the altar ; the guests made their appearance ; and the afternoon was at length far advanced. The sound of a carriage was now heard advancing at a smart pace up the street, and it drew up at M. Molinet's door. "Ha !" cried the good host ; "an idle guest, by our Lady, but he drives briskly up."

All eyes were now turned towards the door ; and, to the surprise of all the company, in rushed the deceased Victor, with his drawn sword in his hand, which he pointed with threatening gesture at Clermont. "Up, up, and defend your life !" he cried ; at the same time dragging the astonished bridegroom with firm grasp out of the hall.

Every guest sat too much terrified at his ghastly appearance to interfere, feeling quite assured that it was wholly supernatural. So that, with the assistance of his servant, Victor had thrust the unlucky bridegroom into his carriage and driven away with him before anybody had sufficiently recovered his senses to think of a rescue.

When arrived a short distance from the city, Victor called to the coachman to halt, and bursting into a loud laugh, he said, "Well, friend, there are two knaves instead of one, and one raven must not pull out the other's eyes. There would be little use in hanging ourselves, if others will save us that trouble, for what we have done. My object in carrying you off arises from the most disinterested motives ; it will save you from a great deal of plague ; for, as you were kind enough to bring me tidings of Alson, I have now to inform you that he is actually in Paris, and would speedily have fallen upon you like a thunderbolt, and

sacrificed both his wife and you to his fury. We have both of us the best reason in the world for keeping out of his way ; for he is already half-witted from the effect of his Indian adventures, and being fattened, during the course of a whole month, for the chief's table."

"I wish he had eaten him, then," exclaimed Clermont, in very ill humour ; "the fellow must have as many lives as a cat."

"So it seems ! But we must wait patiently till the affair has blown over, and meanwhile seek some safe retreat, in a corner of the kingdom and near a seaport, in case the madman should run desperate and proceed to extremities against us."

Now, this was all a fresh tissue of lies, invented by Victor to revenge himself. So far from being in Paris, Alson had been taken prisoner during his voyage home, and was now passing his time in England. Having given out that he had left France under an assumed name, Victor, after parting with his rival, had returned, and kept a watchful eye upon all his proceedings. In order more effectually to screen himself, and to get his rival completely in his power, he permitted him to accept the hand of Adeline, and then seized upon him in the manner that has just been related. Clermont easily fell into the snare, and no longer ventured to think of retracing his steps to Paris, when he believed that Alson, whom he had disposed of in so summary a manner, had again appeared on the scene of action. Half stupefied with the news, he suffered himself to be rolled away, as he had been taken, in his rich bridal apparel, without hat or gloves, and arrayed from head to foot in silk ; while Adeline was thus deserted by her third husband, and left to reflect upon her wayward lot alone.

Such a series of unexpected occurrences almost turned the old merchant's head. He began to be alarmed lest they should afford a topic of scandal to the whole city ; and after a short consultation with his daughter, he came to the resolution of quitting Paris, and retiring into the country for a short time.

So having settled his affairs, he proceeded, accompanied by his daughter, about eighty leagues into the country, where he purchased an agreeable residence, and spent a whole year, more to his own than to Adeline's satisfaction. So sudden and striking a contrast was too trying and too solitary, after the loss of three husbands, though she had already almost banished them from her mind. For no one any longer doubted the decease of Captain Alson, her first betrothed ; while, in regard to both the others, it was currently reported, and in a short while generally credited, that they had fought a duel and fallen by each other's hands. Since the night of their strange disappearance they had neither of them been heard of ; until one day in a wood at some distance from Paris two bodies were found dreadfully mangled, and there seemed no longer any doubt of their being the two ill-fated lovers ; at least such was the account that reached M. Molinet and his daughter. It was also stated that the bodies had been interred, after remaining aboveground until their features were no longer discernible, and no persons coming forward to lay claim to them.

However, to set the matter at rest, M. Molinet sent for the chief witness who had given evidence on the inquest ; and having received from

him an account of the persons of the deceased, he found it agree in many points with his two sons-in-law ; a discovery which so greatly delighted him that, in the height of his satisfaction, he cried out, " Ay, the knaves ! you describe them to a hair ; and both dead and buried, you say ? "

With this consolatory assurance, he hastened to his daughter Adeline, and they now began to visit with their neighbours and see a little more of the world, while they even talked of returning the ensuing winter to Paris. Before that period arrived, however, the old gentleman had been again solicited for his consent,--his consent for the fourth time ! and he gave it with much the same easy temper as on former occasions ; only his daughter was this time to be united to a young nobleman, Baron Marly.

The marriage ceremony was performed without the slightest interruption. The feast and the dance passed pleasantly away, and the bridesmaids were already busied in disarranging the fair Adeline of her ornaments and jewels, when, as fate would have it, a long and loud resounding knock was heard at the hall door, enough to throw a nervous patient into fits. It was just midnight, too ; yet one of the footmen had courage enough to open the door ; and in stepped a shabby-dressed man with a wooden leg, and limping as fast as he could along the hall, begged to be allowed an interview with the host. The servant grinned at him over his shoulder, and said that it would be better to postpone it to the following day.

" No, my good friend, it will not," replied the stranger ; " my affair will admit of no delay. I must see your master this moment."

But the man only stared and shook his head, as if in contempt of his request. Upon this the stranger, flying into a passion, raised his crutch. " Go, thou base varlet, or I will break every bone in thy skin ! " And the footman ran to acquaint his master with this very unseasonable visit.

M. Molinet made his appearance in his nightgown and slippers. With a presentiment of something wrong, he looked the stranger sharply in the face, as he limped towards him, with a black patch over his left eye, and a great plaster on the other cheek. The good old host uttered an exclamation of alarm at the very sight of him.

" Who are you, sir ? " he inquired in a subdued and quivering tone, " and what is your pleasure with me ? "

" Alas ! don't you know me ? " sighed the stranger ; " don't you know your own son-in-law Alson ? "

Poor M. Molinet started back several yards at one bound, raised up his hands in perfect wonder, and then called out to a servant at some distance from them, " For God's sake, run,--call my daughter and her husband ; and make haste--make haste ! "

" Nay, I am already here, father," observed the one-legged man.

" Oh, unhappy wretches as we all are ! " cried the poor distracted father of so many sons, pacing backwards and forwards, and looking ruefully up the staircase, to see whether they would ever come.

Baron Marly first made his appearance, attired in a rich and elegant undress ; looking as proud and glorious as Mars himself, just before

he was caught with the lovely wife of ugly limping Vulcan, who could scarcely have cut a more sorry figure than the one-legged man now did. The baron could not help smiling at the stranger, as he said, "What are your commands with me, father? I was just this moment retiring for the night."

"But I will take care that you never shall," cried the lame man, at the same time striking his crutch in most threatening style upon the ground.

"Is the fellow out of his senses?" returned the baron, with a glance of contempt.

Poor M. Molinet was now quite beside himself. He trembled sadly at the necessity he was under of introducing the gentlemen to one another on this occasion. He did it, but it was with a very ill grace.

"Fine doings, indeed!" exclaimed the crutchman, again stamping his wooden leg, more fiercely than before, upon the ground. "It is lucky, however, that I am arrived in time to prevent this baron from casting a stain upon my honour and that of my family. You will please, father, to show him to the very farthest chamber from my wife's and mine that you can find in the house; I shall keep strict watch on the outside."

At these words Baron Marly instantly mounted his high horse of noble blood, and replied, with an air of disdain, "Night watches, my good fellow, do not seem very well adapted to your present crippled condition, and I will spare you that trouble. As matters turn out, you are quite welcome to your first bargain, with all the manorial rights and appurtenances thereto belonging. In fact, I shall be happy to make the transfer, by which you will help me to untie a knot which I was beginning to fear might chance to be tied too tight. For my part, I am a friend to freedom; and there are some of my relations at court who will not be sorry to hear of what has happened, for truly I have had very little peace since my alliance with this very worthy family, because they imagined that henceforward I was about to unite myself with that less shining but useful class of honest citizens. They solemnly declared that my marriage had raised an eternal barrier between me and them, between the city and the court; and that they knew how to respect their own station, if I did not. This was a sad blow in the face of my escutcheon; and I should, doubtless, soon have died of mortification, had not this lucky incident restored me to my injured nobility and pride. This somewhat consoles me for the personal loss of a lady for whom I entertained the greatest tenderness and esteem. But I am no sentimental worshipper of sighs and tears. I entreat you, therefore, my dear M. Molinet, to break this little matter to your daughter—to present her with my parting regards, and wish her all happiness and good fortune. So farewell, gentlemen; if you have any commands to Paris, I shall feel most happy to be the bearer. There I shall take out a formal divorce, and so the matter rests." With an air of lordly nonchalance he turned upon his heel, and left his father-in-law lost in astonishment at the strange situation in which he stood.

"Nay, let the nimble puppy run," cried the man with the crutch; "and cheer up, old gentleman: you see you have got me quite safe; I

wish I could add quite sound ; but anyhow safe home again. True, I am a bit of a cripple ; but what of that ?—I am none of your noble impostors—I am Alson, your honourable son-in-law. I hope Adeline will not think the worse of me ; though, I confess, I do not much relish the thought of our first interview : better perhaps to put it off until to-morrow. You will thus have time to reconcile her to the change of partners ; but, as you seem rather weary and nervous, you had better yourself retire to rest, and let me likewise be shown to a chamber. To-morrow I will amuse Adeline and you with some account of my adventures in America. You will be much astonished, if not entertained ; but for to-night, dear father, not a word more—let us get a little rest."

M. Molinet, like one half moonstricken, tottered out of the room ; he replied not a word ; and his son was obliged to shake him well by the shoulders and stamp his wooden leg, before he could make him comprehend that he wanted to be shown to his chamber.

Just at this moment one of Adeline's maids came running to say that her young mistress had fallen into fits. She had heard the uproar, and insisted upon being instantly attired, in order to arrive in time to prevent any fatal consequences—having already lost two husbands, who had fallen a sacrifice to their mutual fury ; but such was the tumult of her emotions, that she fainted in the bridemaid's arms.

Greatly concerned at this event, the cripple bridegroom observed that had he not unluckily been so shabbily dressed, and altogether cut so very dismal and forbidding a figure, with the patches on his wounds and his wooden leg—which might perhaps frighten her into fits again as she was recovering—nothing should keep him from her presence. " Besides, my crutch makes such a plaguey loud noise in walking, she might imagine some kobold or house-goblin was coming into her chamber. Such things she must get used to by degrees ; so, my good girl, I must be content with thy recommending me most affectionately to thy sweet mistress, and here is my father-in-law will go along with you."

Poor M. Molinet, quite puzzled what to think or what to do, suffered himself to be led, like a man walking in his sleep, into his daughter's chamber, while his son-in-law walked another way into his own.

At this moment, the baron's servants having packed up his wardrobe and brought the coach, he was heard giving his orders respecting these two most important and favourite subjects of his thoughts ; and then he rattled off along the pavement, in all the offended yet newly recovered dignity of his ancient house. Adeline, on her side, again passed a lonely night, on the very day of her fourth nuptials, besides being half frightened to death.

On the morrow of this eventful evening M. Molinet's household was early in motion. The good host himself began at length to console himself with the idea that even a wooden-legged son-in-law was preferable to none, and hastened downstairs with a fixed determination to welcome him in a hearty and hospitable style. The latter, however, seemed to think more of a good night's rest than rising at an early hour, to reclaim the hand of his beautiful betrothed. The clock had already struck nine, breakfast was waiting, yet the sluggard showed no signs of

appearance: he had not even rung his bell; and the old merchant, beginning to feel impatient for his first meal, waited and grumbled; until declaring that he must be one of the seven sleepers, he ordered one of the servants to knock, and to knock hard, at his door; for it was now near eleven o'clock, and the old gentleman, in momentary dread of an attack of his spasms, was fast helping himself to whatever came nearest to him. Before he had half done, however, the lacquey came to inform him that he had knocked repeatedly at the lame gentleman's door, but had received no answer.

His master shook his head wistfully, and, ordering the servant to walk first, followed him upstairs, and bade him enter the room; not liking the risk of receiving any further shock added to that of the former night.

So he stationed himself at the head of the stairs, and called out to the man from time to time, "Now, John, is he asleep?" "No, sir!" "Is he awake?" "No, sir!" "What, is he dead, then?" "Oh, no, sir, he is only gone—at least I cannot find him." "Gone!" repeated the merchant, advancing a little more boldly; "what, crutch, and leg, and all?" "No, sir; his leg is here, only it is nothing but a cork!" "Nothing but a cork!" repeated the old merchant, "then I dare say he must have a stock of them, and it is that, perhaps, which makes him so light afoot. The scoundrel! the base deserter! to think of running away from his own wife and father the very morning after returning to them! Surely I am bewitched, or this is all a dream. It cannot be: I am perhaps too hard upon him to suspect him; he has, perhaps, only got up in the night, and gone into the garden, and then been unable to find his way back into the right room. Do you run into the garden, John, and I will examine the other bed-rooms; he must be somewhere—he cannot be gone: call Adeline, call all the women, and the men, and the children, about the place; bid them look sharp everywhere—he cannot be gone!"

There was soon a general muster, and the house was searched from top to bottom; but he was neither in the garret nor the cellar: the new son-in-law was gone! At length, when it came to the old porter's turn to be examined, who kept the lodge gates, and just then came hobbling up, he declared that about daybreak a lame, ill-favoured kind of man, with black patches on his cheeks, most like a broken-down soldier, had ordered him to unbar the gate, as he was going to see after some of his luggage which was left at the next inn, but he said nothing about coming back.

With this gleam of hope M. Molinet dispatched a messenger to the place, but no person answering the porter's description had been there.

The lovely Adeline sat pale and weeping in her chamber: until this trying moment she had borne her strange adventures and vicissitudes with the sweet temper and patience of an angel; but this was too much. There was no affectation in her sufferings; her tears and sighs were genuine, for she had really loved Alson—he was her first choice; and she sank overpowered with grief on learning this his second and more cruel loss.

Her father, little less affected at witnessing her grief, retired with

downcast looks, and full of perplexing thoughts to devise some method of proceeding, to his own chamber. The reader, however, shall not be left in the same dilemma; but shall forthwith be introduced behind the curtain of the mystery; as here follows: In the first place he need hardly be informed that those two arch-hypocrites and impostors, Victor and Clermont, were still in existence. In truth, they were far too interested and notorious villains to think of sparing the criminal law any trouble by honestly knocking one another's brains out, and in fact were on the best terms, for persons of their stamp. As fortune, too, would have it, M. Molinet, in retiring to the country, had settled not far from the place of their retreat, which they kept as secret as possible, no less from fear of Alson's return than from that of being brought to account for having deserted their military duties. They were likewise enabled, from this spot, to observe the proceedings of M. Molinet, their father-in-law, and to learn whether the affair had at all subsided.

The report of the fourth marriage acted like poison upon their jealous and revengeful feelings; and not venturing, from a sense of mutual safety, to wreak them upon each other, they swore to prevent any other person availing himself of any advantage which they had forfeited themselves. With this view they pitched upon a wily young mendicant, who in some degree resembled Alson, and who could assume any character, and, equipping him in the manner already stated, their base stratagem turned out completely successful.

About the period that Baron Marly forwarded a copy of his divorce to his father-in-law, the latter became aware of the species of imposture that had been practised upon him, owing to the recognition and the subsequent confession of the roguish mendicant himself. Still, he did not betray his employers, and M. Molinet, supposing *them* to be deceased, was now more at a loss than ever what to conjecture on the subject.

Adeline, on her part, seemed inclined to make no further adventures in the matrimonial lottery, while her father was more intent than ever upon finding a real and *bonâ fide* son-in-law. Suitors again began to make their appearance, and he allowed her no peace until she agreed to make a fresh choice, for the fifth time, in the person of the Marquis Gilles.

The marriage ceremony was fixed to take place at a country seat at some distance belonging to the new bridegroom. Everything appeared in a good train; the day, the dinner, and the dance were all happily concluded. M. Molinet had himself seen to the security of all the doors and windows, and given orders to admit no more guests after that hour, be they who they would.

The house was just beginning to settle to rest, when, horrible to relate! a cry of "fire" was heard, and the room next the bridal chamber was found to be in flames. The marquis ran downstairs half undressed, and disappeared through the front door. The fire was fortunately got under, but the bridegroom was no longer to be seen. What had befallen him no one knew; his destiny remained a secret; and all that could be gathered was, that some countrymen had beheld a carriage drive with great rapidity from the castle.

Two days of grievous anxiety elapsed, when a courier made his appearance with the following letter, and after its delivery instantly galloped away :

"MADAM,—Your bridal is surely bewitched, and some dragon guards the entrance of the bridal chamber. I am no St. George, and feel no inclination to run a tilt with the monster ; very willingly making room for the sixth fool, as I am told, who takes a fancy for such an adventure. "GILLES."

M. Molinet tore this precious epistle in a great rage ; then ordered his carriage to the door, and taking his daughter along with him, ordered them to drive quick towards Paris. He left a letter behind him for his son-in-law, summoning him to appear and answer for his conduct ; but this he never did, and consequently the marriage was annulled. But, in the course of this affair, an aged advocate became so deeply smitten with Adeline's charms as to be quite unable to devote himself longer to his profession without his fair client's consent and assistance. The lady, however, would certainly have refused it, had not her father, an old friend of the lawyer's, kindly stepped in to second the plea ; and she was, at last, over-persuaded to yield her hand.

This time the ceremony was performed in as private a manner as possible. Only a few persons were aware that it was about to take place, and the domestics were in perfect ignorance of it until all was concluded. The supper-table had been removed, and the happy old bridegroom was just thinking of moving after it, when the waiter entered and announced—the Marquis Gilles !

What a thunderbolt of surprise for the whole party ! M. Molinet alone had presence of mind to cry out, "Let the marquis go to the devil ! tell him we have nothing to say to each other."

But the noble marquis was already in the room. "First, my dear father," he said, "do me the justice to hear my defence, and send me there afterwards. On the eventful night of my marriage I was seized by robbers in my own court, and kidnapped blindfolded into a carriage, which proceeded the whole night. When it stopped, I was conducted into a place up steps and down steps, until they took the bandage from my eyes,—of very little service to me, in a dark room, with iron door and windows. Here the villains compelled me, by dint of threatening my life, to indite that false and wicked epistle to my beloved Adeline, but which procured me better treatment, and perhaps saved my life. Shortly afterwards they promised to release me, which they only did, however, within these last few hours. Yesterday they again blindfolded me, brought me out of the labyrinth, and conveyed me in a carriage to this very neighbourhood. Bidding me alight in some fields, they said to me, 'That is your road to Paris : put your best foot foremost, and try to reach it before nightfall, for your young bride is celebrating her nuptials to-day with an old parliament advocate. So make haste, or you will have no chance of avoiding the honours that are in store for you.' They then directed me to this house ; and, before I had time to recover from my astonishment, they dragged me out of the carriage, and drove me with bitter mocks and gibings from their presence."

"A fine romantic history," exclaimed the old advocate ; "but, my lord marquis, who will bear witness to all this ? Besides, if you could,

what would that help you? Your former marriage with your present bride, sir, has been formally revoked, rescinded, cancelled and annulled."

"I know nothing of your quirks of law, and I should be a fool to contend with you; I will put it into the hands of some skilful expounder of justice like yourself. My present object in coming here is loudly to protest, once for all, against your presuming to usurp my place, for I neither can nor will listen to it."

"Good," replied the advocate; "and that you likewise shall not venture to sport upon my manor, marquis, I hereby appeal to the sovereign fount of justice, to his majesty the king."

"A most servile appeal," exclaimed the marquis.

"And moreover," continued the lawyer, "my wife shall be entrusted, as a sacred deposit, until the decision of the case, into the hands of her father. I will soon get your bill of divorce confirmed."

The noble marquis expressed himself satisfied with these terms. Both the litigants then took leave of their father-in-law, and left his house in company with the other guests. The poor merchant, in the bitterness of his feelings, pronounced his malediction upon the whole tribe of suitors, sons-in-law, and husbands in the world. He had not the least idea, however, that two of them had set fire to the mansion of the third, and also abducted the unfortunate marquis from his bridal chamber. Such information would doubtless have driven him stark mad; for, hard as the case was, he had not the least idea that he was now the father of six sons-in-law, while his only daughter remained without a husband. Yet such a strange fatality had Fortune, in the variety of her vagaries, produced, though she spared the unlucky old gentleman the additional torment of hearing that so many of his sons were still alive. The two traitors, his second and third sons, instantly fled from the country, after the success of their last exploit, leaving the young marquis and the old decayed barrister to settle their differences as they pleased.

They forthwith proceeded to try the question of *e thoro et mensa*, as respected the rich old merchant's daughter; but the cause, from one reason or other, was protracted so long that the old advocate died before the conclusion, an event which was hailed with singular pleasure by the young marquis. Finding that the aged barrister was too impatient to await the result of the trial, the marquis, on his side, began to sue for a restoration of conjugal rights, but met with unexpected difficulties from the young lady no less than from her father. They refused to give credit to the story of his abduction, and declared that he had meant to insult the family, in order to afford grounds for future separation: as he had before pleased himself by taking French leave of them, he might this time take himself off again in order to please them.

The sighing shepherd, shocked at this reception, pleaded his perfect innocence of the charge, invoking all the saints to bear witness to the truth of his assertion. But the young lady was inexorable, declaring that she would rather die than think of receiving so ungallant a swain, who had once so basely deserted her.

So the marquis went to take the opinion of counsel; whose first question was, "whether he could procure any witness or witnesses to

his forcible abduction?" He replied in the negative, and the lawyers shrugged up their shoulders, and advised him to think of proceeding no further with such a case in a legal form. The same opinion seemed to be entertained by all his lordship's friends. They attempted to impress upon him how unbecoming his dignity it was to sigh and languish for the daughter of a citizen, who rewarded him only with indifference and contempt. His pride took the alarm, and, shifting his affection for Adeline as well as he could, he disposed of his possessions in France, and set off in a great huff on a tour into Spain.

How must we account, however, for the surprising coolness and cruelty evinced towards him by Adeline, unless we believe her to have been quite of a heartless, jilting disposition, and the most variable of her sex? There was something, indeed, in this; but it must at the same time be observed in her praise, that she had never been seriously attached to any of her six husbands, except the first, having yielded her hand more in compliance with her father's wishes, and a transitory feeling of regard, than from sentiments of esteem and love. Besides, in regard to the marquis, her recollections were soon effaced by the appearance of a rival, a very handsome young officer of hussars, which made her more anxious than before to break off her engagements with the former. On this occasion her father had less difficulty than on any of the preceding in persuading her to listen to the young man's vows, and she accepted him with the same dutiful sentiments as heretofore.

Previous to the ceremony, the good old merchant took his future son-in-law aside. "You are aware, my friend, that you are only following in the wake of six other lovers, who are most of them now deceased. Theirs has been a strange fate, and I imagine they must all have been bewitched. If you are bent upon running the same risk, and will not be advised to think better of it, there is one little piece of advice which I shall give you, and which may perhaps serve to counteract the charm. All manœuvres, you know, are lawful in love and war; and, after you come from church, I would have you never once lose sight of your bride until you have secured her for your own."

Adeline was conducted from the altar between her father and her seventh husband, and was just proceeding up the steps into the house. Suddenly hasty footsteps were heard behind them, and some one inquired for M. Molinet. Upon turning round, the bridal party beheld a pale, haggard young man, in an officer's faded uniform, who stood looking at them, supported upon a crutch.

"Who inquires for me?" said M. Molinet, trembling in every limb as he spoke: "who are you? what is your business with me?"

"I am an unfortunate being," murmured the stranger, "betrayed by false friends: don't you recognize me?"

"No, sir," said Molinet, as the wedded pair were hurrying him up the steps; "I know nobody now."

"What!" replied the stranger, "have my long sufferings so completely metamorphosed me? Are you too a stranger to me, Adeline? not recognized by my own wife! My first and only love, I am Alson!"

"Just Heavens!" cried the bride, "surely that voice——"

"Away with you!" exclaimed M. Molinet; "do not listen to him,

girl! he is only an impostor. Take her away, my dear son-in-law, and follow my advice." At the same time M. Molinet pushed the young hussar and his daughter before him into the house.

The stranger here clapped his hand upon his sword, and confronting his rival, "Not a step farther, on your life, sir. Would you be guilty of eloping with my wife before my eyes?"

With enraged looks the hussar drew his broadsword; but Adeline arrested his arm. "No bloodshed," she cried, with entreating accents, "for that man is Alson. My first and best beloved! my eye indeed can scarcely recognize you, but my heart speaks the truth too feelingly—it is you. Yet I have already been so vilely deceived in this manner, that I am become suspicious of every one; I must, therefore, insist upon receiving still more positive proofs of your existence than your mere appearance will afford; nor deem it want of affection that dictates our separation until the period when these can be adduced. Believe me, I indulge not the least suspicion; but I owe thus much to my own character and to the world. When once I am happy enough to be pronounced yours, lawfully yours, I will most joyfully give you my hand, and live and die with you alone."

Adeline then retired weeping into her chamber; the young hussar left the place with a bitter curse; and M. Molinet, with his eyes fixed in mute and perplexed dismay upon the features of Alson, after some cogitating and talking with himself, at length reached-out his hand, saying, "The longer I puzzle myself with your face and figure, the more I seem to recollect somebody very like you; but I think it must have been in some other world. Be that, however, as it may, you are heartily welcome, my boy; my poor son Alson—if you are Alson; and forgive me for giving you so rude a reception, and for having you sent, so soon after your marriage, abroad. I had no idea you would stay so long."

Alson, for in fact it was no one else, had no very great ordeal to undergo before he succeeded in establishing proofs of his identity. Wherever he appeared, the resemblance between him and his former self became more and more apparent, on slight examination.

The strange history of his capture, and his subsequent adventures and final release, were reserved for the ear of Adeline, and would, perhaps, appear tedious to any one else. By her he was received with unaffected tenderness, and they had the pleasure of being twice married to each other, the old gentleman insisting upon a repetition of the ceremony after so long an absence; and it was the only real marriage out of seven, or rather eight.

They were now truly happy and blessed with each other's society; and, had not the poor broken-down soldier died about a month after the ceremony, their happiness might have continued much longer. Adeline lamented him with true widow's tears; yet, after wearing her weeds awhile, being of a somewhat volatile and easy temper, suffered the handsome young hussar to come and wipe away her tears.

She consented to become his, as usual, at her father's request; and she was too sweet-tempered and gentle long to have resisted the request of any one who bespoke her kindly. They lived very happily together, —though she had wed seven husbands in about the space of six years,—and she spent about half a century with her last consort.

THE IRRECONCILEABLE MAN.

" Away with insults, hate, oppression !
 Reach me still the friendly hand ;
 Soon we part unreconciled,
 Travellers to a distant land.
 Feel we not life's bridge beneath us,
 Trembling 'mid the o'erwhelming tide
 See how fast it rushes over !
 Say we loved before we died.

WITH these words the unfortunate Counsellor Lambert dispatched an appealing letter to President Dornfeld, one who had formerly been his inseparable friend and companion, but who had become estranged, and was now even one of his bitterest foes. Their acquaintance had commenced at college ; amidst study or amusement they were ever at each other's side ; and it was only the self-willed and somewhat overbearing disposition of Dornfeld that had at any time interrupted their mutual regard ; but they were always reconciled in a few hours. And it was Lambert's gentle and noble feelings which usually led to this reconciliation ; he recovered his friend's affections and esteem without humbling himself to his whims.

Their friendship followed them into the affairs of life, and what is more, continued during the space of ten years after they left college. Although greatly inferior to his friend both in knowledge and in talent, Dornfeld had the advantage in point of wealth and influence, and by such a lever quickly assumed a situation in life somewhat higher than the former. This, however, was assigned to its real cause, and pronounced unjust ; but Lambert was rejoiced at his friend's good fortune, and it only served to increase their attachment.

They had severally attained to the age of thirty-five, connected together in all their pursuits ; but a dark cloud hung over them, and love it was that threw the apple of discord across their path. On the same day and in the same hour they beheld the beautiful Amelia, and both left the house where they had seen her with a burning secret in their breasts. It was the first they had kept from each other, for both were deeply smitten, and it was long that night before they could close their eyes. They had leisure enough to think of the lovely lady ; they had never seen any so attractive and beautiful, and their whole thoughts were occupied with the means of again seeing her, and if possible of engaging her affections. Each proceeded in his own way, without a word confided to the other, to accomplish the end he had in view.

Dornfeld, whose busy influence had already raised him to the level of nobility, considered wealth and rank as boasting the most irresistible attractions for the female heart. He imagined that a man of his vast consequence, united to his person, must be the object of admiration and of the secret wishes of all young unmarried ladies whom he knew. Under this impression, his attentions to Amelia betrayed anything but diffidence and doubt ; he appeared to make quite sure of success from the first, while his manner expressed all the confidence and triumph which he really felt. His proposal assumed the air of condescension,

and he could not conceal his astonishment on receiving a refusal. He left her, highly offended ; his admiration was converted into a feeling of hatred and revenge.

Amelia's heart was already won by the more gentle and modest assiduities of his friend. He had displayed little or nothing, indeed, of those shining qualities so highly valued by the vain ; but in every word and action was the evidence of a gentle and noble mind, which drew its source from the purest and best feelings of our nature. It was thus their mutual esteem ripened into love, their thoughts and feelings knit in unison together ; and Amelia's parents approved her choice.

Delighted beyond his hopes, Lambert hastened to acquaint his friend, entreating his attendance at their marriage in quality of bridegroom's man. What was the new president's (for he was just made President of Council) astonishment and chagrin, on hearing this request !—he leapt from his chair, and loudly inveighed against Amelia's character. In a fit of scorn and passion, he likewise betrayed his own secret, until then unknown even to his friend ; and concluded by beseeching him, as he valued their long friendship, not to prosecute his suit : to abandon one scornful woman out of pity to the agony of his feelings, for he could not yet bear the idea ; and that everything he had in the world he might consider as his own.

"Ah, you require too much, my dear Dornfeld," replied his friend. "Do not refuse me possession of a blessing which Fortune has denied you ; think how many others you possess—as I would have done were she about to become yours."

"Nay, do not imagine I am going to hang myself," cried Dornfeld, with a bitter laugh ; "it is not that ; but the scornful simpleton ought to be well punished for her airs, and you, my noble friend, can do it. Let us be revenged upon her heartless pride : for my sake, draw back, and let her die an old maid !"

Lambert, while he expressed his surprise and sorrow at such words, attempted to inspire him with nobler feelings, and to dissuade him from all idea of taking revenge where no injury had been intended. Yet he could not in the least soften him. Dornfeld insisted upon revenge, and spoke as if he were extorting it from a slave. Lambert then directly declared that he was free, and should please himself, without binding himself down to the consent of any one. "Do it at your risk !" thundered Dornfeld, while scorn and rage shot from his eyes. Without deigning a reply, Lambert turned his back upon him, and walked away.

Not long after this separation followed the nuptials of Lambert and the lovely Amelia. The name of President Dornfeld was never omitted in their cards of invitation to their friends, and this they did out of respect ; but he never came.

This scornful conduct served the president as a declaration of hostility. He even broke off all kind of communication with his old friend ; and when he once called to inquire after his health, the president being unwell, he told his servant to order him from the door. Nor was he content with this ; he opposed him in public and in all his affairs, crossing him on every side, and dogging his steps like an evil spirit, resolved to embitter his whole existence. This he was likewise enabled to do

owing to their respective situations in the council: the most heavy and laborious share fell to the lot of Counsellor Lambert; a sort of conspiracy was at work against him; yet he cheerfully persevered in his duties, though he had hardly an hour's relaxation that he could call his own. He was employed in writing incessantly, often whole nights as well as days. It hurt him, however, to find that his best exertions were not appreciated; that they were even reviled, and rejected in favour of those of known inferior worth. Yet the president's opposition and aversion did not stop here. He spoke ill of the counsellor in all societies where he could venture to do so; and on one occasion, when it was expected that he would be raised to a higher rank in the legislature, and one of greater profit, such were the representations made to the prince that another was elected, and all his just hopes of promotion disappointed.

Until this occurrence he had borne all the insults that had been heaped upon him with patience. But he was now the father of a family, and he began to find his present means inadequate to their support. He had never wished to become the enemy of the president; he had never retaliated; and he now more than ever wished to become reconciled to him for the sake of his family, as he found that he had both power and inclination to injure him. So he resolved to come to an open explanation with his bitter and unrelenting foe, and he wrote the letter mentioned at the commencement of this account. He sent it, but received no answer, while he still continued to receive the same harsh and ungenerous usage at his hands. He had then recourse to other methods of resisting or of softening his hostility; but they proved equally abortive. Here was only a fresh source of triumph to the president, who loudly boasted of it among his friends and dependants. "Counsellor Lambert had humbled himself before his rival; he had resisted, and he was now in disgrace." And there he had the unfeeling malice to add that he would leave him, as a punishment for venturing to become his rival—would leave him, without giving him a helping hand, though he lay there until the day of judgment!

About the same time Lambert was sitting one evening engaged as usual at his desk; suddenly one of his most intimate college friends, Counsellor Von Buhren, entered his apartment. His manner was hurried and his features bore traces of strong emotion. "My best friend," he cried, half out of breath, "I am in one of the most awkward predicaments you can imagine; to you only I look for support. I am just now in want of five hundred dollars; my life and honour are both at stake; save me, I beseech you." Lambert expressed his astonishment, for Buhren did not stand first in the list of his friends. On the contrary, he was extremely intimate with the president, and, till this moment, had either slighted or given him proof of the ill-will of the latter. Yet the weakness of Lambert's heart was not able to resist the appeal of one apparently in distress, and he did not now even reproach him. He sought to console him in the most friendly manner, declaring he would have been glad to assist him had it been in his power; but for a trifle he did not possess the tenth part of that sum just then.

This was the simple fact; though he had cash in his possession to a much higher amount, some of which he was employed in counting.

Now, Buhren, aware that it was public property, still persisted in his lamentations and prayers, beseeching that he would save him from despair, even by such a method.

"No; excuse me," said Lambert; "I would myself prefer dying of hunger to touching the least portion of any property entrusted to my hands." Notwithstanding this honourable avowal, the other persisted in his entreaties, taking a most solemn oath that he would restore the sum without fail within eight days; threatening at the same time to dispatch himself if Lambert did not consent to him that very moment.

The kind-hearted Lambert was greatly distressed between his feelings of duty and compassion. The last at length obtained the victory, and he tried to reconcile it to his conscience, by thinking that Buhren was one of the president's chief favourites, and would be able to smooth the way, more than any one he knew, to a final reconciliation with him, when occasion should offer. Full of this hope, he opened the iron chest with a trembling hand, and took out a bag of five hundred dollars. "Behold then," he cried, "I am now doing that for you which nothing on earth should induce me to think of doing for myself. Breathe it not to any one, but keep your word, and restore me the money, or you will assuredly ruin me." Buhren embraced him in the excess of his gratitude, and hastened with the money home.

Overwhelmed with business, Lambert had no time to indulge in reflections upon the possible consequences of what he had done. He again sat down to his desk, and wrote without interruption until midnight. At length, however, uneasy feelings began to prey upon his mind; and the thought of having disposed of property entrusted to his hands, upon his own responsibility, now filled him with alarm and remorse. He could not sleep, or when he closed his eyes, unpleasant dreams haunted his rest, and he fancied he beheld himself in chains and wasting in a dungeon. He rose on the break of day, like some wretch released from the rack. In his anxiety, he could remain in no one place; he went out to find one of his most faithful friends, and to him he communicated the cause of his unhappiness, and entreated his advice.

"Bad, very bad," said his friend, shaking his head; "you have permitted your goodness of heart to blind your understanding. We can do nothing but provide, as soon as possible, against the worst that can happen, and replace the amount you have advanced instantly."

"There is the difficulty—I have no means," replied Lambert.

"Then I will tell you how," continued his friend. "I am barely master of five hundred at this moment; but in two hours they shall be at your disposal. So give yourself no further anxiety about it. I will send it to your house; go home."

Lambert thanked him and went away. It was hardly eight o'clock when he returned. On entering the room, he found two state officers of rank with his Amelia, waiting for him. He was startled at their sight; and they requested to speak with him alone. They then submitted to his inspection an order from the Government, for an examination of the amount of cash entrusted to his care. It met his eyes like a thunder-bolt, and he had nearly fainted in his chair. It was only the conscious-

ness of having committed no premeditated villany that supported him. He opened the coffers, and acquainted the officers with the sum of money that was wanting (concealing the name of Buhren), and besought them not to make the affair public, as it was certain of being replaced within a very few hours. They only shrugged up their shoulders by way of answer, took items of all the other sums, put the royal seal upon the coffers, and took leave, without committing themselves by any promise.

Two hours afterwards, Lambert's friend sent him the five hundred according to agreement. But at the same moment entered an officer of police, who handed him the order for his arrest, and a sentinel was placed before his door. It was now made evident that the president was in the plot and directed every movement. Lambert instantly wrote to him in an indignant tone: "I know you, my lord president!—you are the sole author of all my misfortunes. You plotted the vile conspiracy of which I am made the victim, by means of your creature, Counsellor Buhren. My intention, much injured as I have been, was to hold out to you once more the right hand of fellowship, and I hoped I was conferring a favour upon you by assisting your favourite Buhren in his misfortunes. *You* have rewarded me by disgrace and imprisonment. When will your revenge be satiated? Surely you are not quite lost to humanity. Free me from the net in which you have entangled me! You can do it; you can stem the flood of ruin, before I am engulfed. Think that I only disposed of the money during a few hours, and to serve a friend of yours."

No answer was returned, though it was intended, on the ensuing day, to remove the sentinel from his door; serving an order at the same time upon the prisoner, to forbid his entrance into the council-chamber, and removing him from the office he enjoyed. The affair quickly took wind, and Lambert was everywhere held up as an unprincipled man, unworthy of the confidence of Government, which greatly surprised all classes of the people.

When he had been submitted to this species of moral torture for about a month, he received the following letter, from one of his few faithful friends:

"I am this moment informed that your destiny is decided. The prosecution against you will be dropped, but you will be deprived of your rank and offices. Yet the President Dornfeld has it in his power to rescue you from this last degrading punishment; if you apply to him there is not a moment to be lost. To-morrow it will be too late."

Lambert was no longer proof against this last blow, it felt too heavy upon him, and he felt that he could never survive it. He had no hope in appealing to the stony heart of the president; yet it was his last resource; his family were on the edge of ruin; and he sat down once more in the bitterness of his soul; he wrote, and dispatched his letter by a trusty messenger. He not only entreated him to put it into the president's own hand, but to beseech him to read it, for that it was a matter of life or death.

Dornfeld was that day engaged in celebrating his birthday with a party of friends. It was already evening, and the lord president was

seated at the card-table when the messenger arrived. He took the letter, and put it unopened into his pocket, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of Lambert's bearer to consult the contents upon the spot. "There will be time enough," he answered, and gave it not a second thought.

About eleven o'clock the party broke up cards and went to supper. Among the costly drinking-vessels which decorated the tables was a grand crystal vase, that had been presented to the president many years ago by Lambert on his birthday. What is more, the names of the donor and the receiver were to be seen in gold characters, apparent to every eye. It had never before been permitted to appear; and strange that it should be thus exposed,—strange, thought every one, that the president's feelings can sustain such a sight. An uneasy and indescribable kind of emotion was felt by all present, which they sought to banish by forced gaiety; and, as the clock tolled twelve, the host, according to an old German custom, filled it with wine, to be passed round from guest to guest.

Just as the lord president was going to drink a health to his friends, and touched the edge of the crystal with his lips, a sharp shrill sound struck his ear, and rung with a tremulous tone round the glass. It was heard by all the guests with an exclamation of surprise; the vase was examined by the lights, and a fresh flaw was very visible in it, running through the part where Lambert's name appeared upon the crystal. The letter now occurred to Dornfeld's memory, and he shuddered: he had already had it for more than six hours in his pocket. He rose from table, and went into another room to peruse it. He broke the seal and read: "I stand upon the brink of a precipice, between life and death. The tidings I have just heard, that I am to-morrow, without trial, to be deprived of my last means of livelihood, and overwhelmed with disgrace, to be ranked only in the list of beggars, has brought me to the close of my career, and I am resolved to free myself from my sufferings by one resolute effort. This, Dornfeld, is your work; but there is yet time to snatch me from inevitable fate; and you will, you must do it, Dornfeld, if a drop of human blood yet courses in your veins. Send me, then, as a token of your good-will, one word subscribed with your name, and let it be '*Yes!*' I will wait most patiently for this single word of comfort until midnight. Yet do not delay it longer, as you would not in future wish to associate your birthday with the day of my death. For the morning will never shine upon *me* which is to hold me up as an adjudged criminal to the world."

Now, for the first time, Dornfeld felt the pangs of conscience; he looked at his watch: it was past midnight, and he dreaded the worst. In an agony of remorse, terrific as it was sudden, he rushed out, in order to prevent a deed which seemed to threaten to stamp his forehead, like that of Cain, with the indelible mark of murderous shame.

He was too late: that deed was already done. Before Lambert's residence he found a crowd of neighbouring people assembled, who had been drawn thither by the report of a pistol. With his hands over his face, Dornfeld, without asking a single question, made his way through the crowd. Loud and bitter lamentations smote his ear as he entered:

guided only by such sounds, he found his way to the fatal chamber, and, with the impulse of agony and despair, he opened the door. The body of Lambert, bathed in blood, was the first object that met his sight : Amelia, his wife, was kneeling, convulsed with heart-breaking sobs and moans, before the couch on which he lay. She heard some one approaching ; she looked round, as if expecting to behold a spirit, and there upon the threshold stood the deadly enemy of the deceased. He drew nigh, but she beckoned him wildly away, for she could not speak ; yet he came nearer, and then she made an effort : " I beseech you to be gone !—the blood of my husband is crying out for vengeance to Heaven : save yourself—fly ! "

He felt as if the voice of the Omnipotent were addressing him, and trembling he obeyed. He hastened back to his own house, but he had not courage to go and take leave of his guests. He sent word to them that he had been taken suddenly unwell, and concealed himself from every eye as if he had been convicted and shunned by all. The fate of Lambert was universally commiserated ; the real cause of his affliction remained no secret. Every humane and honest man avoided the president's society. His rank protected him, indeed, from open punishment ; but a more terrific species of justice took possession of his breast, and condemned him never more to experience another hour's peace upon earth. Sorrow and remorse consumed him, and insanity only came to his relief. At length he imagined he was incessantly pursued by the angry spirit of his friend. Often was he heard wildly conversing with it aloud, and always in a beseeching tone, stretching out his hands in supplication ; and then he would break out into the ravings of despair, and beat his head against the walls of his cell, crying out that he would never, never be reconciled ! Years did he continue in this state ; and often his keepers were compelled to have him chained down to his bed, until, the powers of nature being at length exhausted, he was suddenly restored to perfect reason for a few moments, uttered a prayer, and feebly adding, " He is reconciled ! "—he died.

Away with insults, hate, oppression !
Give me still the friendly hand ;
Soon we part unreconciled,
Travellers to a distant land.
Feel we not life's bridge beneath us
Trembling 'mid the o'erwhelming tide
Think how fast it rushes over !
Say they loved before they died.

ALBERT LIMBACH; OR, A MARTYR TO THE FAIR.

ALL the world agrees to flatter women. I only am bound to swim against the stream; for of a truth I have been singularly unfortunate in my dealings with this idolized sex. I have suffered too much to become their second panegyrist, like that happy genius, the sweetness of whose love-songs so far entitled him to their gratitude, that with their own soft hands they carried him to his last home.

Perhaps I may have been condemned to all the pains they have inflicted upon me, for having innocently caused the death of one of them in the first instance, my poor mother dying at the period of my birth. Yet surely that was not my fault; surely I did not deserve to be punished for what I could not help; but I know not. Certain it is, that from my youth upwards the daughters of our first mother began to play tricks at my expense, not sparing me even when in my swathing-clothes; as my father, a very respectable merchant, by-the-bye, has often informed me.

"You were never," he said, "so fortunate, my dear boy, as to be nurtured at a mother's breast; I was compelled, alas! to entrust you into the hands of a nurse. She was a young, good-looking woman, and had just given birth to a boy, said to have survived only a few hours, on the same day that you were born. I believed myself very fortunate in having met with her, as she exhibited the affection of a tender mother rather than the hired attentions of a menial. And in fact she was the mother of the boy whom she had introduced into my house to receive a princely education, and whom, during three years, I caressed as my own son. This I might still have continued to do, had not the sudden approach of death extorted the guilty secret from the nurse. She was taken ill at my house, and begged to be removed to her relations, which I granted. As she grew daily worse, she sent to inform me that she had something very important to communicate, and I went to visit her. She was become a mere skeleton, and stood on the brink of the grave.

"I feel I cannot die," she sobbed out in a feeble tone, 'until I have informed you of a secret that weighs upon my soul; and perhaps the Lord and you will forgive me.'

"Touched at her sufferings, I said that I would forgive her, as Heaven would doubtless do, if she would make full confession of all that grieved her.

"Prepare, then," she continued: 'do not be too greatly shocked when I tell you that the child nursed by me, during the last three years, as your son, is my own boy, who was given out to be dead.'

"Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed, 'where then is my son, my Albert? Base wretch! have you destroyed him?'

"No, I have not that sin to answer for," she replied; 'he lives—in the Foundling.'

"In the Foundling Hospital! how is it possible?" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"I will confess all while I have yet strength, if you will permit me. When I accepted the place of nurse at your house, I committed my own child to the care of one of my relatives. In my account of its death, it

was my sole object to remove all kind of suspicion ; and no sooner did I remark the resemblance between your child and my own, than my resolution was taken. I abhor myself when I think that it was not real affection that induced me, but pride and ambition that I might behold him a great man, and through his means, some time, perhaps, be made a lady. On returning with my own child, dressed in the clothes of yours, from my relations, I met you in going up the steps, and trembled lest you should detect the imposture ; but you embraced him as your own Albert, who was that very night conveyed from my relation's house to the Foundling.'

"The dying wretch here ceased ; and I instantly sent for a legal witness to take down her account, and she was fortunately permitted time to complete and substantiate her confession.

"Her accessory in the crime was speedily secured, and her confession agreed in every point with that of the deceased, while the register of the Foundling contained the fact of a male child having been found and taken in on the day mentioned. Upon this I received you back to my arms ; yet so strongly had your young rival laid hold on my affections, that I could not discard him without settling upon him sufficient to protect him from ignominy and want.

"Thus, my son," he continued, "you see in what a scandalous manner these women treated you—so early made a sacrifice to their vanity. I only trust that you will not be condemned to receive further proofs of their enmity in the course of your future life."

Such were my father's hopes, doomed never to be fulfilled ; nor did he, indeed, do much to promote them ; for, after remaining about ten years a widower, he entered into the bonds of matrimony a second time, with a young woman who united all the ill qualities of a stepmother. At first she seemed tolerably well disposed towards me, until an unlucky occurrence deprived me of her good countenance ; and she led me *such* a life—not so much like life as a very hell upon earth.

Among my father's acquaintance was a young officer, who often frequented our house, and was always received with marks of pleasure and attention. One day, when my father was gone to the exchange, I saw his guest step into my stepmother's chamber. There was nothing remarkable, I then thought, in this ; and I continued to play for about an hour, until beginning to be hungry, I went to ask my new mamma to let me have some breakfast.

Her door was fastened. "What is the matter—is the officer gone, and is mamma gone too?" thought I, as I looked through the keyhole. I then became convinced that they were both there, and laughed very hard to think that they should be playing together, like children, on the sofa. So I knocked, but knocked in vain, and was compelled to go away as hungry as I came.

Soon afterwards my father returned, when I ran and told him with great simplicity everything I had seen ; laughing heartily at the very amusing account I gave, and wondering that my father did not do the same. But no ! he frowned, and with hasty step advanced towards his wife's sitting-room. In about five minutes the lady came out, and seizing me by my hair—with a furious look, she treated me so roughly that I

soon lay almost senseless on the ground. Even the young lieutenant did not spare me, dealing me a sharp blow with his stick across my neck. In vain my father offered to interpose; my mother knew and exercised her power, and he played the pitiable part of a tame henpecked husband. From this unlucky period my stepmother seemed determined, if possible, to torture me out of my existence; she struck and chased me like a dog whenever I came in her way, and hardly gave me food enough to keep body and soul together. Though my father occasionally ventured to drop a word in my defence, he determined upon no measures for my relief, even when she seized and carried me from his presence as often as he interfered. Once also he took a long journey, leaving me in the claws of this savage animal, this hyena of her sex, who, the moment his back was turned, immured me in a dark cellar, fed me upon bread and water for about a month, with a threat when she released me, that if I whispered a word of what had passed to my father, she would again imprison me, and never permit me more to behold the light of day. My health was nearly ruined; yet my tyrant was studying fresh plans for my perdition. She succeeded in impressing my father with the idea that I was not his son, and that the nurse had only invented the story to provide for her child before her death, at the expense of the real heir. She declared it was a heinous sin to be thus educating a young bastard, while his son continued a beggar. She then applied to some abandoned practitioners of the law to draw out a process, witnesses were suborned, and some of the nurse's relations took their oath that I was a changeling; and I should doubtless soon have been disclaimed to make room for their young relation once more, had not my good genius at length interfered and opened my father's eyes.

The lady and her young hero presumed so much upon their own security and my father's submission as to suffer themselves on one occasion to be surprised by him. The scales fell from his eyes, and he summoned some of his friends to his assistance, who advised a separation. This he effected, and I was no longer an object of this female's revenge and oppression.

The third scene of my martyrdom was somewhat more short and pleasant. My father and two other merchants maintained the same teacher for their children. We went daily to his house, learned very little, and cried a great deal. One of my fellow-pupils was a fair little girl about eleven years of age, to whom I was excessively attached, though only about a year older. One day Annie came to me with tears in her eyes, complaining that the master had been scolding her in such a way that she should never forgive nor forget it as long as she lived. "Only think," she continued, "what a clown! He said I need not be so proud of a pretty face, that was not so pretty as I imagined!" and again she wept as loud as though her father and mother were just dead. I tried to console her vanity by abusing the schoolmaster. Still she cried, declaring that she would never rest until she was revenged upon the old pedant, and entreating that I would play him some trick, were it only to pull off his wig.

"And what if I undertake it," said I, "what will you give me, Annie?"

will three kisses be too much, my pretty Annie?" "Do it first; you know I am not pretty," she replied, laughing, while the tears were in her eyes; "do it, and then we shall see." I entreated for payment beforehand, but this was refused. The design against the great wig which ornamented the head of our great pedagogue gave me no little anxiety, for he was so horribly tall as to have well merited the post of leader amongst any corps of imperial guards. No, it was impossible I could succeed in an open attack; I must have recourse to more wily measures. So I took advantage of a moment when his eyes were fixed upon an arithmetical problem, and slipping behind his chair, carefully stuck a small hook, tied to a piece of packthread, into his wig without being in the least observed. The other end I fixed to the door latch, and then sat down very quietly in my place. I had scarcely cast my eye upon my book before I heard one of the boys coming up the steps very hastily to make up loss of time. He snatched off the wig as quick as a star falling from the sky; it flew high in air as the door opened, and found a resting-place on the dusty floor.

With grim looks the bareheaded giant rose from his seat, and hastened to seize the unlucky little wight, who he imagined had robbed him of the honours of his graceful locks. Innocent of the deed, the urchin fled, and Dominie Bald-paterau in pursuit of him. He came in contact with the fatal thread, stumbled, lost his balance, and then, like a fallen tree, measured his length upon the ground.

He was thus feelingly convinced that he who had fled, as he entered the door, could not be the author of the plot, and have hooked him as he sat in his chair; so he directed his rage against those who were within his grasp. His looks were more especially bent upon me; and though I affected to play an innocent part, the blood rose into my cheeks. "Ah! young Mr. Albert," he exclaimed, "am I to charge you with this vile impious act?"

"No, sir," I stammered out as well as I could, but at the same time involuntarily took to flight.

Armed with his cane, the giant pursued; and just as I had got half down the steps, and he was in the act of griping me, my foot slipped, and I broke one of my arms in the fall.

The first visit I paid after my recovery was to my favourite Annie, intending to claim my due reward. I found her in company of a sweet-smelling courtier, who had deigned to borrow a loan from her rich father, and was thus pleased to express his gratitude by calling and humouring his little daughter. Flattered with this glimpse of court favour, the young puppet hardly condescended to look at me as I entered. I waited impatiently for the empty chatterer to retire; but he kept his seat. I stood upon thorns, and at length somewhat pettishly entreated that she would allow me to speak to her. She followed me, quite out of humour, and very snappishly inquired what I wanted.

"You know, Annie, you have to give me . . . dost thou not recollect?"

"I recollect nothing; and will not be *thow'd* by thee," retorted the little vain thing, as she flung away from me in high dudgeon.

Quite shocked, I ran after her, whispering, "Are you no longer my

good and gentle Annie? or must I come and claim my promised kiss some other time?"

"Give yourself no trouble," she exclaimed in a mocking tone.

"So," I cried, in a bitter voice, "then, who persuaded me to attack the great dominie's wig? who was the cause of my broken arm?"

"Oh, you will kill me with laughing if you talk so," she tittered out. "Did I, then, command you to get that unlucky tumble, you clumsy little fellow?"

I was fairly struck dumb with astonishment, and the little pert jade took advantage of my confusion to rejoin her flattering guest, taking no notice of me during the rest of the evening.

From this period we never spoke, and in the end she experienced the fate of all coquettes. At the age of thirteen she delighted in the compliments of counts and barons, and subsequently refused the best offers from men of equal rank with herself. Thus, in time, ridiculed by all ranks and pitied by none, she arrived to a good old maiden age, with the loss both of her temper and her charms. From the time of our quarrel until my twentieth year there was a cessation of hostilities between me and my fair foes; at least, there only occurred little skirmishes scarcely deserving of mention, and which led to no serious detriment on my part, though I had invariably the worst of it.

Meanwhile my father died, leaving me so considerable a fortune as to have permitted me to live without engaging in any profession. The military career, however, had too great charms for me; I applied for an officer's commission and obtained it. Yet, soon wearied with the idle bacchanalian life of my boon companions, I sought occupation for my feelings; and the image of the fair Rosalie next haunted my fancy both by day and night. She was the most beautiful girl in the city, and led so retired and simple a kind of life, that the most vain-boasting and abandoned of our regiment ventured not to asperse her fair fame.

With much difficulty I succeeded in obtaining an introduction, and the modesty of this dove-like creature quite enraptured me. I had come with intentions, perhaps none of the best or purest; but I took a solemn vow as I departed never to dream of injuring such innocence and heavenly-mindedness. It became my first object honourably to win her affections; for Rosalie was poor, and maintained an aged mother solely by her skill in embroidery. I became prodigal of my money in order to improve her circumstances; her humble dwelling was exchanged for a little palace; and seated at the side of my chaste and honoured love, I deemed myself happier than all the princes upon earth. This paradisaical kind of life had lasted for about two months, when my affairs called me from home. But I promised Rosalie, who seemed quite overwhelmed at my departure, to return in ten days at the furthest; and, in fact, I more than kept my word by arriving earlier. I rode post all the way, and threw myself from my horse about ten o'clock in the evening. I flew like a special messenger to her house, ran over twenty people in my way, with my eyes fixed upon her windows, which I was surprised to see brilliantly lighted. It at first struck me, to confess my egregious vanity, that the dear soul had in some way gathered tidings of my early return, which was thus honoured with some little festival and

an illumination. With renewed delight I flew through the door, which her maid that moment opened, upstairs, and into her favourite apartment.

One step only did I advance over the threshold, for I beheld a sight that filled me with equal astonishment and grief. Rosalie lay in the arms of young Count Osseck, a notorious man of pleasure. I stood fixed as a statue; while the faithless, guilty girl sprang up, looking as if she had seen a spectre. The count kept his seat, and somewhat haughtily measured me with his eye. In about half a minute the false one recovered her presence of mind, and approaching me as if I had been a perfect stranger to her, who had madly broken into her presence, she said sharply, "What is your business, sir? You have most probably mistaken the house!"

"No, not the house," replied I; "I am deceived in the Lady Rosalie."

"In me?" retorted the girl, with a bold laugh, "how can that be, when I am not acquainted with you?"

"Do you deny that?" I exclaimed, provoked beyond all patience: "you must be an abandoned, wicked, fallen creature to assert the falsehood with such an unblushing front." I trembled with rage; I could have torn her to pieces: running behind the count's chair, she cried out in great alarm, "Help! help me, count! the man is stark mad."

"Pray retire, sir," said the count, as he rang the bell; and a servant made his appearance.

"What do you mean by this?" I inquired in a decided tone.

"To throw you downstairs," was the answer, "if you do not walk down instantly."

"You see me here, count," I replied, with as much calmness as I could assume, "only in my travelling dress, and perhaps mistake me for some adventurer. Sir, I am an officer and a man of honour,—one who will not be insulted with impunity. I shall not condescend to enter into any vulgar contest with you and your lacquey; but I shall expect to meet you as early as six o'clock to-morrow morning to adjust our difference in the park."

"Certainly! I will be there," replied the count, coolly, as I walked away.

I passed one of the most uneasy nights I ever recollect, and at dawn of day I was in the park. The count made his appearance, and my blood boiled as he approached. I abhorred him as the cool deliberate assassin of all my promised bliss. I drew my sword like a madman, and fought with blindest rage and passion. It was such as to defy all science, and in a few moments my enemy lay bleeding on the ground.

"Fly!" he cried out, in a faint voice—"you have killed me!"

I had a horse waiting ready saddled, and I sought the nearest boundary, on reaching which I had full leisure to indulge all the despair I felt. In the last twelve hours I had not only lost everything that rendered life dear; I had fallen from my station in society, and become a vagrant and a murderer, for the sake of one false woman.

I had no motive, no inclination whichever way to turn; but I wanted to dissipate my cruel thoughts, and I bent my way towards the capital. The idea of being there secured and punished was not enough to deter

me, for I set little store by existence then. The distance was about forty miles, and yet I sold my horse; changed my dress, and set out on foot; and instead of mixing in society when I reached it, I led the life of a solitary, and some months expired before I walked out in public. I received no tidings from my native place, and no one knew, nor perhaps cared, what was become of me. One evening, when I had been leading this uneasy kind of life during more than half a year, as I was walking in one of the deserted alleys not far from the city, I observed a figure wrapped in a mantle following me at a quick pace. I redoubled my haste, when my pursuer called after me in a mild voice, "Limbach! Limbach!"

Still I only hastened forwards, while my pursuer, running faster than before, again cried out, "If you are really Limbach, stop! I have good news for you from Count Osseck—he is alive—I am he."

It was like the voice of an angel awaking me from the tomb; my conscience was freed from a murderous weight of sin! I sprang towards him with an exclamation of joy, and, burying all enmity in oblivion, accepted his proffered hand.

"Ah! what fools we have been," he said, "to have attacked one another like two wild beasts for such a vile creature as Rosalie! Let us thank Heaven that the hypocrite herself let fall her mask in time. To you she displayed her heart in all its naked deformity, at the very moment she flattered herself she was making a sure conquest of me. Since then she has often changed her lovers; for hardly had you taken flight, and my life been despaired of, before she had supplied our places with other simpletons, simple as ourselves. But let us waste no more words upon the little wretch. Our quarrel is followed by happier results than we could have expected. You worked me pretty smartly, my hot-headed friend, to be sure; yet in a week's time my wounds gave me less pain than the thought that you had banished yourself, and were wandering the Lord knows where, without any occasion. So I had scarcely recovered before I resolved to set out in search of you. It would have been truly a Quixotic attempt, had I gone to all quarters of the globe, without knowing anything of your whereabouts; but, trust me, I had already got into your track, even to the place where you are standing. I also put our affair into such a train at court, before I left, that you can either return into your regiment or retire, whichever you please."

"Then what a wretch was I to think of having your life—you who have done all this. No, I shall never forgive myself, as I shall never forget your generosity, count. I accept your good offices at court with thanks, and of the two I think I shall retire, as I can never think of returning to a place where the women have used me so ill."

I enjoyed the count's society during several days, and experienced the truth of the observation, that men of spirit, if we except the extravagances of which they are guilty, and which most injure themselves, are generally men of excellent hearts.

On his return, I wrote to request my dismissal, and obtained it; thus cutting off all kind of connection with my native place on account of a woman. It now struck me that I could not do better than resume

the sword I had laid aside in our state, for the service of another; and I was fortunate enough to obtain the rank of captain in a newly-raised regiment from my recommendations to the war minister.

With dread of the police and a trial no longer before my eyes, I again mingled in the world and enjoyed the acquaintance of many brave and noble characters; but I avoided that of women, as a scalded dog the sight of cold water. It was all in vain: my evil star brought me into the society of some not very lovely yet very learned ladies, who could give excellent rules how the Greek and Roman voluptuaries prepared their delicate repasts, though they did not know how to make German water-gruel. In this way they contrived to make their poor husbands' mouths water by their repeated descriptions of the alluring dishes enjoyed by some ancient gourmand, and then, by way of contrast, serving up some of the more modern, by no means so savoury and inviting. Exactly at the hour when the dinner should have been prepared, they were busiest with some important oracle of receipt, which being laid aside in a moment, their poor persecuted spouses found they had nothing to eat.

These celebrated ladies were members of a weekly society of Blues, which discussed philosophy, morals, criticisms, &c., pouring forth such a torrent of declamations as completely defied the gravity of the most serious personage present.

On one occasion I was unlucky enough to laugh out loud, which naturally brought down upon my head the thunder of their indignation, and it was with some difficulty they were appeased. Still I ventured in different companies to animadvert, in a jocular tone, upon their proceedings, which, coming to the ears of the party, I was singled out as one of their most heretical enemies, though I continued to be invited, under the mask of friendship, to their meetings. I now approached them with some degree of awe; for they consisted of twelve experienced old Blues, the youngest at least fifty, and the others all older, uglier, and more dangerous than she. They rose at my entrance from a long table groaning under some hundredweight of books. One whom I best knew advanced and led me—imagine my horror and surprise!—to a seat prepared for me, in full view of the assembly, at the same time addressing the society: "Here, my friends, you behold the vile defamatory carper who dares to asperse the noble proceedings of our institution."

"Then, this is that paltry critic," exclaimed one in a shrill voice, who appeared to be lady president: "let him wait a moment," she continued, in a still more portentous tone, "it is our wish to embue him with a little anti-critical taste."

Upon this hint, the whole assembly made a simultaneous rush, each armed with a rod, towards their victim, and just as the first was on the point of seizing me round the neck, I started back, reached the door, crying out as I ran, "These are truly anti-critical weapons, ladies; and should you have any to spare, restore them to the witches' besoms on which they ride over the Blocksberg on the last Walpurgis Night."

Such an imputation roused their anger to the highest degree: they attempted to follow me, but I held the door. As they were about to make a fresh onset, however, I took to flight, when they burst through

in such force as to disconcert each other's measures, and many of Apollo's ancient daughters measured their length upon the floor.

I did not abate my speed until I found myself standing pretty secure upon the steps; though even here I heard a torrent of abuse, of rods, books, slippers, inkstands, and sand-boxes come pouring after me. To shield myself from these missiles, I seized a large paper roll, flung with the rest at my head, and at length made off with it. I found it consisted of a MS. under the title of "Lina's Poems," altogether so wretched in point of composition, that I put it into the hands of my friseur the next morning to dress my hair, reserving the remainder to light my cigars with. Just as I was doing this, a messenger from the war minister was announced, and, in the idea that he was charged with my new appointment, I ordered him up into my chamber. He had no message from the minister; it was from the minister's lady, requesting to know if I had not found a certain MS. (describing the place), consisting of poems, which was then in my possession.

This was a staggering question. "What the deuce could the minister's lady have to do with so stupid a trifle as this?" thought I; and I was on the point of answering in the affirmative. But the idea of having applied it to the purposes I had done,—the heinous sin, the scandal of such a fact, if made public, all induced me to pause; and I soon mustered courage enough to deny all knowledge of the transaction.

"Then I am to understand you found no such poem," said the messenger; "that is unlucky, for it is then doubtless lost. Her excellency will be greatly disappointed: she is herself the author of it."

"Her excellency an author!" I exclaimed, in great alarm; this was a thunderstroke upon me, with a vengeance.

"Yes, a great poetess," was the reply; "and moreover, lady president of the learned society lately instituted."

A second thunderstroke; and a third more terrific than the former followed, as the special messenger, fixing his eyes upon my hair *en papillottes*, exclaimed in a terrified accent, "What do I behold! there is a piece of the MS., I dare swear, now visible. Gracious heavens! it is the title-page;—the title-page in your hair!" and he pointed with his finger to one of my front locks. I snatched it with an involuntary motion, bringing along with it half the hair, and found it unluckily so disposed as to place the large court letters, grandly encircled "Lina's Poems," in full view. The special messenger wrung his hands in despair.

"Alas! with what fatal tidings must I return to her excellency!" he cried; and away he went.

Such was my confusion, that I had not presence of mind to detain him, even to put a bribe into his hands. I instantly dressed myself, and went to consult some of my friends upon this very awkward occurrence. Most, however, were already acquainted with my adventure; the injured fair had bruited their wrongs throughout half the city, and I was strongly exhorted to appeal for mercy to the minister's lady. But I felt no inclination, and returned home again to consider the matter. Here I found a note from the minister, which removed all my doubts; for he wrote without the least explanation, that I had no occasion to

count further upon the commission, or to think of calling at the office more.

"As your excellency likes best," I exclaimed, with a loud laugh which made the walls of my room echo; "this will spare me a deal of trouble." For I had now reason to conclude, that since I had thrust my hand into a wasp's nest, I should have them continue buzzing about my ears as long as I remained in the vicinity, and that it would be to very little purpose to attempt to conciliate them; insomuch that I was resolved to live henceforward as a private man upon my fortune. I led this independent mode of life, and was a happy man for the two subsequent years; and though the wasps of literature occasionally buzzed about my ears, I was too firmly cased in a coat of indifference and scorn to feel their powerless stings; and the lady president continued to preside, as before, over her stupid Blues.

But, alas! a man never knows when he is well; he wants to be better, for he cannot rest. He becomes ambitious of raising the brittle fabric of his happiness to so high a point that the whole tumbles to the ground together; and such was the result of my attempt. I began to quote some good old authorities, as I thought, that "it is not good for man to be alone," and that it would be better for me to have a helpmate; and I ran over in my head all the good qualities of all the women I had ever seen. But I gave the flattering picture to the winds. "No," I exclaimed, "you have all run your town career; you have all imbibed the arts and evils that arise from it; and you are all cold and heartless. Give me one of nature's simple daughters; an innocent rural lass, one who will restore me more than all the happiness of which you artful creatures have deprived me."

Upon this hint of my own, I proceeded to beat up the country round, to find, if possible, a girl after my own heart. I took a female survey of all the farm and all the parsonage houses in the vicinity, and in one of the latter found a young blooming maiden, who appeared in every respect a partner adapted to me for life. She was, moreover, a very quiet, harmless creature, with no kind of pretensions, confining her observations to *yes* and *no*.

Now, this good and simple-minded being I wished to make my own; so I solicited the hand of the pastor's daughter, and met with no refusal. During the first year of our marriage I had every reason to feel happy in my choice. My little rustic was an excellent housewife, agreed to everything I said, and appeared desirous of pleasing no one but myself. To so exemplary a pitch did she carry this latter point, that she looked exceedingly bluff at the young men who ventured to direct their glasses at her in the course of our walks. It is true that some very artful coquettes can do the same; yet certainly only such as have some particular view, or are beginning to age. On this ground, however, my rural love had no occasion to dread the most inquisitive eye, as she barely numbered seventeen summers, and bloomed as rosy as the flower whose namesake she was. Her aversion to ogling, then, could only be referred to her extreme delicacy and good behaviour. In fact, the only man with whom she conversed, and that was seldom, was an elderly gentleman, whose optics were chiefly directed towards the heavens and their

revolutions of every period. He was my next neighbour, and a professor of astronomy. Every evening, when he was not at a review of the starry host, he spent in my house, when he was in the habit of looking as intently at my wife's black eyes as if he had discovered two new constellations every time he gazed.

Certainly I was not inclined to be jealous of the old gentleman, yet I felt a little curious to know whether he entertained any sort of designs. With this view, I one evening snuffed the candle out; and saying I would find my way to the kitchen fire myself, I contrived to blacken my wife's red cheeks as I went, with the snuff. It was natural enough to run against a person in the dark, and I found from the result that she had not remarked my new style of painting, as by the time I returned with the light, she had communicated a portion of it to the lips of the astronomer. Yes! the old star-gazing satyr had assuredly saluted my rural spouse while I went to light the candle; there was most dark and diabolical evidence upon the very face of it; he looked more like a harlequin than a wise astronomer, and altogether cut so droll a figure, that I could not avoid bursting into a laugh, though I had perhaps the worst of it.

I placed the candle on the table with as much composure as possible, when the astronomer, throwing his eyes on a looking-glass opposite to him, rose with a sudden exclamation from his chair, and cast a side-look towards my wife. I threw myself in a fit of laughter on the sofa; while the star-gazer, taking up his hat, at once marched off. Rosa cast down her eyes very demurely, and did not laugh.

"Now see, my dear," I said, when I had a little recovered myself: "what have you done to the poor professor?"

"Nothing, my dear," replied Rosa, blushing, "he only asked me for a kiss."

"So! do you call that nothing? And did you give him one?"

"Yes! Would you have me refuse him? I could not have had the heart."

"But that is not proper for a married woman, you know, Rosa," I cried, stamping my foot. "Not to refuse a gentleman—and an old gentleman!—it is a great weakness which you must overcome. You must treat him as you do the young gentlemen when they look at you as we walk—that is the way to keep them at a distance."

I had henceforward to regret the loss of the professor's company, which had served to wile away many of my winter evenings; he came no more, leaving me to repent at leisure of my knavish trick.

I grew hipped and unwell, and was advised by my physician, the ensuing spring, to visit a watering-place at some distance, to which I agreed. Intending to return shortly, my wife did not accompany me; yet not much liking the idea of leaving her amidst the society of a great city, I took a pretty country house for her in a secluded situation, and provided an excellent old duenna for her companion while I was away.

"Farewell for a short time, my dear Rosa," I said, "and promise me one thing."

"What is that, Mr. L.?"

"Why, promise me to say No, should any silly impertinent fellow.

whether an astronomer or not, ask you any kind of questions whatsoever, will you?"

"It is very odd," replied Rosa; "but I will do it certainly if you please."

"That is like my good faithful Rose; for in that little word *no* there is included a great deal of wisdom, as close and safe as a nut in a shell. Just let me hear you repeat it—how will you say it?"

"No, no, no!" she replied very resolutely.

"Quite right—quite right, my own love!—take care of yourself, and good bye, till I come again—soon."

I then jumped into the coach in a very good humour, and proceeded on my way. I was not surprised at receiving no letters from my wife during my short stay, for she spoke little and wrote less; and with renewed health and spirits, I was preparing for my return. I soon bade the waters and invalids farewell, and found myself seated at mine host's well-furnished table at an excellent hotel about half-way on my journey home. The rest of the guests were full of life and spirits, and were amusing themselves with repeating a variety of anecdotes, among which was the following. "Only a short time ago," resumed one of my companions, "there was a very amusing incident occurred at——," mentioning the place of my country residence. "A certain adventurer, under the assumed title of Baron, was the other day exploring this neighbourhood in search of any kind of booty he could find. Happening to cast his eye upon a rural residence close at hand, he drew near, and observed a pretty-looking woman, quite alone, gazing out of one of the windows. He stopped and entered into conversation under the plea of inquiring his way. 'Can you inform me?'"

"No!" replied the young lady, "I cannot."

"Can you inform me of the name of the next village?"

"No!" answered the lady; and this she followed up with a string of negatives for every question.

"Surely, thought our *soi-disant* baron, this pretty creature is either dumb, or there is something I do not comprehend in all this. He then changed his tone of inquiry, saying, 'I hope, dear lady, you are not offended with the freedom I have thus taken in addressing you?'"

"No!"

"And perhaps you will not be offended if I dismount to rest myself a little?"

"No!"

"And you will not forbid me to take a little refreshment, presenting, at the same time, my humble compliments and thanks?"

"No!"

"The happy traveller then dismounted, and proceeded without further ceremony into the house. Here, with similar questions, he arrives at a knowledge of everything he wishes to know, the lady still expressing all her wishes through the same monosyllable, as she had before done; the negative answering every purpose of an affirmative from the lips of any other person, exactly as the baron could have wished."

During this recital I was sitting upon thorns. The country house, the beauty and simplicity of its inhabitant, her puppet-like reiteration

of the negative, all convinced me that it could be no other than my own tender-hearted wife. The relater's last words went like a dagger to my heart; but I concealed my emotion, and it was not observed. All eyes were fixed upon the speaker, who thus continued :

"So far, you see, my anecdote resembles a mere love adventure; and it is not to be wondered at. The remaining portion, however, does not tell quite so well for our hero the baron, who, not contented with the lady and the injury inflicted upon her absent husband, prevailed upon her to rob him of his property and accompany him in his flight."

Here I uttered an exclamation of horror, and ran out of the room as if a legion of devils had been at my heels. "Horses, post horses!" I cried; and while they were preparing I locked myself up in my own room. Then leaping into my chaise, amidst the titters and curiosity of the surrounding spectators, I gave the postillion a *douceur*, and told him to drive hard; and this I repeated at every stage, until I reached the place where I had left my wife.

The doors were fastened, and we were compelled to force our way into the house. With trembling step I paced its floors; there was no one and nothing to be seen. Every place was opened, rifled, and made away with. Even the old dragon left in guard of all my treasures had absconded; desks, chests, drawers, papers, had all become their prey; my property was gone—I was a beggar!

"Wretch that I am!" exclaimed I, wringing my hands in bitterness of soul. "Now I see too well that I am destined to become the sport and prey of every woman I approach, whether wily, stupid, garrulous, or dumb. What remains for me but to seek a refuge from their hatred and persecution in some far desert, where they can find nothing on which to prey?"

While thus giving vent to my despair, I cast my eye upon a sealed letter in a window corner. I opened it hastily: it was from an uncle, a rich old merchant in Russia. He entreated that I would come and see him (though I had almost forgotten he was in existence) once more before he died, as he could not expect to live much longer, feeling himself daily growing worse. At the same time he promised that I should not take the trouble for nothing, as he meant to leave me heir to his whole possessions.

In my present destitute condition, this was a most fortunate circumstance for me. I set out without further delay, though I was compelled almost to beg my way to reach my uncle's residence, which lay above a hundred miles beyond the city of Petersburg. Here I was reinstated in my former prosperity; my kind relative died, within a few weeks after my arrival, in my arms, and I found myself possessed of a greater fortune than before. I determined to pass the rest of my days in Russia, and, the better to avoid my female persecutors, in as retired a way as possible. I assumed the fashion of the country, and permitted my beard to grow. In this respect I soon vied with some of the best-bearded natives. I looked as reverend as an aged Brahmin, and as awful in the sight of children as a bull-beggar, or King Blue-beard himself. I took a poor boy into my service, who played the part of my cook, my washerwoman, and my lacquey, with gratitude and delight.

What degree of intercourse I was compelled to keep up with the other sex was restricted to the agency of Jacob, and never disturbed the peaceful tenour of my days. The dangerous creatures were not permitted to cross my threshold; and I was in the habit of casting up my eyes in prayer and stopping my ears when I passed by any of the more tempting of these sirens.

Owing to this wholesome discipline, I contrived to pass the next thirteen years in peace and comfort, and was beginning to grow a grey-headed respectable old gentleman, free from the storms and anxieties of life, and flattering myself with the prospect of reaching the haven of my final rest by the same even and easy course.

But, alas! one evening towards midnight I heard a thundering knocking at my house door. I jumped out of bed and looked out of the window: the place was beset with soldiers; and I was called upon to surrender in the name of the *Empress*. My faithful Jacob opened the door; they entered, seized and bound me; then, thrusting me into a vehicle well guarded, they drove off with me, day and night, until it reached the capital. Here I was consigned to a dreary dungeon, where I had perfect leisure to reflect upon my past life without interruption. At least I had never violated any of the laws, I concluded, and how could I have merited my present residence and my chains? At length I was brought up to trial. "Confess your crimes," was the only examination to which I was subjected. Appealing to the judge, I begged the favour of being informed why I had been brought before him. "That," replied the judge, with an infernal laugh, "we intend you to confess, you old rascal, or we shall help you to skip a little. Mark, we give you three days' grace, to think of your sins and to confess them; if not, prepare for the knout."

I was then carried back to my prison, where I remained until I was again brought up. "Will you be wise and make confession yet?" cried the same tyrant.

"What must I confess?" I replied, with the tears in my eyes. "Heaven is witness of my innocence: I am guiltless of any crime, even in thought, or in any way affecting the laws."

"Ay, ay; that is the usual song of an old bird like you. But stop, we will soon make you sing to another tune. Off with him, and give him the knout until he confesses the truth to a hair."

The ruffians forthwith proceeded to try the strength of their arms and of their knout-straps for the space of five minutes, when they took breath. I bore the operation, sharp as it was, in perfect silence, while the hard-hearted judge stood by, expecting me to call out for mercy. I at least compelled him to order my executioners to stop of his own accord, and I was sent back to my dungeon. There I lingered during the space of six months, endured all the horrors of solitary imprisonment, added to the uncertainty of my fate. I repeated daily inquiries of my gaoler, who brought my bread and water, as to my ultimate destination; whose constant reply was, that he knew nothing about it, as there was no further mention made of me in the court of justice. At length he one day entered my apartment at a very unusual hour, in great haste, and panting exclaimed, "Up, up! and turn out; you are to be taken before the prince—Prince Potemkin—immediately!"

Trembling at the sound of this dreadful name, I was borne between a party of soldiers, more dead than alive, into the palace. They led me into a state hall, where a splendid assembly of courtiers was collected, all glittering with stars or ribbons of different orders. They gathered about me. At their head stood a young creature of astonishing beauty, who smiled, stroked my beard with her lily hand, as she said with heavenly mildness of manner, "Oh, what a beautiful, respectable beard!" and again she laughed. Upon this the prince, whom I easily recognized from the great respect shown him by all around, turned towards me with a gracious expression, and added, "Go; you are now free."

Filled with astonishment, I left the hall; my guard had disappeared, and the sense of my long-wished-for freedom seemed to inspire me with fresh life and strength. With the vigour of youth, I ran down the palace steps, and the next moment I heard myself called by my name. I looked back in great alarm, and saw a Russian officer, whom I had already observed in the prince's audience-chamber, hastening towards me. "Don't be alarmed," he said, "don't you know me again?" while he shook me very friendly by the hand.

I looked at him steadfastly a few moments, and then assured him that I had never to my knowledge seen him before. "And yet we have seen one another nearer than we well liked," was the reply.

I thought and thought; but he still remained a stranger to me. He then began to laugh, and said, "What, don't you really then know Count Osseck?"

"Osseck," I repeated, as I threw myself upon his neck, "is it, indeed, possible? how came you here?"

"Shortly after our duel," he replied, "I entered into the Russian service, and have been fighting hard with the Turks ever since."

"Only with the Turks!" I replied; "I have been engaged with women, who have used me most scandalously and barbarously since I saw you last, and you know they began before we parted. At length I was compelled to avoid them as one would snakes and wild beasts. Yet, worsted and trampled upon as I have been, this day seems to reconcile me to them once more. Yes, for once, at least, I have met with a kind-hearted, excellent woman, the young and fair princess, who spoke so softly and stroked my beard. To her, doubtless, I owe my freedom."

"There, friend, you are in a great error," replied the count, with a compassionate smile; "to this angelic creature you owe your torture and your chains!"

"Banter not so cruelly," I cried; "still let me hope that one good being lives to redeem the character of her sex."

"Doubtless, my whimsical friend," replied Osseck, "there are thousands of excellent, irreproachable women; though the eulogist of your fine beard is certainly not among the number, but a cold-hearted, vain, dissipated creature."

"How will you convince me of that?" said I, a little warmly; "for, old as I am, I confess I was nearly falling in love with her wonderful beauty, united to so much kindness."

"I can easily convince you," replied the count, "by explaining some little of the affair of your own sufferings and imprisonment, much as follows: About seven months ago, a certain young prince happened to be dining with the great Potemkin. He was just returned from a tour through some of the Russian provinces, and could find nothing more remarkable to relate than his meeting with a man who wore an extraordinary long beard, and dwelt upon it as a kind of phenomenon. The lady in a jocular tone directly exclaimed, 'Oh, of all the beards in the world, I should like to see this.'

"This wish was no sooner uttered than Potemkin, a great admirer of the princess, ordered particular inquiries to be made; when the young prince, taking out his note-book, read aloud the place of your abode, adding, 'There he is to be found. I don't know his name, but no one can mistake him, no one being able to boast of a beard like his.'

"The proud favourite, calling his secretary, ordered him to write to the commandant of the place, giving him instructions, without loss of time to secure and forward the said long-beard, as soon as he could find him, to the capital.

"From that time forward neither the princess nor the prince dreamed anything about you, and it was not until to-day that the former, for the first time, recurred to the subject: 'How does it happen, then, that your excellency has never shown me the man with the astonishing long beard, as I expected?'

"The prince immediately sent to his secretary, and in a savage tone cried out as he entered, 'Have I not already commanded that the man with a long beard should be forwarded hither?'

"It is true, please your excellency, and he has already had the knout and been for the last six months in close imprisonment, yet he refuses to confess his crime. Your excellency has never since been applied to on the subject; the process and trial are yet remaining in the chancery.'

"Let it be brought; and order the delinquent up into the audience-chamber.'

"The lady was now as much delighted as a child with some new plaything: she ordered you to be brought round; and at last she came towards me, when I recognized, with surprise, my friend Limbach in the prisoner. The rest you know. And what think you now of the court lady? How tender and humane, out of mere jest to seize a worthy man, consign him to a dungeon, to show him like a wild beast, and dismiss him without offering to make the least reparation for his wrongs! Then to be called a guardian angel by her victim, who, you know, had very nearly fallen in love with her!"

I stood mute with astonishment—I was buried in deep thought over my strange fate. The count roused me, and entreated I would think no more of what was past, but come like an old friend with him home, refresh myself, and then give him the whole of my history.

I agreed to accompany him, remained with him some weeks, and in order to amuse my brave host, sat down to write my own history and adventures. Having concluded them, I set out on my way back to my native place, rejoicing in the idea of again meeting, at least, my faithful Jacob.

But no ! this good man never saw him more ; for when he reached the house, which he supposed was ready prepared for him, a neighbour with a long face came out and handed him the key, again retiring without saying a word. Poor Limbach walked in, but there was no Jacob : the house was robbed and deserted like his former one. A number of people collected on hearing him shouting " Jacob ! Jacob ! " and he inquired of them, " What is become of him ? "

" Oh, he is gone. "

" Gone ! " he exclaimed ; " do you mean that he is dead ? "

" No, not dead, " was the answer : " he has run away. "

" Nay, good people ; that cannot be ! Jacob would not treat me so ! never. "

AN HOUR'S INSTRUCTION IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

(In the manner of Philander Von Litterwald.)*

IN my earlier years, says Philander, I was certainly a merry blade, and it is no less certain that I dissipated my paternal inheritance, and at length found myself compelled to make business a pleasure, as I had formerly made pleasure my business. A court life looked the most inviting ; in fact, I longed to become a statesman, and to offer my political services to some foreign prince. So leaving my native place, I set out upon my tour, in the course of which I lost my way in going through a wood ; and losing it still more by trying to find it, I lay down out of sheer weariness and fell asleep.

In a little while I felt a gentle tap upon my shoulder ; I opened my eyes, and beheld a strange oddly-dressed old man, with a long beard, standing before me. " Come, get up, " he said, " and I will conduct you to a place where you may learn the whole art of government in a single hour. "

This proposal was extremely agreeable to me, so I got up and followed the old man step by step. He bent his path over a steep mountain covered with mist, which finally led into a stately city decorated with many lofty spires and towers.

" Here, my son, " resumed the old man, " is the court residence of a mighty German prince, who can reach an extraordinary way with his long grasping hands, wherever he may happen to observe something dainty in the great state dish. But you shall become personally acquainted with him. One of his privy counsellors is dead within these few days past, and another is to be chosen to fill his place : we shall now have an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings ; the real actuating motives on these occasions being thrown into the shape of questions

* His real name, however, was Hans Michael Moscherosch. He lived in the seventeenth century, and wrote several satires under the title of " Extraordinary and Real Apparitions, " respecting which he observes in his preface : " I cannot believe that I have injured any one, my purpose, on the contrary, having been to promote the good of all. Such as do not find my writings to their taste are either incapable of understanding them, or find themselves disagreeably portrayed ; their conscience accuses them. Throughout the whole range of my productions there is not a word that can be construed into a reflection upon a worthy man. "

and befitting answers, for our better edification. It will, however, be as safe to be invisible." And saying this, he touched his own forehead and mine with some balsamic drop, and we both became as imperceptible as the wind. Yet we contrived to see one another; and thus prepared, we wafted ourselves like a summer breeze through a thick crowd of people rolling up and down the street. The farther end of this brought us close up to the palace, and so into the hall of state, where shone the prince surrounded by his grand officers of state, in the full splendour of his power, sitting upon his throne. Well, before him stood three figures, singled out of some half-hundred lots of candidates all eagerly on the scent for office, and their qualifications were now about to be proved, if not approved, by royalty itself.

"What is the first and most indispensable virtue of a privy counsellor, sir?" inquired the prince of one who stood with folded hands, and eyes upon the ground, most resembling a Moravian preacher.

"The fear of God," replied the man, bowing submissively, while he laid his hand upon his heart.

"What is the second virtue?"

"The fear of God."

"And the third?"

"The fear of God," and there he stuck fast.

The prince laughed, bade him begone, and turning to his privy counsellors, said, 'See and find this holy simple-spoken chucklehead a schoolmaster's berth.'

He next turned to the second of the three, and inquired, "What are the principal qualifications of a good governor?"

This candidate, who had a peculiarly pedantic air, and the very essence of self-complacency glistening in his eyes, bowed much less low than the former, cleared his throat, and seemed to be preparing for a long set speech, which began as follows:

"Plato, Aristotle, &c., maintain that a prince is only the minister of his people" (devil a bit, thought the prince), "and consequently bound to exercise only justice and equity; to promote the welfare of the state by every means in his power; and so to treat his subjects as he would himself like to be treated were he a subject.

"What you'd from others take amiss,
Be not guilty thou of this."

"Now, this proverb is the golden text to try all human proceedings, and one which nature implanted in our hearts. Let a prince direct his conduct by this rule, and he will be honoured and beloved as the father of his subjects. Let him, on the other hand, give way to selfish violence and passion, and exhaust the labour of his people in mere extravagance and show, and it must necessarily follow, as the poet says—

"That men whom princes teach to fear,
They teach to hate, and hating hear."

The prince, during this discourse, frequently fixed his eyes upon his council and great officers of state, as much as to say, "How sounds that, my lords? this bird sings a very different tune to that of my faithful privy council!"

Lord Pakomus, High Privy President, as he was anciently called, of the Secret Council-chamber, was an old wily courtier, who in the enjoyment of this office had accumulated immense riches. He concealed his feelings under a smiling countenance, shook the honours of his mighty wig with a scornful air at the speaker, and when the prince began to express his great astonishment at what he heard, the lord president, biting his lips, chimed in with the words, "Enough of this audacity! our royal master stands in no need of lessons like these on the art of government."

This conclusive picce of flattery had the intended effect; it brought all the prince's notions back again to the monarchical level; he threw a black look upon the young liberal, and commanded him to stand farther off. It now came to the third place-hunter's turn, a poor beardless youth, but one who had fashioned his court thoughts and phrases upon the model of the lord president, and brought out every other word with a shake of his shoulders or of his empty head, as if to recommend this illustration of his reasoning to the prince. The first question put to him was—"To what, sir, ought the chief aim of the sovereign to be directed?"

"To three points," he replied rather pertly, as he bent himself, at the same time, twice double in token of respect; "viz., first to the increase of the royal finances; secondly, to the enlargement of his boundaries; and thirdly, to the support of his prerogative, as the Almighty's vicerent upon earth."

"Very properly remarked," exclaimed the prince, "very properly indeed;" and in spite of his youth he nominated him one of his privy counsellors upon the spot.

We invisibles exchanged a meaning look upon this speedy appointment, and the old man whispered me: "The young hypocrite who has thus caught the duke's ear is son-in-law to the lord president. The old experienced court fox himself dictated both the question of the prince and his son's answer; so you see they were like to fit as close as cup and cover, as hand and glove. Now mark, he will next proceed to give the lad an hour's instruction in his business with closed doors, which, however, we will contrive to hear, as it was the main object of our visit hither."

The prince dismissed his council, and the lord president took his relative under his arm. "Come along, my dear boy," said he, "I will give you a proof of my paternal regard; I will disclose for your edification the most important secrets of ministerial management, and the art of governing." Saying this, he led him through some dark narrow passages, perfectly familiar to him, into one of the most secluded wings of the palace, at the end of which he entered into a chamber, enclosed on all sides with iron bars and doors. He cautiously unlocked a small aperture into this political sanctuary, and secured it after him, in order that no uninitiated wretch, by any chance, might happen to have slipped into any of his state secrets. But he could not contrive to bar us out, and we had the advantage of hearing the following wonderful revelations from his lips.

But first the lord president proceeded to open a chest containing a

vast variety of cloaks, of smooth velvet, silk, or fine spun cloth. They were all richly lined on the exterior, but within they were made of nothing better than raw coarse wool and hair, and in part sewn fast and strong with wolves' and fox-hides, forming an impenetrable disguise.

"Is that the prince's wardrobe?" inquired the young privy counsellor.

"By no means," replied the old one; "they are only state cloaks, intended to be worn according to the fashion in which we wish to impose upon the people, whether by a grand ceremony or by a side-wind. For this last there is nothing like a smart, flashy cloak, which looks as if there were nothing under it. So this, you see, with fine gold fringes—this light, innocent-looking scarlet coat—is called the '*People's Favour*.'* A second here, of green velvet, is the '*Fleur du Pays*;' and a third, slouched with silver, is entitled the '*Common Best*;' and so on with these."

With earnest gaze did the young novice measure them all, one after another, eager to try them on. At last, however, he could not restrain his mirth, as his eyes encountered an old faded tattered cloak.

"Lord!" cried the young counsellor, "what can this dirty ill-looking hide be doing here among these fine state garments?"

"Wonder not at that," replied President Pakomus. "Once this same mantle shone as brilliantly as its neighbours, and it is only the long valuable services it has seen that have given it so very shabby an exterior. It is called '*Good Intention*;' it is like our daily bread for a court life. For if by chance the helm of state should be guided by the hand of a fool instead of a statesman, and the ship run clean upon the rocks, then, while the said ship is going to pieces, he takes care to conceal himself under this cloak, crying out from some safe corner that his *intentions* were good! Upon this the poor drowning passengers have no more to say; but, as some falling ministers are like giants, the mantle is not sufficiently long to reach, in which case his colleagues are compelled to cover him with the whole princely wardrobe, and bury him in state."

The examination of the cloaks being concluded, Lord Pakomus opened a court bandbox full of masks.

"What noble masks!" exclaimed the young counsellor; "I suppose these are only worn on grand occasions, at court festivals, and so forth?"

"That is good!" cried his father-in-law, laughing; "they are to be worn as often as we want them. They are state masks, boy! that belong to the mantles, each to its own. It is for this they are made to resemble the human features, expressing, as you see, nothing but openness and honesty;" and saying this he placed one of them upon him. "Now, can you tell the difference between me and a famous patriot who devotes his life for the good of his country?"

"Noble, indeed!" cried the young mocking-bird, imitating the old one, and clapping his new-fledged wings.

The noble pair then entered an adjoining chamber, apparently a bathing and dressing-room. There were razors, lancets, and cupping-glasses lying round in abundance.

* Whether the lord president means here to allude to the service military, we do not presume to be sufficiently versed in his state secrets to decide.—ED.

"These articles," said Pakomus, "are the stock-in-trade of our financiers, our collectors, and, indeed, of all our receiving officers. With these shears they are accustomed to shear their flocks, both citizens and peasants; with the glasses they contrive to extract both blood and bone, and cup them frequently. When these leeches, however, have sucked their fill, a still stronger hand often compels them to regurgitate, and then throws them aside."

The old president then led his young friend back into the hall, where he opened a box of spectacles. "Now observe," he said, "there are three sorts of these state spectacles. The first kind are meant to magnify objects exceedingly; they will make a gnat into an elephant, or a silver penny into a round dollar. With these they bewilder the eyes of the subject, and can turn an old rotten tree into a large forest, and in particular magnify a small alleviation of the people's burdens into an incalculable benefit. The second pair will as easily reduce mountains to molehills, and is particularly useful in regard to diminishing the apparent amount of new rates and levies; but the third pair convert black into white, and cover everything they are applied to with a fine dazzling polish."

"What rare spectacles!" exclaimed the young counsellor, entreating, at the same time, that he might possess a pair for himself. The old president, however, before venturing to try them on, cast a sharp look and took a turn all round the room; and then in a low tone said, "These spectacles, besides their diminishing powers, enlighten us in other matters, which we do not always think it necessary to communicate to our good master, or to trouble him with a long-winded illustration. These glasses are not for *his* eyes. This, for instance, we only do when the prince does not judge proper to countenance a new impost. We give him a view of the matter very different to such as he would take with his mere scanty natural vision."

"And does this answer?" inquired the young man, with a solemn face.

"*Probatum est!*" cried Pakomus, with energy, and they shook each other cordially by the hand; "are you not elected a privy counsellor, my son?"

"But what is this fine rose-coloured powder?" inquired the docile and inquisitive pupil; "it seems like tooth-powder."

"You are quite wrong, my boy," said the old courtier; "do you imagine Government would trouble itself with furnishing tooth-powder for its subjects? No! it were better they had no teeth at all, and they would consume less."

"Then, what can it be for?" said the young statesman, a little dashed.

"Dust, man, dust!" returned the old fox; "it is eye-dust, intended to be thrown into the people's eyes when we have no other way of blinding them. And that fast-corked and sealed bottle there is ready for a similar kind of emergency. It contains the celebrated blue mist."

"I must confess," said the counsellor, "here is enough to blind a whole nation; but it is for its good."

The president laughed bitterly, and nodded assent.

His son next remarked a large velvet bag; and thrusting his hand

into it, drew out a gigantic gold tuning-hammer, near an ell long, and proportionally thick.

"Let that alone!" exclaimed the old courtier, in an angry tone, and wished to put it up again; but the other held it fast, insisting upon knowing what it was for.

The lord president at first refused to say; but at length confessed that on one occasion a certain foreign power had insisted upon the grant of some privilege from his gracious master, which was esteemed incompatible with the interests of the state. "Soon after I received this large tuning-hammer, of massive gold, accompanied by a very gracious and facetious epistle from the foreign prince, entreating me, in a jocose way, to influence my master's ideas on the subject in such a manner as to bring them into unison and perfect accordance with his own. Now, who can resist curiosities of this kind? who can refuse to unlock the door of his confidence, when knocked at with so powerful a hammer as this?"

"All that is very true," said the young courtier.

Lord Pakomus lastly showed him a little cask filled with peas, observing, "These once innocent grains happened to fall into the hands of a very roguish black-dealing statesman, and became more dangerous than musket-balls. I am almost inclined to let you into the secret of such a devilish trick; yet may I not reasonably fear lest you may some time, if I continue too long upon the stage, think of turning the story against myself?" His son-in-law here, striking his hand upon his heart, protested that he was an honest man.

"No more of this, but hear the affair. It is only the most abandoned of villains that will consent to make use of these bedevilled grains in furtherance of his designs. He strews them in the Privy Council-chamber, in the Chancery Office, and in particular over the smooth foot-cloths, in order that the secret enemies of the villanous seedsman may tumble over those politic peas, and infallibly break their necks. And this always first occurs to the most upright and excellent men, who, being internally supported by a good conscience, are the less cautious how they walk, marching bolt upright."

At hearing these last words, I shuddered, and sighing, thought of the lines of the excellent Froschmausler :

"Court sweets, however sweet to taste,
Are fraught with poisons : fear the feast !"

Suddenly the whole flattering prospect of state government, together with the lord high president and his son-in-law, disappeared from view.

"Well!" inquired my aged conductor, "and how are you pleased with an hour's instruction in this grand art?"

I only shrugged up my shoulders, and knew not what to reply.

"Had you any idea," he continued, "that I had brought you here to witness what you have seen,—this grand political game of hiding-cloaks, false eye-glasses, and tuning-hammers of massy gold? No, heavens forbid! you had not. I pointed out to you in time where the poison lay in the costliest dish of all, in order that you might avoid it. I have exposed to you all the secret arts of the unprincipled minister, in order

that you may form a more correct judgment than the ignorant crowd respecting many noble-minded princes, whose first object would be the welfare of their people, were they not unhappily misled from the path of integrity and justice by corrupt and evil-minded ministers, whose selfish views wear the cloak of faithful counsel and advice, until they bring both prince and people into a situation of great jeopardy. Avoid the example of such, and bless thy stars, good youth, that thou hast learnt so much. If you meet with a prince who is inclined to lay the burden of his subjects' welfare on your shoulders, serve him faithfully. Grasp with a strong hand the selfishness and avarice that propel the secret wheels of the political machine, and expose them to reprobation. But keep a wary eye where you walk; beware of the pitfalls strewn on all sides of you, and of a host of enemies eager to devour you!"

With the last dying echo of these words the figure of my aged conductor fled like a vapour from before my eyes, and I found myself lying under the tree where I had fallen asleep. I roused myself and stood up, yet I felt as if the court peas were under my feet, and this deprived me of all courage or inclination to proceed in my journey; so I measured my steps back.

THE LADY'S PALFREY.

(A Tale of the Court.)

To escape Love's magic chain,
Every mortal art is vain;
Who that made the foolish bet,
Ever won it yet?
The icy region round man's heart
To thaw and part
Asunder with her sunny smiles,
Is woman's sport and woman's will;
'This truth trips up an old court sage',
The last step of his pilgrimage,
A prosing moralist—
As, reader, you may plainly see
In this his merry history—
A courtly jest, I wist.

THERE was once a young good-natured monarch who never so much as dreamed of vexing the least of his subjects; and yet he did not please them. He was too easy in the exercise of his royal prerogative, and treated them rather like spoiled children than hirelings and apprentices, until they almost began to think of assembling in parliament, like the frogs, and of petitioning Jupiter to grant them a proper king. The truth is that state business boasted less attractions than a very handsome young lady of the court, named Adelaide, who had made herself completely mistress of the young king's heart as well as of his time. Such was her influence over him that some of the old privy counsellors began to take the alarm, and tried every courtly means of enticing him out of the Paradise which he seemed to enjoy in her society; for it was not without a good deal of difficulty that they could prevail with him even to take the trouble of signing his name to a sentence of execution.

To most state ministers, perhaps, this bitter aversion to business might have been highly agreeable, and they would have turned his delegated authority to very good account. But these belonged to that more rare class of statesmen who have rather a dislike to office, and who discharge its functions purely for the benefit of the people. They were only ambitious of rousing the royal young lover from his trance and inspiring him with a sense of his dignity—to wield his sceptre with becoming majesty and power, so as to convince his subjects that they had a king. They assembled, therefore, and laid their heads together in a cabinet council; the result of which was, to delegate one of the oldest and wisest of their sapient body to bear their grievances and remonstrances to the ear of their enchanted young prince. Now, Privy Counsellor Alphonso, the ambassador on this occasion, was no sneaking soft-tongued old courtier, who would hardly venture to call his soul his own; but bold, blunt, stiff, and unbending as a poker, he marched forthwith to seek an audience, and roundly stated the object of his visit. He declared in the most earnest manner, with due commendations on the virtues of princes who never neglected their royal duties, that both the capital and the country were beginning to feel very much dissatisfied with the style of governing, or rather of not governing at all. They thought it odd enough, he continued, that his attachment to a single girl should absorb that due to all his people, for whom he did not seem to care a flea. Indeed, it was thought that he would not give his little finger to save all his subjects from eternal condemnation, such was the perfect indifference he displayed towards them, as well as to his own royal dignity, to the power and splendour of a crown.

The prince seemed quite dumbfounded at these serious charges, and it was clear that his conscience was at work, for he had not a word to say in interruption. He listened earnestly to the whole sermon, which insisted greatly on the necessity of industry, temperance, self-control, and other great and princely virtues of that kind. "Very true, my good Alphonso," replied the good-natured monarch, "only I fear you have never been in love." The old minister, with a shrug of his shoulders, confessed that he had never yet found time to fall in love. At the same time, having delivered his sermon, he took his leave, shaking his head as if he entertained no great hopes of reaping any harvest from the good seed which he had just sown.

For once, however, the wise old counsellor was mistaken; the prince awoke, as it were, out of a dream, became sensible of his royal duties, and never went near his beloved during the next three days. Meanwhile it would be impossible to form an idea of the number of tears shed by Adelaide as she sat in her lonely chamber. She was the living picture of grief, until about the fourth day, finding it began to border upon despair, she conceived that it would be the most prudent course, before she made a noose of her garter, to pay the young monarch a visit. He uttered an exclamation of surprise on beholding her in his royal presence and at his feet, before he had a suspicion of her approach, softly inquiring *how* she could have offended him. Touched to the very soul at these words, the prince pressed the weeping beauty to his breast. "Adelaide, my own Adelaide," he cried, "pray be calm. You are an

excellent girl, and you have not vexed me at all. I love you as much as ever, and shall never cease to love you; only I must not, I dare not, see you any more."

This was at once delight and torture to Adelaide's heart; his first words were balsam, but his last were daggers. A flood of tears was her only reply, for her grief was too great for utterance. At length, with abundance of broken sighs, she sobbed out, "You would see me no more! and yet assure me of your love!—would you hand me a bowl of poison garnished with roses? Away with such flowers for sorrow, and tell me frankly that you hate me, and that our parting is dictated by a frigid heart! Alas! it must be so, for who would be found bold enough to check the ardour of a monarch's soul?"

The good king now found himself in a very perplexing situation, for he was ashamed to confess that he had been tutored by an old moralizing minister, and sought every means of disguising from her the real truth. But her sighs and tears again appealed so powerfully to his feelings that he could not refrain from relating the whole history of his short-lived efforts to vanquish his love.

This confession removed a load from Adelaide's heart. With the joyful consciousness that her affairs were not quite in so hopeless a state as she had pictured them, she recovered all her usual animation and good humour. This charming vivacity was as formidable as her tears. "Stop a bit, you sulky old pedant," she cried, laughing through her tears, "and I will reward you well for the three days' anguish you inflicted upon me! With your royal permission, I will play off a trick upon the old grudging churl, which shall save him the trouble in future of preaching his prosing sermons in your majesty's ear. No, he shall never indulge the least inclination to moralize any more. I have hit upon it already—a most excellent plan. If your majesty will please to slip into the castle gardens about sunrise to-morrow, and conceal yourself near the pavilion, which this old notorious peace-breaker has converted into his summer residence, you shall see a sight which I think cannot fail to amuse you heartily. If my plan succeed, you shall have the pleasure of seeing this most sage and philosophical greybeard play such pranks before high Heaven, that you may easily repay him, with interest, all the fine speeches and reproaches which he has so philosophically bestowed upon you."

The king, much amused, seemed to approve of the idea, with the single condition that the joke should not be carried too far. Adelaide promised, and ran joyfully home.

Early the ensuing morning, while the whole court lay buried in repose, the malicious lady, intent upon revenge, took her way towards the castle gardens with the speed of a young roe. She was attired in a charming morning dress, whose exquisite whiteness might have shamed the snow. Her raven hair floated loose upon the breeze, or wantoned over her swan-like neck, while her bosom itself was but lightly veiled from the eye of the young god of day.

Thus cruelly armed with the weapons of seductive destruction, the lovely nymph began to wander round the immaculate minister's abode. He was already seated at his official desk, and from time to time cast

longing glances at the delicious gardens, which seemed to invite him down. To entice him to the windows, Adelaide began to sing a song, sweet at least as the nightingale's :

"I was a little lively thing—
To school each morn upon the wing ;
Yet loved I something better
Than sugar bread for alphabet,
And learnt no words that I was set
Save that of Love—Love-letter.
And fain I would my wit apply
If some loved one would love as I,
And wear with me love's fetter."

The first notes of the decoy bird attracted the old courtier's attention. He laid his pen down, elevated his wig a little above his right ear, and listened. "Who in all the world can be singing so prettily?" thought he, as he rose from his desk. He crept softly to the window, peeped behind the curtain into the garden below, and was not a little surprised to observe the very young lady whom he had served so ill a turn only a few days before.

At first he turned once more to his desk; but his curiosity being piqued, he again rose, he peeped, he gazed; he admired, he longed, he lost himself. Love pinned him to the spot, or at least he was only able to turn one eye to his seat—the other was in the garden. "You old fool!" at length he began, half laughing to himself; "I fear thou art bewitched with a girl young enough to be thy granddaughter. But zounds! she looks so desperately beautiful, old father Nestor himself might well fall in love with her. Zounds! I never envied my royal master so much in my life as I do now. How happy he must be! What wonder that in her society he should forget that he wears a crown, or that he has any subjects except herself in the kingdom!"

During this monologue, the wicked Adelaide had contrived to fix her basilisk eyes upon him through the window, and played the part of a lovesick damsel to admiration. She plucked roses and forget-me-nots, which she made into a wreath, and sighed. Added to such artifices, she kept drawing nearer, and sang again :

"Here, here I was captured
By Love's mighty power,
And wander enraptured
Till life's latest hour.

"I would thou might'st feel, Love,
What I suffer now;
I would I might steal, Love,
'To offer my vow."

The old courtier was enraptured too, and his head turned so giddy with the delicious song that he could no longer distinguish sense from nonsense, but took the compliment as it was meant. He grew merry and wanton as a young colt, felt quite feverish, and his long ossified old heart began to grow tender, and melted away like wax. Greedier than a fish devours the bait, his eye fastened on the lady's charms; and like some fierce pike he was caught with the hook sticking in his gullet. The next moment he threw his morning gown aside, seized his best court suit; yet recollecting, just as he began to decorate himself,

that she might retire, he resumed his morning gown, and ran to the mirror to adjust his wig. Alas! he was shocked at his own figure: never had his cheeks looked so flat and fallen, nor so deeply ploughed by the hand of years. Indeed, they resembled shrivelled parchment so much that the voice of reason exclaimed—"Thou art playing the foul, old greybeard! What! in the winter of thy days to think of making love to a blooming flower of spring! Down to thy desk again! where for years thou hast sat turning the rudder of the state, and heed not the song of any siren that attempts to bring the vessel of thy fame upon the rocks."

So argued reason, and would have said more; but the nightingale again trilled her tender song from the garden, and three times sweeter than before sang her third song:

"Fonder than the fondest dove,
Once within a leafy grove
Sat a maiden fresh and fair,
Watching for her one beloved;
Yet ere from that spot she moved,
Came woe and death to end her care."

This was too much for the sage statesman's prudence, and it turned his head. His passion escaped quite beyond the bounds of reason; he lost both rudder and compass, and ran like a broken loose horse, down the steps into the garden, and never stopped until he dropped at Adelaide's feet. She had purposely averted her face, and started, as if suddenly taken by surprise as her unwieldy lover plumped down before her.

"For Heaven's sake," she cried, "what is the matter?" at the same time taking the old courtier by the shoulders, as if to raise him up.

"Nay, most lovely lady," he exclaimed, in the most tender accents, and gazing on her with melting looks, "suffer me to remain where I am kneeling, in the dust, until I obtain your full forgiveness, your smiles, your love."

"You surprise, you distress me greatly," replied the artful Adelaide, biting her lips to avoid bursting into a fit of laughter; "but rise, I entreat you to rise; for I must first learn whether you be jesting or in earnest."

"In earnest, upon my soul! doubt not the truth and fervour of my passion! it would be an insult upon that divine—that exquisite—that angelic beauty which compels all men to adore you. Even I, I who have ever boasted perfect freedom, must now submit myself a hard slave and prisoner, ready to wear your chains."

"Truly, I feel proud of such a conquest; yet I cannot consent to deprive you of your freedom—I dare not."

"But you must," replied the enraptured lover, "you cannot avoid it; for Death only can rid me of your chains. This, too, he will shortly do, if you do not quickly take compassion on me, and consent that you will be mine."

"Such a formal declaration," replied Adelaide, "from your lips, almost makes me imagine I am in a dream, a delightful dream. Leave me, pray, before I awake; for, alas! I fear you are very far from being in-

different to me. Must I then confess it? I have long sighed for this hour; and besides, I have been haunted this some time past by the strangest emotion, the oddest wish you can imagine, the gratification of which depends wholly upon you."

"Name it, I entreat you; only name it, my adored Adelaide."

"Indeed, I feel some diffidence—I do indeed, in mentioning it; you will think it so very singular; yet I feel I cannot be happy unless you consent to indulge me in it. So I think I had better tell you."

"Oh, yes! give yourself no anxiety, not a moment's hesitation. Only state your wish, and have it: bid me mount the scaffold—the funeral pile—or the top of the town hall—and I will do it. I would march through fire and flood to reach you!—'sdeath! but I would."

"Would you really? then I will mention it boldly, for I require no such terrible proofs of your affection. Freely and frankly, therefore, I have a most inexpressible desire, were it only for a few minutes, to take a short ride round these fine gravel walks."

"Whimsical girl! what can have put this into your head? However, there is nothing shall prevent it; you shall have a pad to carry you round the walks instantly."

"No, there is no occasion for that: it would most gratify me to be borne upon your right honourable shoulders; it is that I long for; that must be the price of my affections; if you would only go down upon your hands and knees."

"Cruel, cruel girl! surely you are jesting, you mean to make a fool of me. Ask any other favour in the world; only spare my feelings; I know you would not wish to make me a laughing-post: consider my dignity—my official character—I am a minister."

"So, then," cried Adelaide, "you would permit these cold haughty maxims of yours to stand in the way of true passion and devotedness to the object of your love: how can it make you ridiculous when there is no one to see you? I vow eternal silence on the subject, as you may well believe; and the pretty birds and squirrels in the trees above us will surely tell no tales."

The poor lover stood in great perplexity some time; till at length, the violence of his passion mounting into the sublime, quite overpowered his sense of the ridiculous, and he bent down upon his hands and knees with all the grace and agility of an octogenarian, though he was little more than sixty. The lady then took a silk sash, and bitted him very dexterously; and next seizing the reins, she lightly sprang upon his back, almost convulsed with laughter, so that she had much difficulty in keeping her seat.

Scarcely, however, had he crawled at a snail-like pace a few yards, when suddenly the king sprang from his ambush among the shrubs, and confronted his old minister upon his servile career. "Ah, ah!" quoth he, "such scenes are worth my whole treasury in gold! To see such a philosopher and avowed enemy of the fair sex converted into an old hobby-horse! It is too much—too much!" and he held his sides for laughter.

The old privy counsellor gave a shriek of horror, just as if the sky had fallen, at this sight. Yet, after a long struggle, he tried to force a

smile, and exclaimed, in a tone of mingled chagrin and good humour, "I know I am ridiculous enough, but I never before knew the enchanting power of Love. I see now that if the little imp spares us in our youthful days, it is only to make a greater fool of us in old age. So jest and laugh, my prince, to your heart's content; you must find some other court preacher in future: I have done; I have surrendered without discretion to Love--that 'mighty conqueror of hearts.'"

TALES BY M. E. ENGEL.

ER. (Mor. Erdm.) Engel, professor of philosophy, and towns-deacon at Planen, was born at that place in the year 1767. His name is mentioned as prize poet in that university, and the author of "Moral Tales, Tables, and Mottoes for Youth," &c., &c. He ranks in the list of the celebrated writers of modern Germany; though his lighter productions do not appear to so much advantage in an original and national point of view. A few, however, are spirited and elegant.

THE ANTI-SPECULATOR.*

THERE was once a very reputable citizen of the name of Mr. Joseph Teinne. He was at one time a man of considerable landed property, which, upon symptoms of agricultural depression, he had converted into a large monied capital, upon the interest of which he contrived to live. Thus secured against a fall of prices, he began to indulge, as he grew older, a violent antipathy to all species of gambling, and speculation of every kind. Indeed, the mere word, with the whole of its dangerous relatives and derivatives,—whether bulls or bears, mines or consols,—had such an effect upon his mind, that he sometimes appeared to be labouring under a temporary derangement of his affairs. He had, some time before, deposited a large sum in the concern of one of his most particular friends; but this he now very suddenly withdrew, and along with it, of course, the particular friendship subsisting between the parties; his friend having happened, in the simplicity of his heart, to communicate some excellent speculation which he had in view.

The same feeling extended even to his politics: he heard that the French Government, whose cause he had before advocated on all occasions, meditated some speculative views upon Egypt; and forthwith he changed sides, and went over to the Allies. He likewise refused to subscribe a single sixpence for the erection of a new parsonage-house in the good parish of St. Paul's, merely on account of the rector having mentioned his intention of adding to it a speculum or observatory (for in fact he was a much better astronomer than preacher), a plan to which the rest of the parishioners had consented.

He next determined to make his will, while of sound mind, being desirous of leaving the whole of his property to his nephew, a steady, plodding young fellow, at the expense of his two sons, who were of a very different disposition. To make such a transfer the more sure, he went to consult a certain Doctor Glau, of legal celebrity, who replied to his singular communication as follows:

* We would beg leave humbly to recommend the very edifying example above afforded us to the consideration of monied men just at this period upon the Stock Exchange. In particular, to all rich mercantile fathers, whom we advise to disinherit all the more speculative members of their family.—Ed.

"But have you maturely considered the matter, my dear Mr. Teinne? Such a measure ought to possess strong arguments to back it, or the validity of your will might be brought in question after your departure. Yes, sir, even wholly set aside."

"What! do you imagine my will can ever be invalidated by my own sons?" cried Mr. Teinne, indignantly—"let them do it at their risk."

"But you will be safely disposed of, my good friend; they will bury you first, Mr. Teinne."

"Then there's an end to all subordination, and that is the difficulty. First bury me! and then go and invalidate my will! But we must take some measures, Mr. Glau, we must take measures accordingly; and I trust you will be able to provide."

"Why," replied Mr. Glau, "you must give good reasons for refusing to bequeath your property to your own children; that is all. Show us some sound, conclusive arguments."

"Undoubtedly—most assuredly I can," interrupted Mr. Teinne, "and you will find them well founded too, doctor; as I know to my cost." Here he greatly resembled the Knight of the Rueful Countenance: he adjusted his velvet cap again and again, with a sort of nervous agitation, while his face continued to lengthen as he pronounced the names of his sons. "Yes, my sons, doctor,—if I must let you into the entire secret of all our quarrels and miseries,—my sons, young headstrong rascals, as they are!—have ventured to speculate, sir."

"Speculate! and what of all that?" repeated Glau.

"What of all that! what of all that! Why, doctor, you surprise me: I fancy you are not inclined to speculate, are you, doctor, in your profession? Do you belong to the company, doctor,—a speculator—hey?"

"A speculator! no, Mr. Teinne, the Lord forbid! not I. I am no castle-builder—no aéronaut, sir, I assure you. I am a plain man, one who likes to follow his nose, and walk upon solid ground, Mr. Teinne."

"And Heaven long preserve you, then, in so noble a resolution! and no fool will catch you hazarding your neck for his amusement, like that silly adventurer who conceived that pretty piece of speculation, you know, of transporting himself to England across the channel——"

"Say no more! say no more! Mr. Teinné; I grow dizzy at the mere mention of the subject—seized with an involuntary ague-fit. Pray let us confine ourselves to the present question. You wish to disinherit your sons: very good; but what valid objections have you to insert in your last will and testament against them?"

"What but their infernal rage for speculation, doctor! their ungovernable folly which leads them to imagine they are greater wiseacres than their fathers, and meddle with adventures they do not in the least understand. The truth is, sir, they have clean overstepped the bounds of moderation and common sense, such little as they received from nature, and to which they ought to have confined their active labours and exertions. They left their native sphere; and my eldest son, as I dare say you must have heard——"

"Oh, yes!" interrupted the counsellor—"that he was compelled to decamp; he was—I mean his affairs were deranged."

"Right, exactly so; but whence do you suppose the evil originated?"

He was in an excellent concern—a very desirable—very profitable one, sir ; and it only wanted tolerable good management. He had the whole of his mother's jointure, and a very pretty capital from his father in addition to it, sir ; his connections were as respectable as heart could wish, and he had a host of customers and chapmen at his beck. Respectable, did I say ? nay, between friends, counsellor, his transactions were always snug ; his drafts upon houses were sure—cocksure. Never required, sir, to deal with Polish Jews ; no, nor with Russians either."

"Then how the deuce did it come to pass, Mr. Teinne, that your son failed ; it must have been really very difficult. Indeed, it surprised both me and the commercial world at large not a little ; his establishment was not expensive : pray how could he contrive it ?"

"Contrive it with a vengeance ! he had his head full of prodigious speculations ; quite prodigious, sir. He might have continued to live long and happily with his family, here in Europe ; but no, forsooth, he must go and invest the whole of his ready cash in lands ; exported it, sir, by all that's mad, to North America, upon speculation."

"Indeed ! do you mean that he actually sent his money to North America ?" cried the counsellor, amazed.

"I have a shrewd suspicion he did ; and he likewise speculated upon paying a visit shortly after to his fair and flourishing principality."

"Principality, say you, Mr. Teinne ? you surprise me !"

"Yet it is true, Mr. Glau ; nothing less than a principality : do you suppose his grand, comprehensive schemes would grasp at anything less ? He wished to purchase vast domains ; a tract of country embracing about thirty square miles ; much more, in fact, than many principalities have to boast of. Had there only been one living being to every square mile, or even a single blade of corn, enough to afford a full hearty meal to a country mouse, there might have been some ground for hope !—as it is——" and he lifted up his eyes.

"It is a chapter of miracles," replied the counsellor.

"A chapter of accidents, dismal accidents, you should have said, Mr. Glau," replied the old citizen. "At least it was no miracle to me ; for the evil, sir, was hereditary on his mother's side ; she was *speculative*,—you understand me. A sore affliction, sir ; but, in general, I believe, folly and madness are found to be hereditary."

"What, Mr. Teinne," replied the counsellor ; "do you really mean to allude to your dear departed lady ?"

"Why, doctor, what would you have me say ? I tell you that, though my eldest son fancied himself somewhat hampered for room in Europe, the world itself appeared too narrow for the aspiring intellect of my deceased wife. She was so completely absorbed in eternal speculations, or speculations upon eternity, that our whole domestic economy was neglected ; in fact, I was deprived of every matrimonial comfort during this my painful pilgrimage upon the earth. The odour of sanctity was so great that it completely overpowered me."

"There now, Mr. Teinne, I can sympathize with you, my late dear wife being likewise afflicted in the manner you describe."

"So be it ! and Heaven rest their souls," said Mr. Teinne.

"Heaven's will be done !" rejoined the counsellor, "Amen ! To re-

turn to our question, the case of your youngest son, the aulic counsellor, Mr. Teinne, gives me the most uneasiness. For, if I am rightly informed, he has obtained for himself some reputation."

"Reputation, with a vengeance! Luckily, I have been undeceived on this point by our good dean. He has let me into the meaning of this reputation—reputation forsooth!—such as it is. To attract the admiration of a set of raw juveniles is no very difficult affair, as I dare say you know, counsellor. But let me see him win golden opinions from wise men. Listen to me, doctor, and remember it is only between friends. So do not let it take wind among babblers, and become a feast for fools, town fools, of all people in the world: let it rest, let it rest. But, as I say, the dean of our chapter showed me one of his publications the other day; and I had no sooner got through it than I was quite alarmed, confounded, doctor!"

"How so? alarmed! Mr. Teinne."

"Yes! and well I might, it contained such inconceivable nonsense—such as could never have entered the skull of a sensible man, or, indeed, of any man. For the young gentleman not only finds Europe too narrow for him, like his elder brother; or this long vale of tears, like his more pious mother; the whole creation is too little; and his infinite faculties have invented a system—a transmundane system—which engrosses his whole soul."

"He is far beyond my comprehension, then, I confess," said the counsellor. "I cannot imagine—I have never heard of such a system; what sort of one can it be?"

"What sort, forsooth! As far as I can gather, all his brother's American tracts are nothing to this tract of his. They are Elysian Fields compared with this invisible world of his own creation. His brother still sticks to solid ground, though not very productive: he has a sun to shine, air to breathe, and things to revive his animal functions; but this poor devil has reduced himself to such a state of absolute destitution and forlorn hope, that he does not allow himself so much as a bare inch of space, or a second of time, or a particle of earth, which he does not first borrow from his beggared, bankrupt reason."

"This is quite unintelligible to me; give me a case, something *gratid exempli*, if you please," said Mr. Glau.

"To be sure I will, as far as I can recollect," said the other. "For instance, you perhaps imagine that this said corporeal substance, you are at the trouble of carrying about with you, is a body."

"To be sure I do."

"You perhaps further flatter yourself that you have a head, Mr. Counsellor: a heart, hands, and legs;—you have laboured at least under that delusion."

"How the devil! surely he would not try to argue me out of my senses."

"He would, though," cried Mr. Teinne, with a woeful expression of face; "he would convince you that you had no sense at all."

"Would he so?" exclaimed the lawyer: "not in a hurry."

"Yes, he would tell you not to deceive yourself; that it might be all a dream. It may be your dream, or that of some other person; it comes

to the same thing; for you cannot by any means make yourself sure of your existence."

"Heaven have mercy upon us!" cried the lawyer, "can my young learned friend be in his senses?"

"A philosopher to be out of his senses, indeed, the Lord forbid!" cried Mr. Teinne; "it is only your idea. Still, you must not actually despair of life; for as long as my son exists, he will supply you, I doubt not, with some scheme or other to preserve vitality."

"Upon my word," replied the counsellor, "such a delusion looks very serious, not to say alarming."

"Indeed, you are right there, I suspect; but you know he has only to cogitate in downright earnest, and he can soon bring us—though, perhaps, not his wits—into existence."

"But I am an old man; will he make me anew?"

"Oh, he can perform far greater miracles than that. Why, sir, in this manner he can create sun, moon, and stars; everything is the offspring of his thought, and so he can create you or his own father. His reasoning powers resemble the little box in possession of old grannum Nixus.* Let him only whirl it round sufficiently, and make a few incantations, and he will make anything bounce out of his pericranium that he pleases. I have a shrewd suspicion that he will one time or other be inventing a small bedlam for himself, where, should his father happen to see him, he will fancy or dream that he is overwhelmed with anguish."

"Indeed, Mr. Teinne, your case is peculiarly trying: you are greatly to be pitied. But what does your son imagine will become of this mundane system after his departure?"

"Why," said Mr. Teinne, "he will perhaps think that people will say that it did once exist."

"Very strange! one would fancy it made of more durable stuff."

"Yet we need apprehend nothing. He can create a fresh generation of necromancers, and teach them how to sport their reason, as you whirl round a dice-box."

"So in that way everything may be continued on its ancient footing, which is what I wish. To speak frankly, Mr. Teinne, I had some scruples at first as to the propriety of cutting off your sons in your will; but I now find that property could not be safely trusted into such hands. If you please, I will proceed to execute your will further."

"Do so, good doctor," replied his friend, "and when it is finished, and the witnesses are in readiness, and the whole signed and sealed, let my death happen when it will, I shall be contented. For the calamity of my sons has rather embittered my existence; one dunning my ears with his American speculations, and the other with speculations upon the invisible world. One has lost all he had in the world; and the other, I find, has cruelly deprived himself of the small portion of common sense which nature gave him."

* Alluding to a description of its powers contained in a story of Musæus, entitled "The Nymph of the Fountain."—Ed.

TOBY WITT.



NE of the chief ornaments of a little provincial town, his native place, flourished Mr. Toby Witt. At no period had he evinced a desire to travel, and never on any occasion exceeded his prescribed limits round the adjacent hamlets. In spite of this, however, he knew more of the world than many who had travelled a great deal farther, and some who had expended the best part of their fortune on a fashionable trip to Paris or Italy. He was possessed of a rich fund of little anecdotes of the most useful class, which he had obtained by observation, and retailed for his own and his friends' edification. And though these showed no great stretch of genius or invention, they possessed considerable practical merit, and were, for the most part, remarkable for coming before company coupled together, always two and two.

Among his acquaintance was a careful young gentleman of the name of Till, a great admirer of Mr. Toby Witt for his known prudence and stock of observations. On one occasion he ventured to express his high opinion of them, to which his old friend replied in his stuttering style, "Ha! hem?—what, do you indeed think me such a wiseacre, then?"

"Why, all the world says so, Mr. Witt; and I should be glad to become your pupil."

"Would you so, young man? Nothing more easy. If you really wish to become a prudent youth, in fact, you have only to study the conduct and deportment of fools."

"In what manner do you mean?"

"What manner! by trying to act differently, to be sure."

"May I beg an anecdote, or example, for the sake of illustration?"

"I believe I can accommodate you with one, Mr. Till. When I was a young man, there resided in this town a Mr. Veit, an old mathematician, rather a meagre and morose sort of personage. I used often to see him walking about, muttering to himself as he went along, and never stopping to salute any of his neighbours and acquaintance; much less would he look them in the face and converse with them, being always too earnestly engaged in solving the problem of his own perfections. Now, what do you suppose, Mr. Till, that people were in the habit of saying of him?"

"Most probably that he was a very shrewd, wise old gentleman," said Mr. Till.

"No; you are somewhat on the wrong side. They called him an old fool. So, so! I used to think within myself—for this sort of title, however general, was not at all to my taste—I must take care how I imitate my old friend Mr. Veit. I see that will never do; one must not appear to be too full of oneself. Perhaps it is not well-bred, at all events, to go muttering with oneself; I see we must be more sociable, and talk a little to our neighbours. Let me hear your notion on the subject, Mr. Till; did I judge rightly?"

"Oh, indisputably; I think you were in the right."

"Nay, I am not so sure of that; not exactly so, as you will find. For we had another genius, a finical kind of personage, and a dancing-master, the very converse of the old postulating mathematician; and yet he did not please, though he used to stare in everybody's face as he skipped along. He was glad to talk to every one who would listen to him as long as their patience lasted. Well, Mr. Till, and what do you suppose people used to say of *him*?"

"Most likely they would call him a wild, merry sort of fellow; somewhat of a bore withal."

"There you are not so very wide of the mark, Mr. Till; for they called him a fool. You see he won the same title by a very opposite kind of merit. Here's for us! I thought to myself; this is odd enough. What must one do? how in the world must one contrive to win the reputation of a wise man? It is plain one must take neither Mr. Veit nor Mr. Slight for our model. No; first of all, Mr. Till, you must look persons full in the face and salute them like the dancing-master, and then you must have your eyes upon yourself, and reflect seriously; talk with your neighbours, like Mr. Slight, and think of your own affairs afterwards, like Mr. Veit. That was my mode of arguing, Mr. Till. I compounded the gentlemen, sir: people called me a prudent long-headed fellow; and this is the whole of the mystery."

On another occasion our prudent citizen received a visit from a young merchant of the name of Flau. He, too, came to consult; and, after making some wry faces, he began to lament the extent of his losses and misfortunes.

"Well," replied old Witt, giving him a tap on the shoulder, "and what does all this amount to? You must be on the alert, sir, and pursue fortune more diligently. She is a shy bird; and you must be on the look-out, like a sportsman."

"So I have, my dear sir, this long time past, but all to no purpose. One unlucky blow followed another, till I was fairly tripped up by the heels. For the future I shall fold my arms and rest quietly at home."

"In that you are wrong again, young gentleman: you must be on the look-out, I tell you; you need only to have a care how you carry your head."

"How I carry my head!" repeated Mr. Flau; "what do you mean, Mr. Witt, by that?"

"Only what I say; you must have a care how you carry your head, and the rest will follow of course. Let me explain how. When my left-hand neighbour was employed in building his new house, the whole street was paved with bricks and beams and rubbish, not very pleasant to pass over. Now, one day, who should happen to be going that way but our worthy mayor, Mr. Trick, then a young and fashionable alderman. He always carried his head high, and thus he came skipping along, with his arms dangling by his side, and his nose elevated towards the clouds; yet the next moment he found himself sprawling upon the ground; he had contrived to trip up his own heels, to break one of his legs, and obtain the advantage of limping to the end of his days, as you may often see. Do you take? do you comprehend me, Mr. Flau?"

"Perhaps you allude to the old-proverb, 'Take heed not to carry your head too high.'"

"To be sure, but you must likewise contrive not to carry it too low; faults on both sides! If you have borne it too high, don't bear it now too low,—you comprehend me? and you will do yet.

"Not long afterwards, Mr. Schale, the poet, was passing the same dangerous way, Mr. Flau. He was, perhaps, spouting verses, or brooding over his *res augustæ domi*—I know not which; but he came jogging forwards with a woeful aspect, 'eyes bent on earth,' and a stooping, slouching gait, as if he would be glad to lower himself into the ground, sir. Well! he walked over one of the ropes; smack it went, and one of the great beams came tumbling about his ears from the scaffolding above. But he was too miserable a dog to be killed; he unluckily escaped; but was so terrified and nervous, poor devil, with the shock, that he fainted away, fell sick, and was confined to his garret for several weeks.

"Do you comprehend my meaning yet, Mr. Flau? How would you carry your head when you passed?"

"I! I would keep it in just equilibrium, to be sure."

"True; we must not cast our eye too ambitiously towards the clouds, nor fix it too demurely upon the ground. Whether we look above, around, or before us, Mr. Flau, let us do it in a calm, becoming sort of manner, and then we shall get on in the world, and no accidents will be likely to befall us. Let us preserve our equanimity: you comprehend me? Good morning, Mr. Flau."

On a third occasion, a certain Mr. Wills waited upon his friend Mr. Witt, for the purpose of borrowing a sum of money to complete some little speculation he had in hand.

"It is quite a prudent step; very sure," he said to old Mr. Witt, "though I am sensible it is not one of your lucrative speculations; but, as it happens to come very *apropos*, I should like to turn it to account and make the most of it."

Old Witt did not much relish this style of salutation, and seeing whither it would lead: "Pray, my dear Mr. Wills," inquired he, "how much money, do you think, will serve your turn?"

"It is nothing much of a sum, a mere trifle; some hundred dollars will suffice."

"So! if it be no more, I will directly comply with your request. Indeed, to show how much I have your interest at heart, I will also present you with something else, which, between ourselves, is worth more than a thousand dollars."

"Ah! pray explain yourself, my dear Mr. Witt."

"Nay! it is only a short story; but it will serve our turn. In my younger days, I had rather an eccentric kind of man for my neighbour, a Mr. Grell. He had continually a certain cant phrase at his tongue's end, which at last proved his ruin."

"You surprise me! I should like to know it."

"You shall. When any of his acquaintance used casually to accost him, observing, 'Well, Grell, how does business go on? how much did you clear by your last bargain?' 'Pshaw!' he would say, 'a mere trifle

—some fifty dollars or so, but what of that?’ Then again when he was asked, ‘Well, Grell, how much are you minus by the last bankruptcy?’ ‘Pshaw!’ he would answer, ‘it is not worth speaking of; a mere trifle, some five per cent.’ Now, though Grell was a warm man in his day, I can assure you, this accursed foolish phrase of his brought him to ruin. He was at length compelled to decamp, sir, bag and baggage. What was the sum, Mr. Wills, which you stated?’

“I think I requested the loan of one hundred dollars.”

“Exactly so; but my memory is growing treacherous. Well, Mr. Wills, but I had another neighbour, one Mr. Tomms, a corn-dealer. By means of another sort of saying did that man build the fine mansion you see yonder, with all its offices and warehouses to boot, sir. What say you?”

“I say it is very strange indeed, Mr. Witt: I have a great curiosity to hear this second phrase.”

“You shall, Mr. Wills. Why, when his friends accosted him, ‘Well, Mr. Tomms, how does business proceed? what cleared you by your last concern?’ ‘A good round sum, a hundred, that I did!’ was his invariable answer, at the same time you might see that he was in high glee. When they perceived on the other hand that he was low, very low in spirits, they would inquire, ‘What is the matter, Mr. Tomms? how much have you lost?’ ‘No joke indeed! a good round sum; some fifty dollars, I assure you.’ Now, this man began his career with a very small capital; but, as I told you before, he has built that large house with all its offices, I say, and warehouses round it. Now, Mr. Wills, which of these two phrases seems best suited to your taste?”

“Why, the last of them, Mr. Witt, of course.”

“Yet,” replied old Witt, “this Mr. Tomms does not quite suit me. He had the knack of saying a good round sum, to be sure, even when he was paying his poor rates or his taxes. Then, I think, he ought to have employed, like a humane and loyal man, the saying of my other neighbour—‘a mere trifle, nothing worth speaking of.’ The truth is, Mr. Wills, that as they were both my near neighbours, I carefully preserved both their phrases, and apply them according to the circumstances of time and place; sometimes speaking like Mr. Grell, and at others like Mr. Tomms.”

“Not so with me,” cried Mr. Wills; “I admire Mr. Tomms’ phrase; I do from my soul, sir.”

“What was your demand—the sum you have occasion for, Mr. Wills?”

“A good round sum of money—one hundred dollars: no trifle, my dear Mr. Witt!”

“There you talk like a man of sense—a very prudent man, Mr. Wills: you have really learned your money catechism very well. Your answer was quite correct. Had you come to request really only a small trifle, I might perhaps have listened to you; but, as you observe it is a good round sum, allow me to pause. I wish you a good morning, Mr. Wills.”

But, having thus amused himself, old Mr. Witt lent him the sum of money.

LADY ELIZABETH HILL.

THERE was formerly a wealthy young widow, who formed the chief attraction of a small provincial town in Swabia, where she had lately taken up her residence, to the no slight perplexity of the inhabitants; for she puzzled them exceedingly in gaining a knowledge of her character. She was never what she appeared to be; she was constantly playing a double game, or suddenly assuming some new shape or some fresh pursuit. During the period that a certain aulic counsellor had resided at the same place, being a man of taste and letters, her ladyship was occupied from morning till night in reading novels and romances; but the moment he took himself off, she bestowed her whole admiration upon one of the medical faculty, a great frequenter of all kind of routs, assemblies, and festivals; her books were all thrown aside, and she had not a moment to spare from dancing, visiting, and dress. Shortly afterwards came a pious dignitary of the Church, appointed to the post of superintendent by the reigning prince himself; so that the town had never before been honoured by so very reverend a personage. In a day or two her young ladyship was observed modestly attired in a sober suit of mourning; no more music and dancing was heard in *her* house, and it became the blessed resort of all kind of saintly characters.

The change was this time so very remarkable that all the professional gentlemen in the place were struck with it; they were at a loss to account for so sudden a revolution, and canvassed the subject at some length. There was a great diversity of opinions: First, the school rector (a man of wit and very good parts, which he displayed in one of the literary journals) was positive that her ladyship had no character at all; that she was neither fit for a poet nor a novelist, and that she was as little adapted to the stage; in fact, in a literary point of view, she was good for nothing.

Secondly, the superintendent, with his spiritual friends, hazarded more speculations upon the subject: the theatre and the novels forming no part of their lucubrations, they doubted not but that Lady Elizabeth had, at one time, been carnally-minded; devoted to the perusal of ungodly books, and to other pomps and vanities of the world; she was thus betrayed into open acts of impiety, having been seen at public dances and festivals, the very gayest of the gay. At length she felt the grace of God, which she had been too wise to resist, and they doubted not her conversion was sincere.

But it was now the doctor's turn; and fixing his eyes upon the animal system of her ladyship, leaving the concerns of her soul quite out of the question, as he presumed, he said, to the office of neither critic nor divine, his opinion was, that Lady Elizabeth had, in the first place, hurt her constitution by hard reading and studying romances in the day; and secondly by dissipation and revelling at night. He added that a course of bleeding and frequent use of mineral waters in the spring might be of great service to her.

These gentleman had thus adopted their own peculiar systems, much

in the same manner as if they had provided themselves with false glasses, which prevented their seeing any object clearly, but reflected it only in one light and colour. Nor was this all; for the rest of the citizens, conscious of the weakness of their own organs, were accustomed to repose implicit confidence in those of their superiors. Each contented himself with embracing one or other of the previous opinions, as he happened to be more or less swayed by motions of private interest.

Thus, the bookbinder, who had cleared a good sum by equipping for her ladyship a library of religious works, quartos and folios, all in a superb dress, at once declared himself in favour of the clergy, and very sincerely congratulated the lady upon her conversion.

But the linendraper, whose profits were formerly very considerable, finding his custom dwindled almost to nothing, declared for the doctor's more uncivil hypothesis, and magnified a slight fit of religious melancholy into downright insanity.

Next came the shoemaker; and he having lost only about one-half of his former earnings since her ladyship had ceased dancing, embraced the more moderate opinion of the rector, lamenting only that so excellent a lady as her ladyship should be so very changeable in her plans, and not so much as know her own mind.

There was only one man in the whole place, and that was the tailor, who, having never injured the natural strength of his optics by the use of glasses, and having had no dealings with her ladyship, as she was accustomed to wear Dutch linen, showed more sagacity than all the rest of the politicians put together.

He saw the matter in a clear light; and one Sunday evening, when these worthy citizens of the second class were assembled at a tavern, their usual place of resort after service, the bookbinder broke out into this pious exclamation: "The grace of God is said to have wrought miracles upon good Lady Hill."

The tailor positively contradicted such an assertion, declaring that there was no kind of grace at all concerned in the business. This brought as flat a denial again from the bookbinder; while the other retorted that she had plainly lost her senses, to which the shoemaker agreed, adding, that she did not so much as know her own mind.

"The lady," he continued, "knows very well what she is doing; and if you had all of you the proper use of your eyes, you might perceive what she is aiming at, as well as she does, or as well as I do."

"When the late aulic counsellor was here, who do you suppose was the most important personage in the place? Why, the aulic counsellor, to be sure."

"Now, upon his departure, when the doctor came to reside here, who then, pray, was the person before whose face one and all of us were accustomed to bow and take off our hats? Why, the doctor, to be sure! And again, when our good prince was pleased to appoint a superintendent to visit us, who then was the person who took place of the doctor, and topped all that had come before him in dignity and grace? This is the superintendent himself; and only let us seriously reflect upon all these circumstances, and we shall presently find, my friends, a key to the whole of the mystery."

The others laughed at the tailor's joke, and they were all of opinion that the little fellow was a much more shrewd long-headed fellow than they had given him credit for. Their open admiration gave him no little satisfaction, as he was always mightily pleased to find himself in the right.

"Gentlemen," he continued, striking the table with his fist, and in a more assured tone: "gentlemen! I say, that if the good superintendent should happen to die, and no one should be appointed in his place, I'll wager my life upon it we shall see her ladyship taking the side of the doctor again."

This, however, did not exactly come to pass, luckily for the superintendent; though a fresh revolution took place. The prince, being a truly godly prince, recalled the superintendent to his own court, in order to make him his confessor. Instead of him, however, he quartered a regiment upon the town, the command of which was entrusted to a major, a fine bold-looking fellow of his cloth.

In the course of a month the major was invited to dine with Lady Hill, and her ladyship soon began to dine with other company at the major's. Now, the major's own lady was much admired for her elegant appearance, especially when on horseback. Lady Hill, sensible of her own charms, took airings on horseback, joined the major's lady, and was dressed in a green habit richly decorated with gold lace.

"That lady has no character, assuredly," cried the rector, as she was riding past his school.

"Say she is no longer under the influence of grace," said a clergyman, just then returning from visiting the sick.

"The lady now adopts a proper regimen, and takes exercise," cried the doctor, as he smoked his cigar. "No fear but she will at last recover her health."

Thus did each of these self-complacent gentlemen try to justify his particular system, in such a way that the very incidents which went to refute it were employed to confirm it. The tailor was more fortunate, and meeting Lady Hill upon the bleaching-green returning from her ride, he shook his head, and said, "Behold what Vanity can do!"

The reader may perhaps be inclined to laugh at the trivial character of my story, but it has at least the merit of being true; and if he be an attentive observer, he will not want occasions on which to apply some of the foregoing remarks.

NOTE

James Lewis Charles Grimm died in 1863

William Charles Grimm died in 1859

Baron de la Motte Fouqué died on the 23rd January, 1843

